THE

MUSICAL CASKET:

CONTAINING GEMS OF VOCAL MUSIC

FOR SOPRANO AND ALTO VOICES;

Compiled from the Works of

Mendelssohn, Verdi, Donizetti, Rossini, Haydn, Glover, Arakomm, Silcher, Becker & others;

WITH NEW ARRANGEMENTS AND ADAPTATIONS:

Together with a Selection of

HYMNS, CHANTS, ANTHEMS,

AND

SOLFEGGIO AND VOCALISING EXERCISES.

By JONATHAN C. WOODMAN,

Professor of Music in the Packer Collegiate Institute, Brooklyn, and in Public Schools of New York.

NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED BY MASON BROTHERS.

№ 8058.159

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WASTE NOT—WANT NOT.

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SCHOOL, No. 32

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must in every case be **Returned** when called
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pupil who has a book, has a **Lesson to learn**
.

s and guardians are requested to aid the teachers
ing habits of **Good Order, Punctuality, Clean-**
Honesty and Truth, upon the minds of the

"Be as careful of the property of
as of your own.

HE THAT RULETH HIS SPIRIT IS GREATER THAN HE THAT TAKETH A CITY.

LOOK BEYOND THE CLOUDS—NEVER DESPAIR.

3/20/05

Joseph Levi Frank

[illegible] Dine [illegible]

Only Training teacher of my school

boy class at No 37 in N.Y. City

Now ~~[illegible]~~ Principal of the schools

Apl 26/05 —

This was the only copy of the

book left in the School. It has

~~long~~ been superseded for [illegible] years.

J.L.F.

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PREFACE.

THE work is mainly a compilation of Duets, Trios, and Quartets, for Soprano and Alto voices, suited to the wants of the young. To some songs one or more parts have been added, to render them more acceptable in class singing, leaving the melodies unaltered. New adaptations of poetry have been made in many cases, some of which were furnished expressly for this work. The original Italian has been retained with the translation, in some pieces, which will enhance their value for home use, and for schools where that language is taught. Much of the music is in full harmony, but so arranged as to be complete in two parts, and may therefore be sung as duets. In most of the sacred pieces, the harmony has been left as arranged for mixed voices.

Some exercises will be found on the first few pages, for the practical illustration of the *scales*—diatonic and chromatic; the *modes*—major and minor; *notes*, and their relative value or duration, and that of their corresponding *rests; intervals; keys; signatures;* the *turn;* the *trill* or *shake;* and the various characters or signs used in musical notation. Many of them are from Concone's "Exercises for the Voice." They may be sung either as *solfeggios*, using the proper syllable to each note, or may be *vocalised*, using one of the vowel sounds, of which *a* as in *ah* is the best.

Brooklyn, Dec. 1858, J. C. W.

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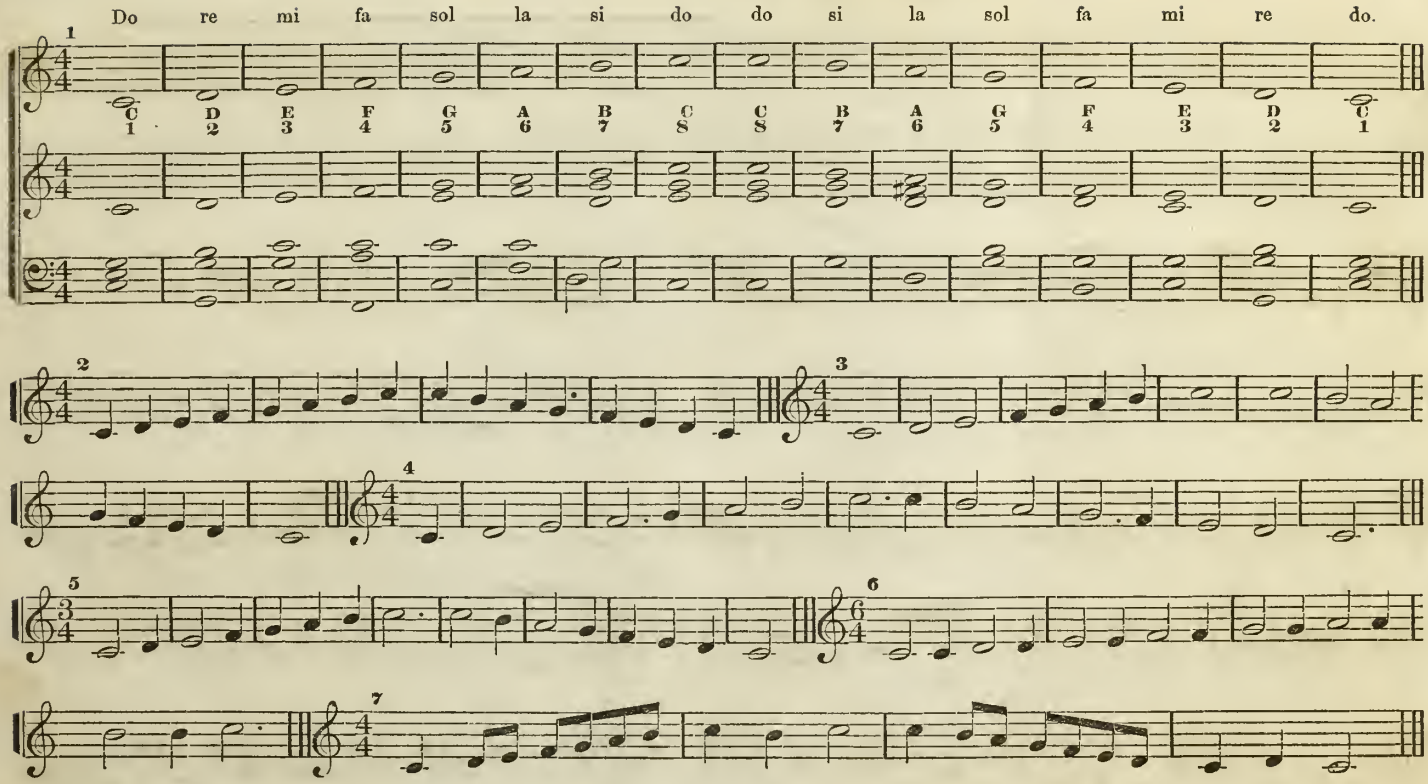
Do re mi fa sol la si do do si la sol fa mi re do.
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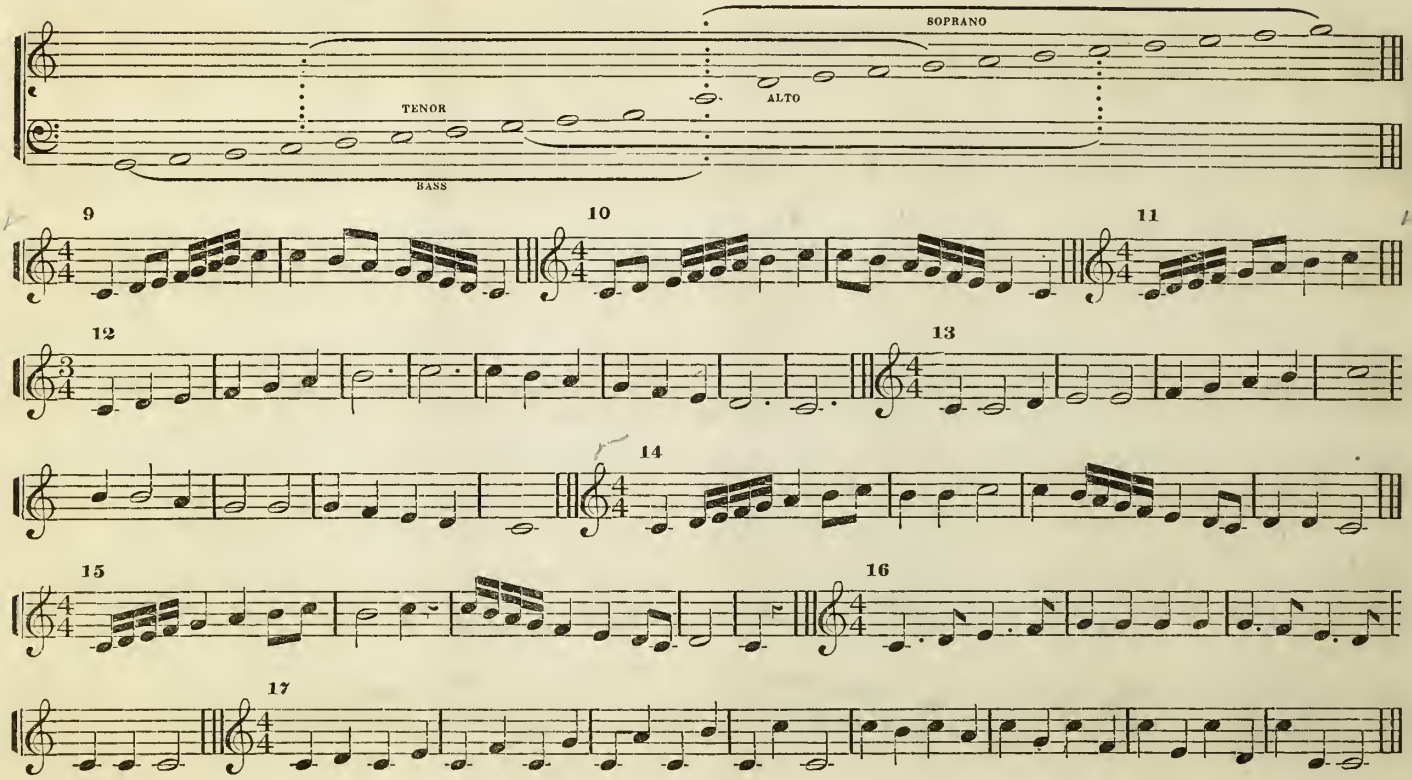
SOPRANO
ALTO
TENOR
BASS
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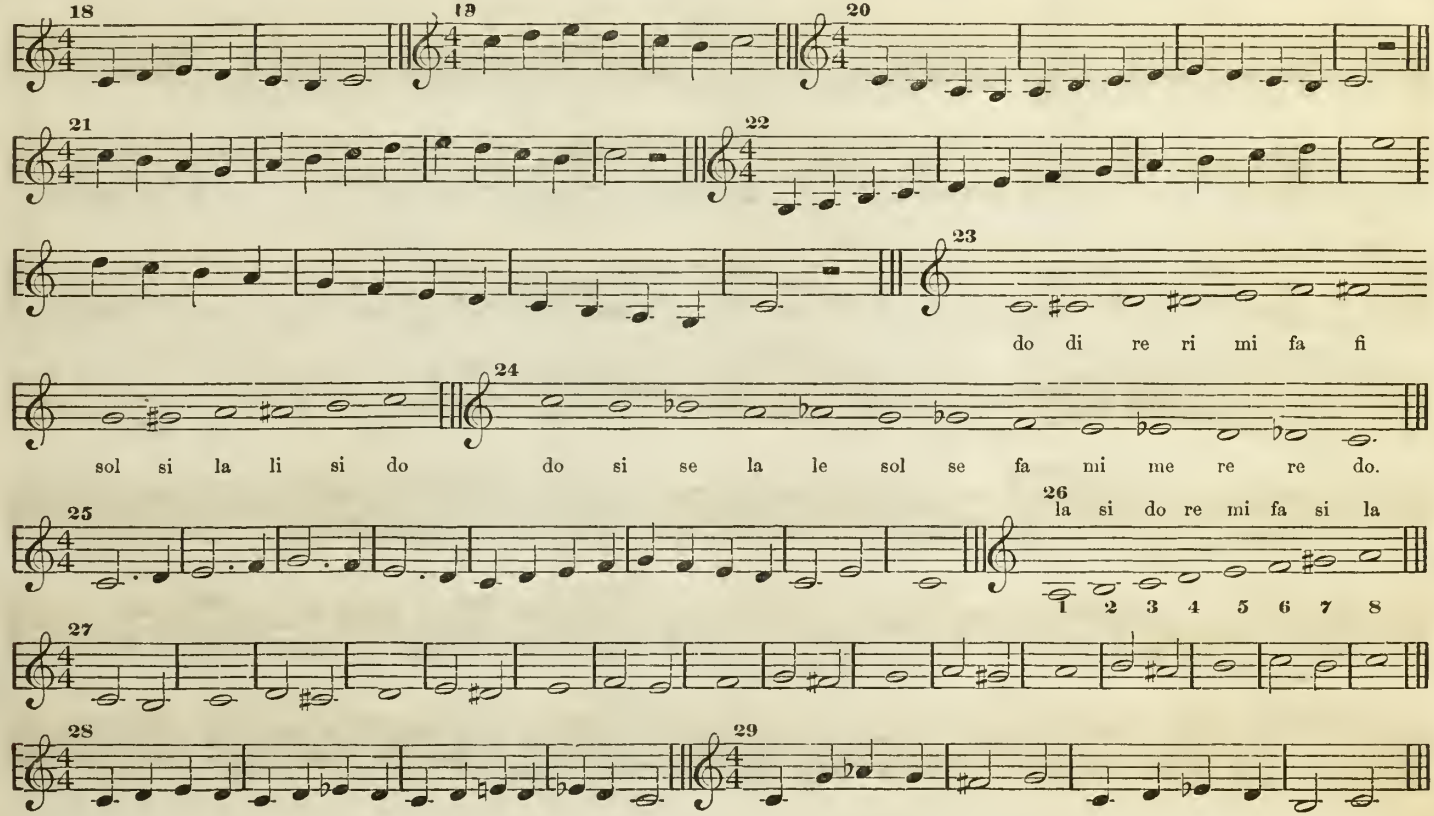
18
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do di re ri mi fa fi
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sol si la li si do do si se la le sol se fa mi me re re do.
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la si do re mi fa si la
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
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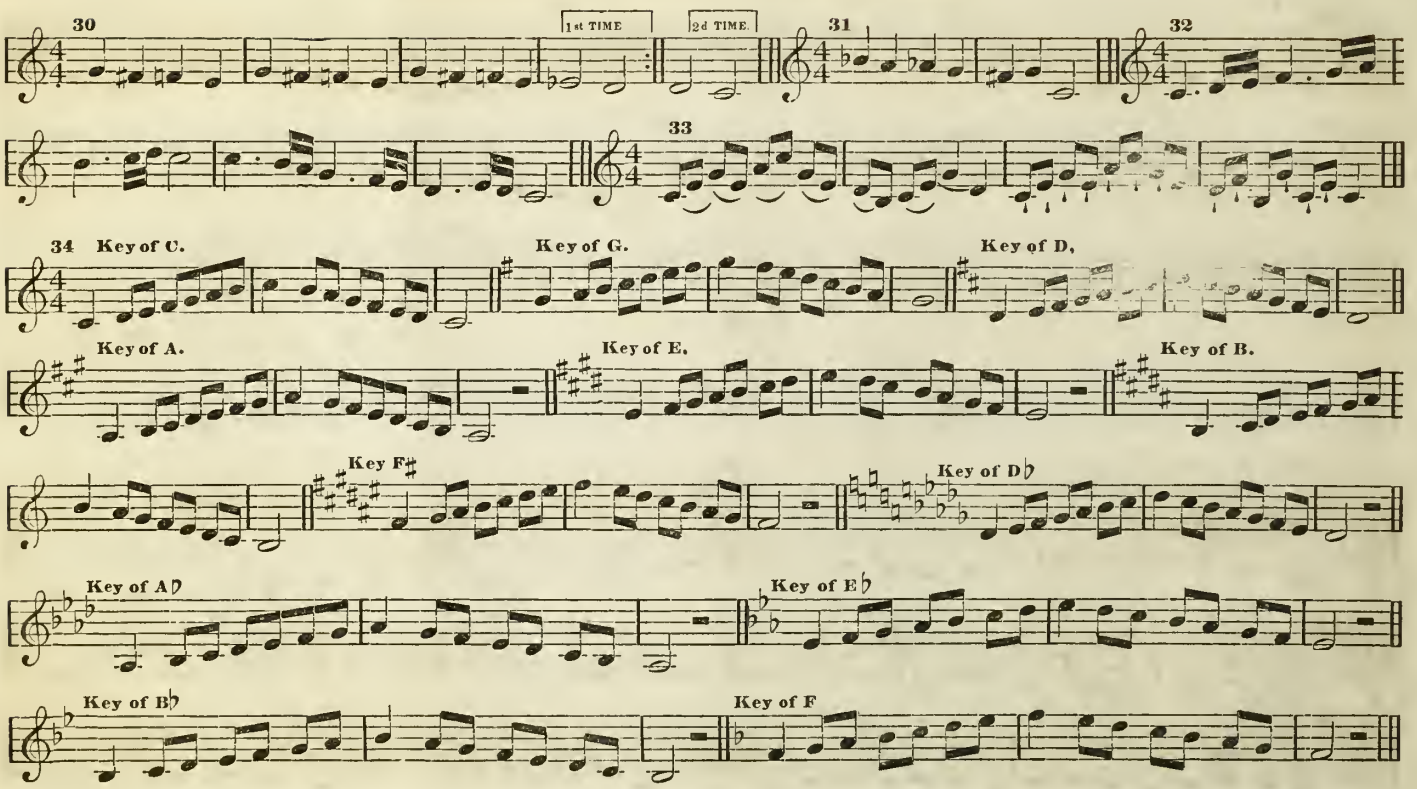
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1st TIME
2d TIME.
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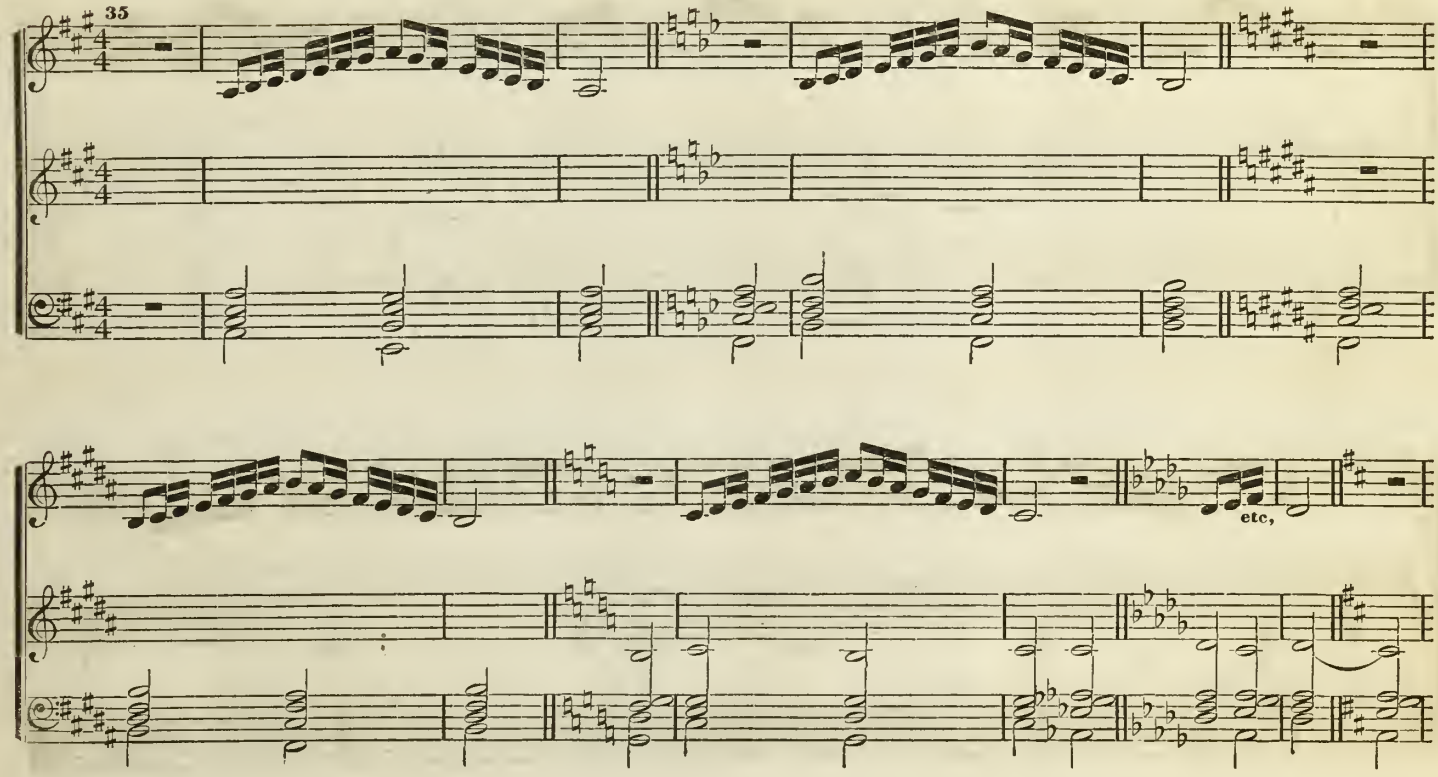
32
33
34 Key of C.
Key of G.
Key of D.
Key of A.
Key of E.
Key of B.
Key F♯
Key of D♭
Key of A♭
Key of E♭
Key of B♭
Key of F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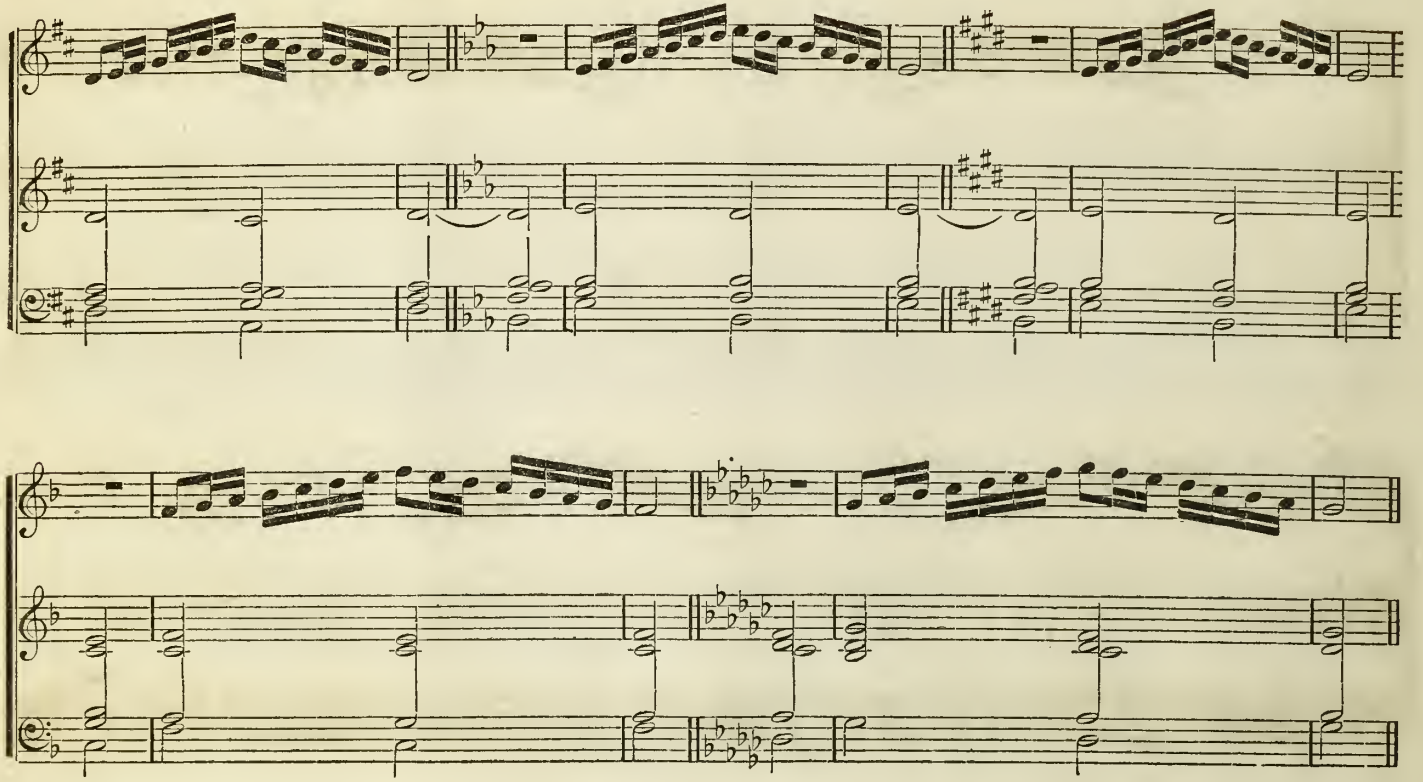

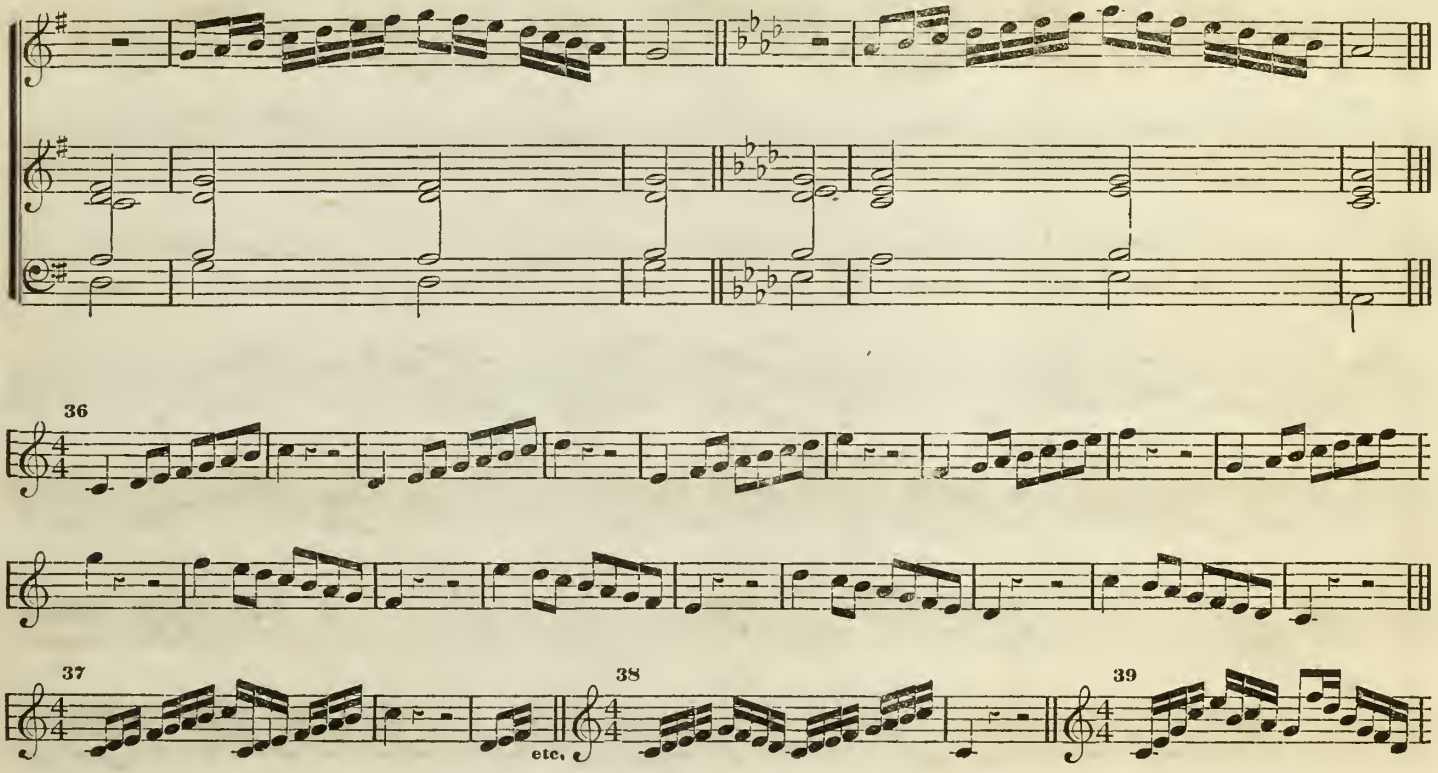
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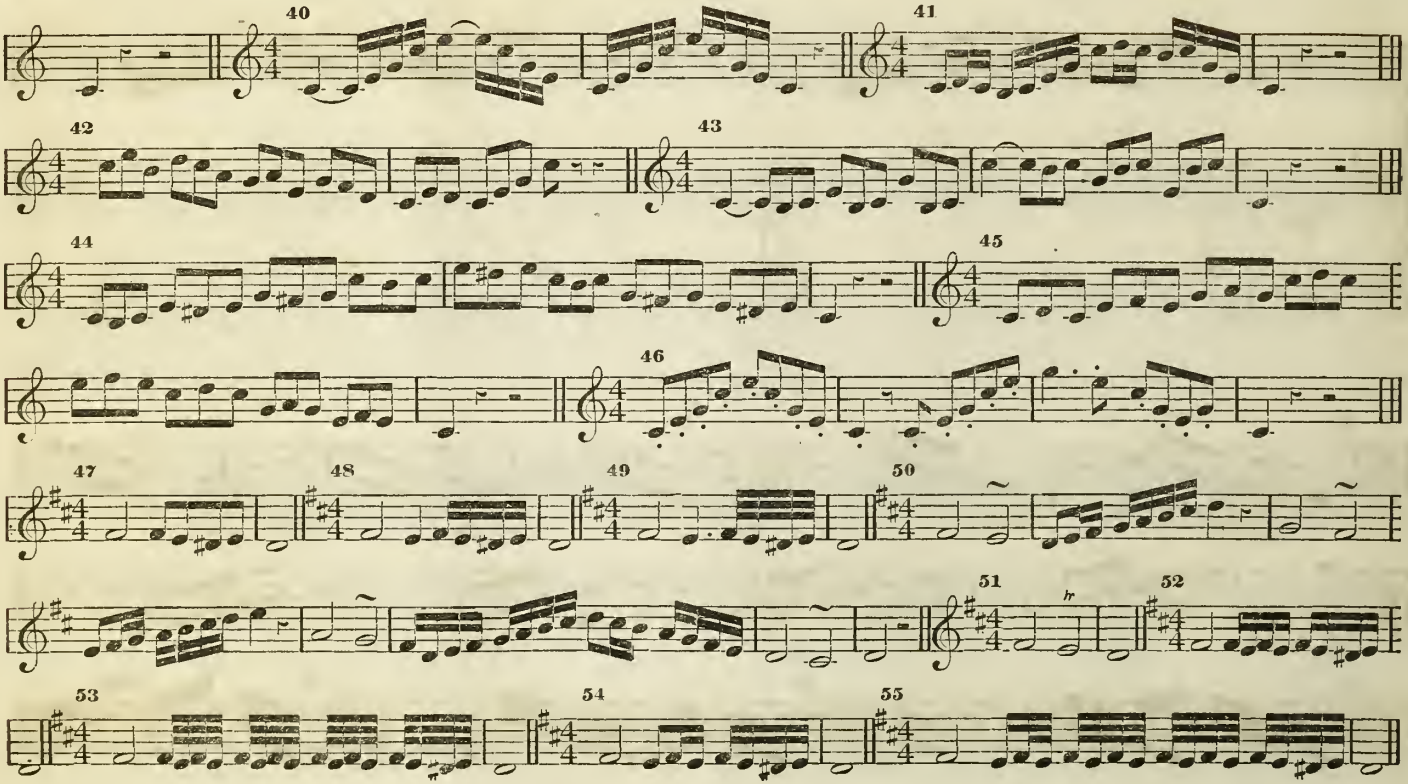
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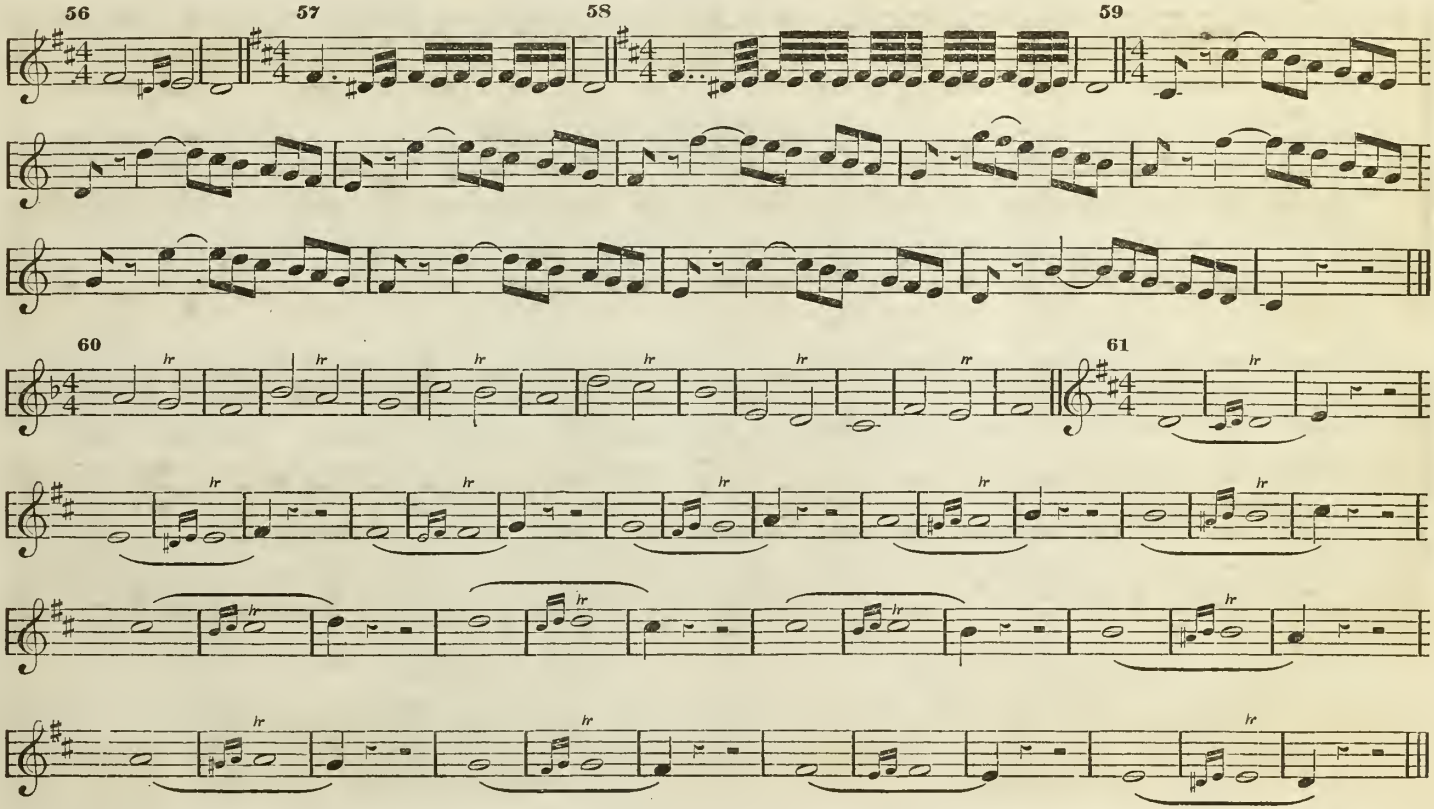
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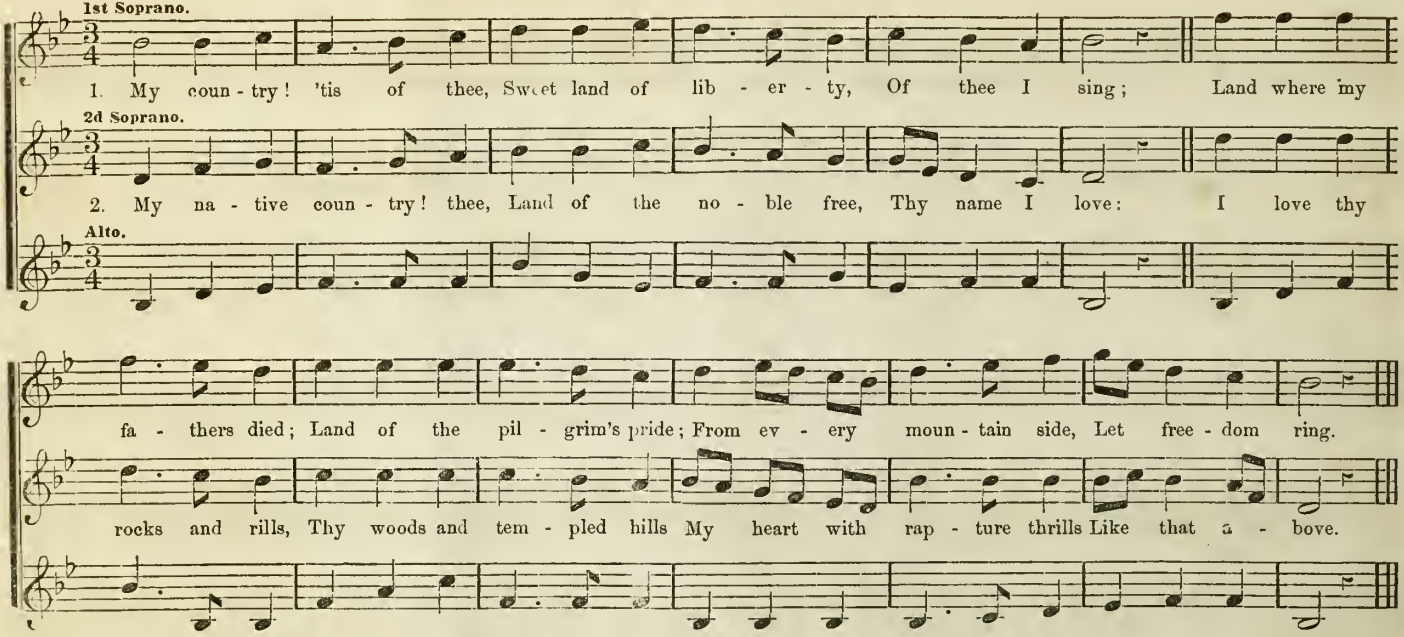
NATIONAL HYMN.



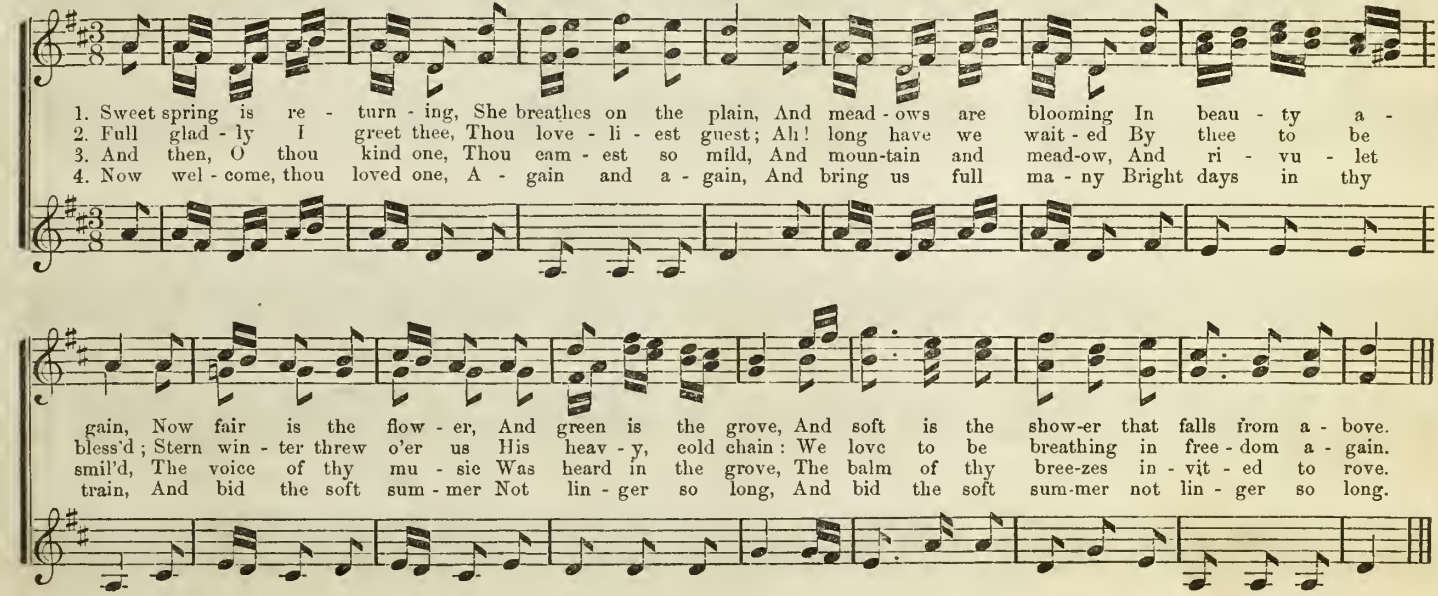
3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break
The sound prolong.

4 Our father's God! to thee,
Author of liberty!
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright,
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

The Musical Casket.

TRIO.—Sweet Spring is returning.

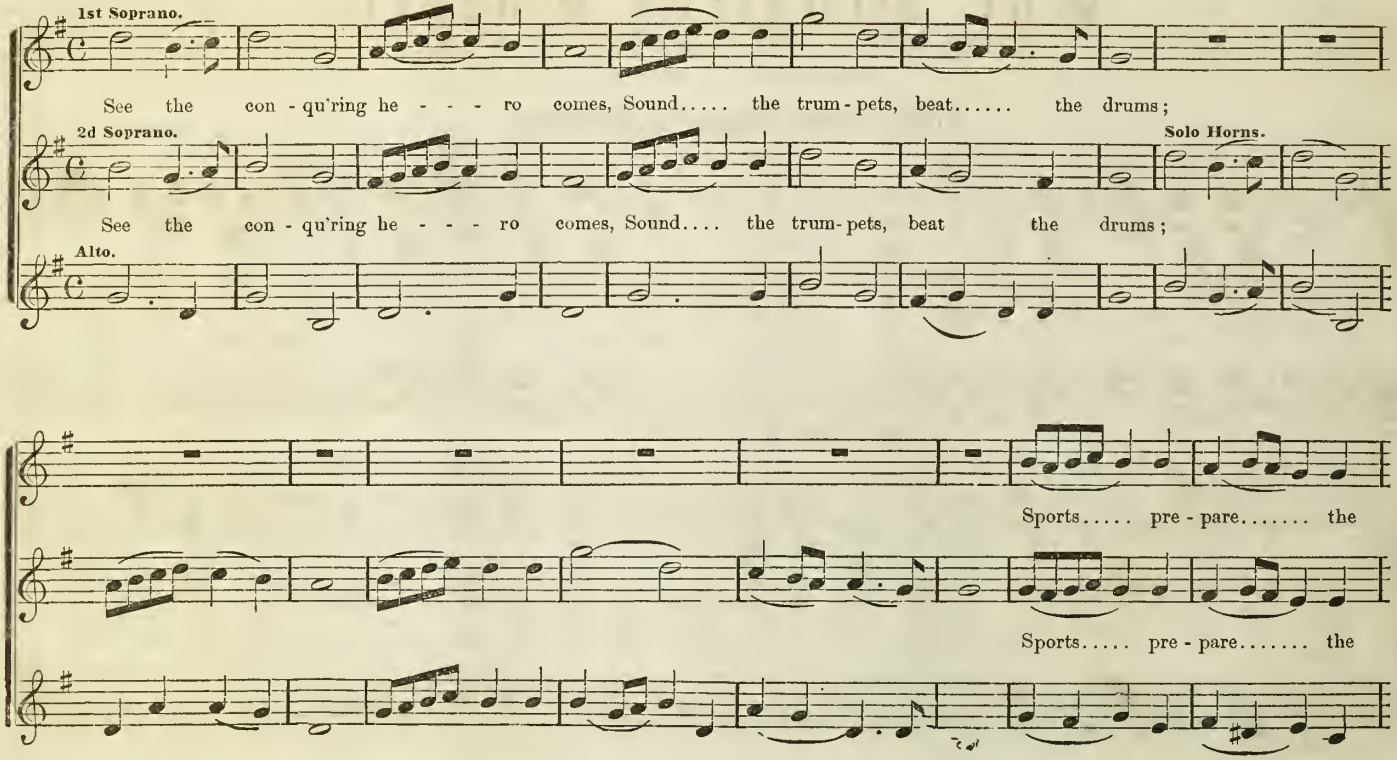
SILCHER.

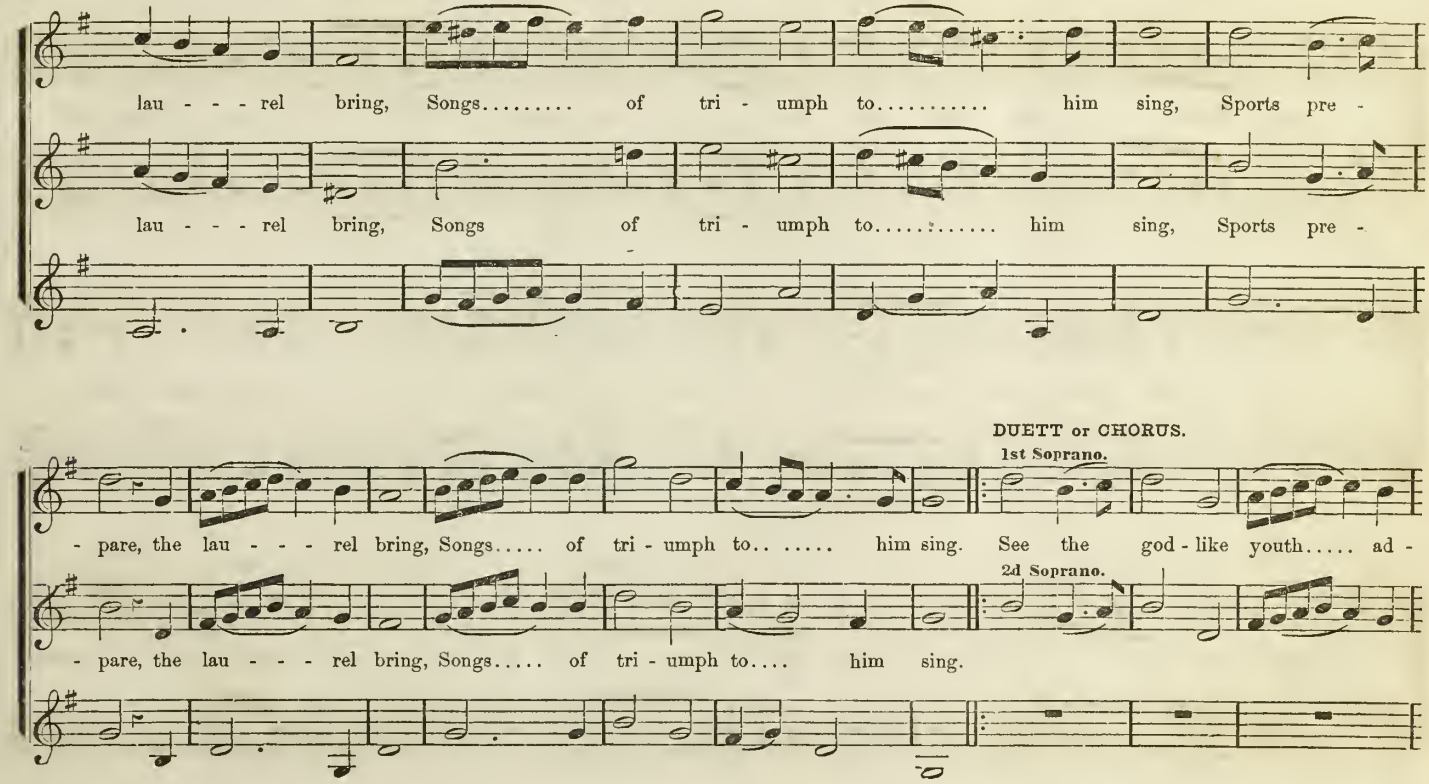


SEE THE CONQU'RING HERO COMES.

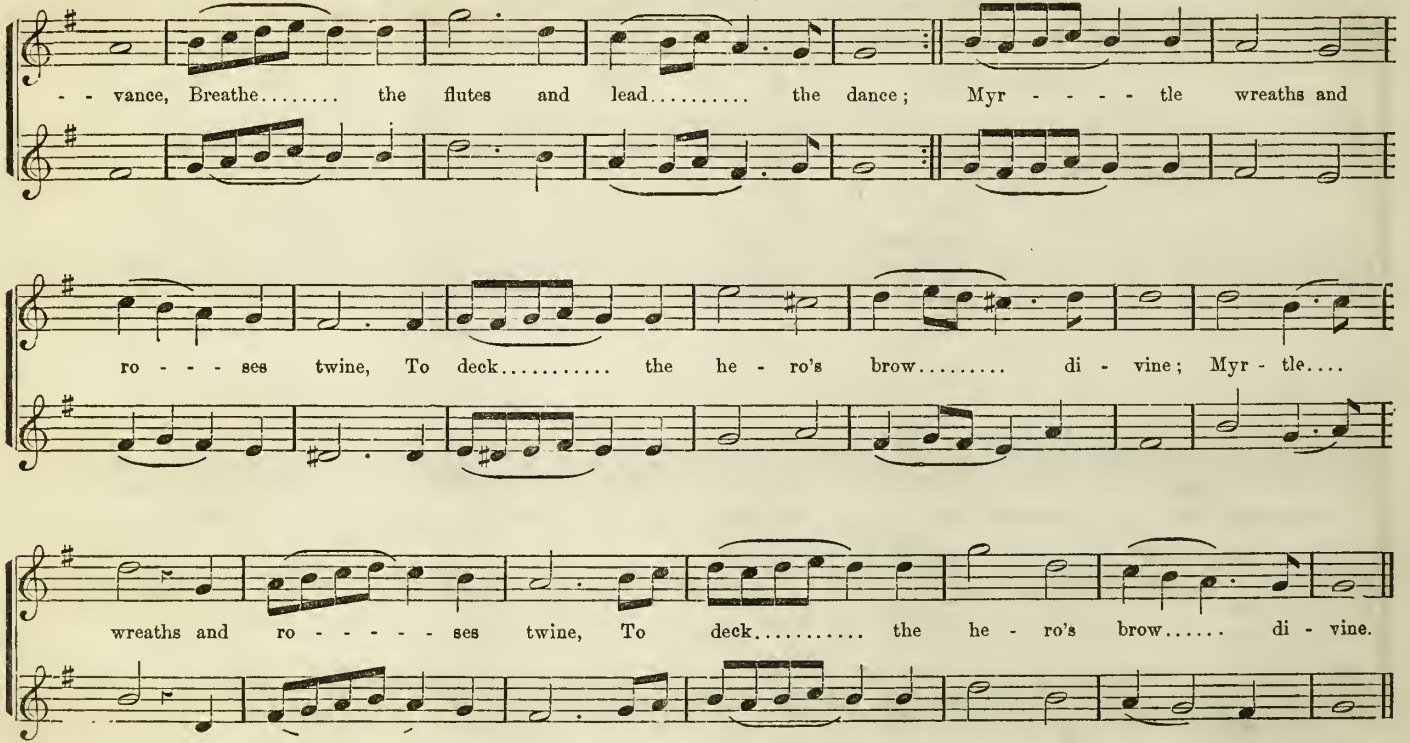
CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

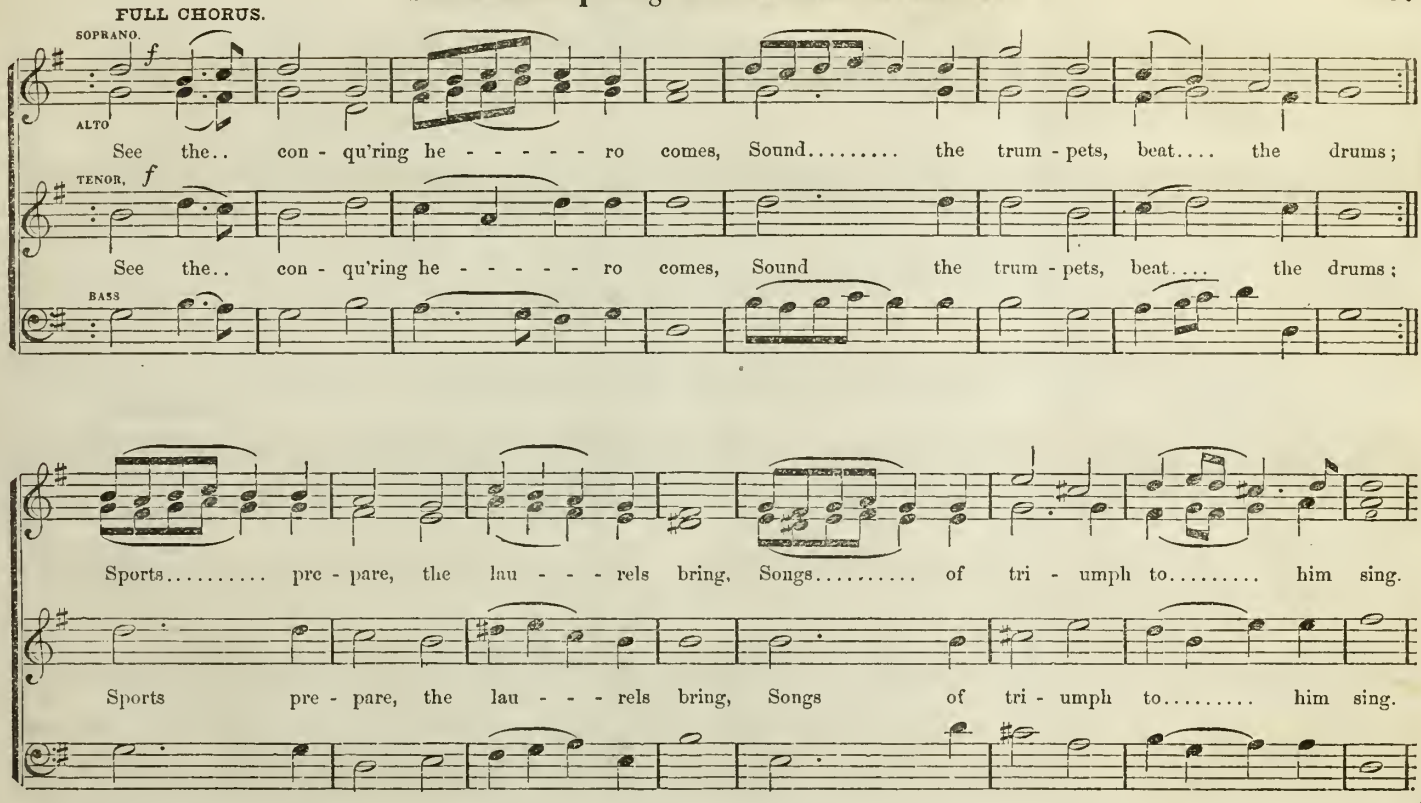
From Handel's Oratorio of JOSHUA.



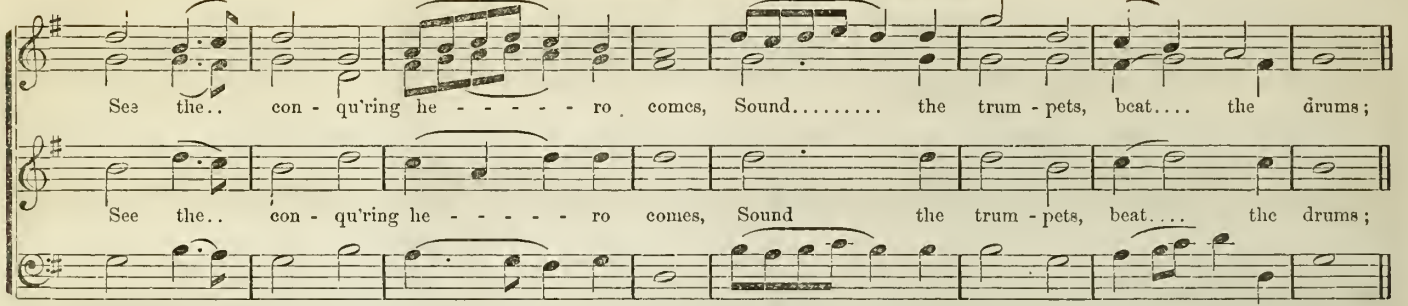

lau - - - rel bring, Songs..... of tri - umph to..... him sing, Sports pre -
lau - - - rel bring, Songs of tri - umph to..... him sing, Sports pre -
DUETT or CHORUS.
1st Soprano.
- pare, the lau - - - rel bring, Songs..... of tri - umph to..... him sing. See the god - like youth..... ad -
2d Soprano.
- pare, the lau - - - rel bring, Songs..... of tri - umph to.... him sing.

See the conqu'ring Hero comes.—Continued.

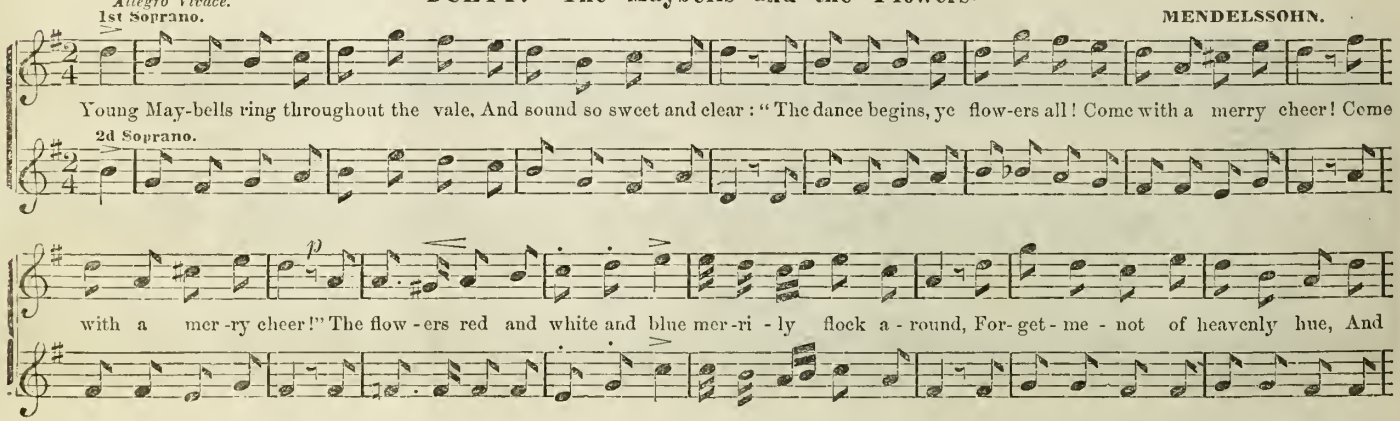


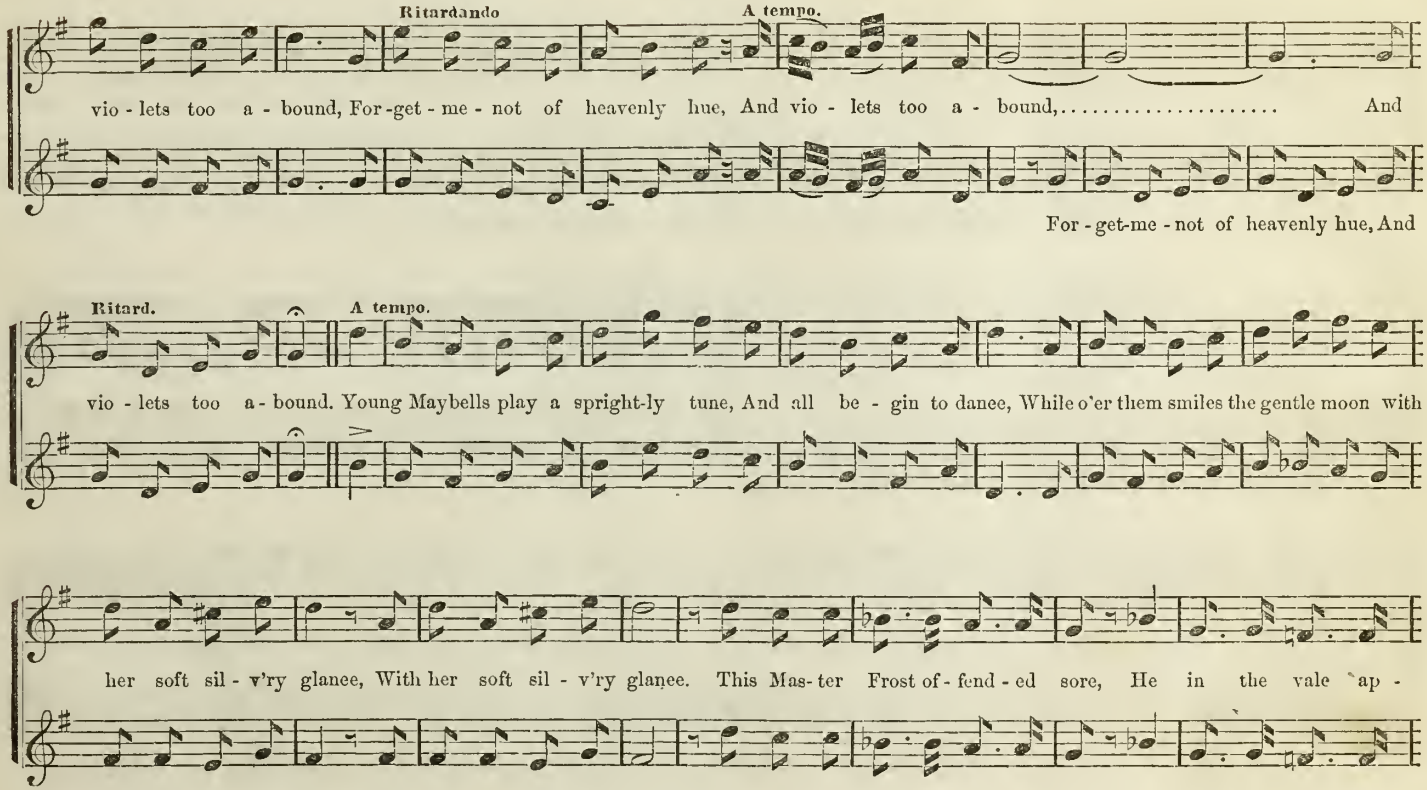

FULL CHORUS.
SOPRANO.
ALTO
TENOR.
BASS
See the.. con - qu'ring he - - - - - ro comes, Sound..... the trum - pets, beat.... the drums;
See the.. con - qu'ring he - - - - - ro comes, Sound the trum - pets, beat.... the drums;
Sports..... pre - pare, the lau - - - rels bring, Songs..... of tri - umph to..... him sing.
Sports pre - pare, the lau - - - rels bring, Songs of tri - umph to..... him sing.

See the conqu'ring Hero comes.—Concluded.

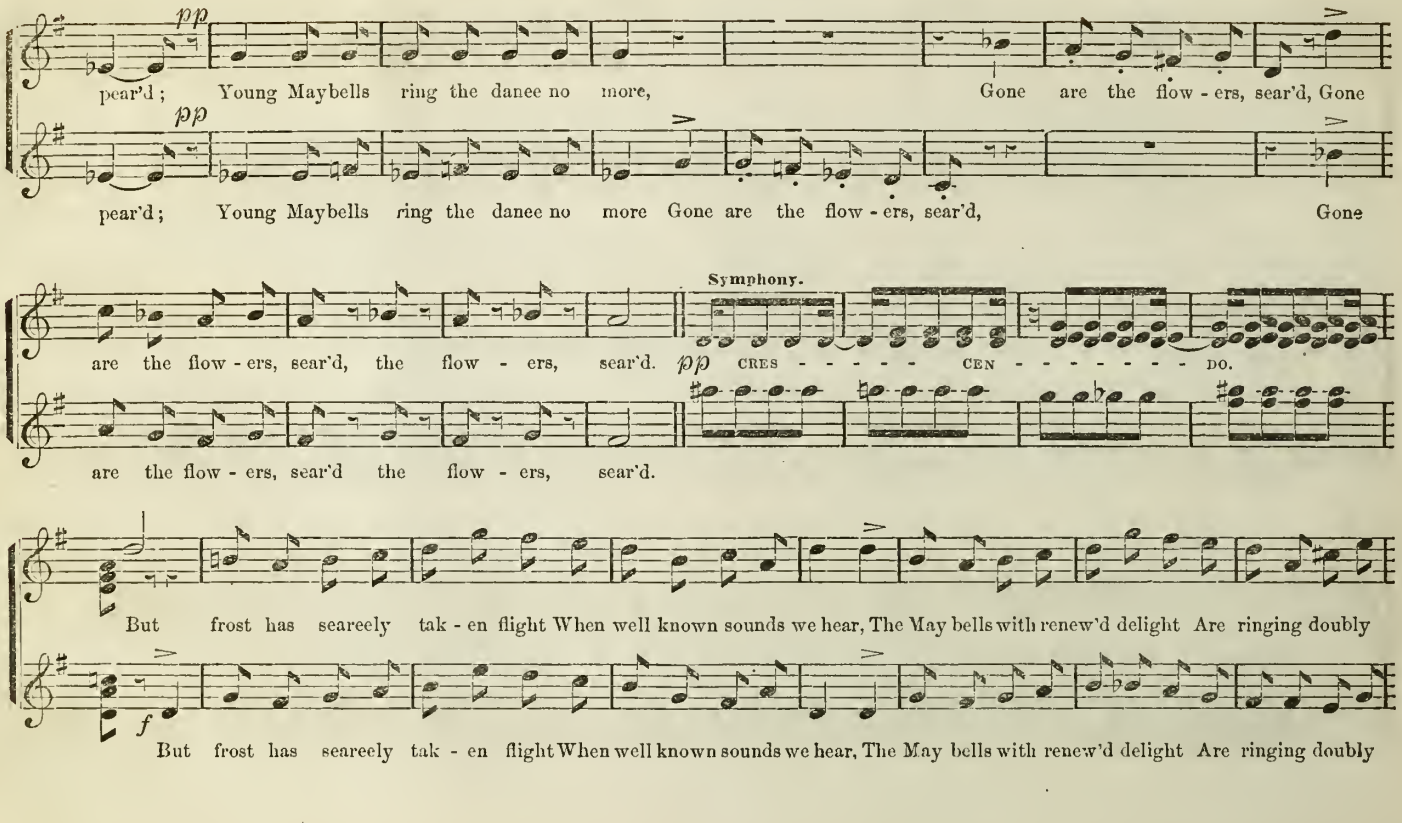


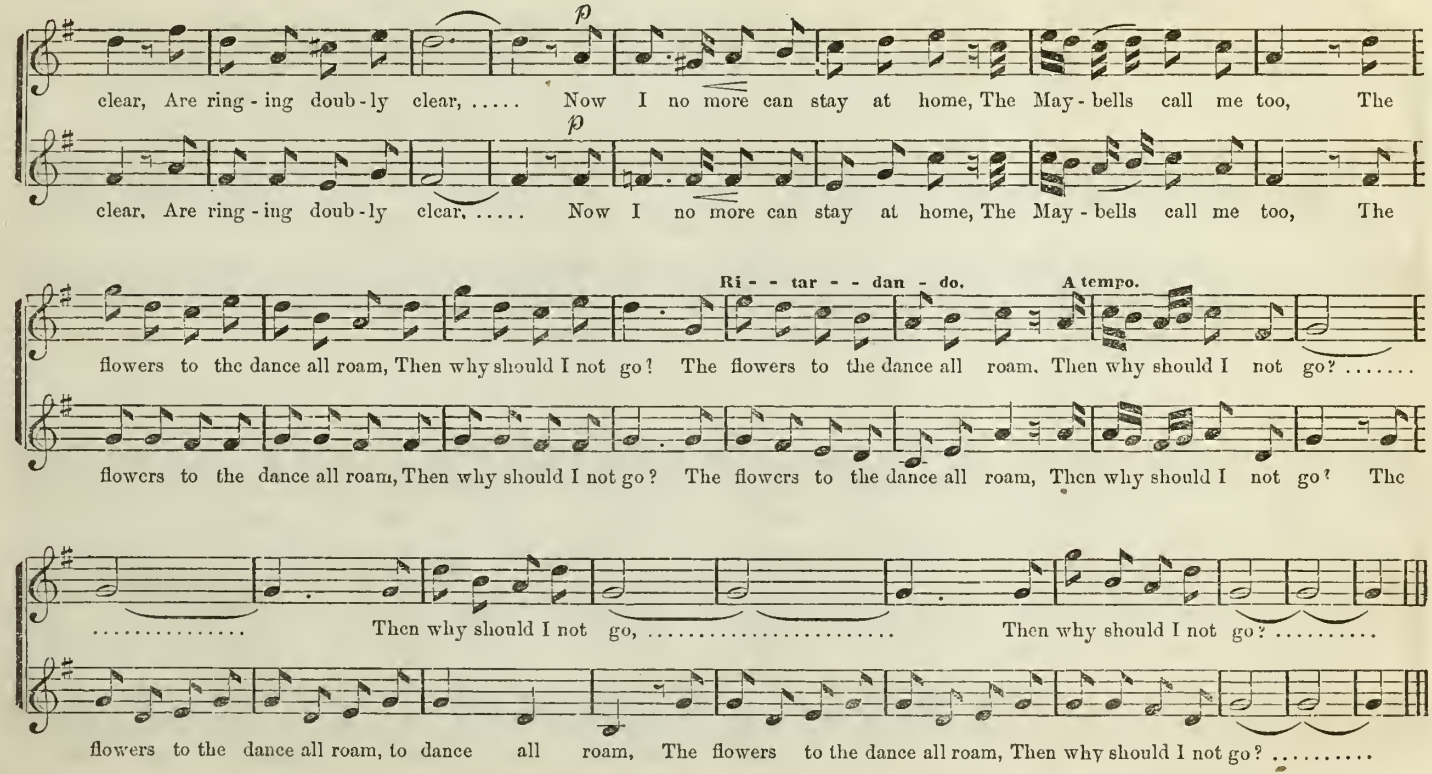
DUETT.—The Maybells and the Flowers.




Ritardando
A tempo.
vio - lets too a - bound, For - get - me - not of heavenly hue, And vio - lets too a - bound,..... And
For - get-me - not of heavenly hue, And
Ritard.
A tempo.
vio - lets too a - bound. Young Maybells play a spright-ly tune, And all be - gin to dance, While o'er them smiles the gentle moon with
her soft sil - v'ry glance, With her soft sil - v'ry glance. This Mas- ter Frost of - fend - ed sore, He in the vale ap -

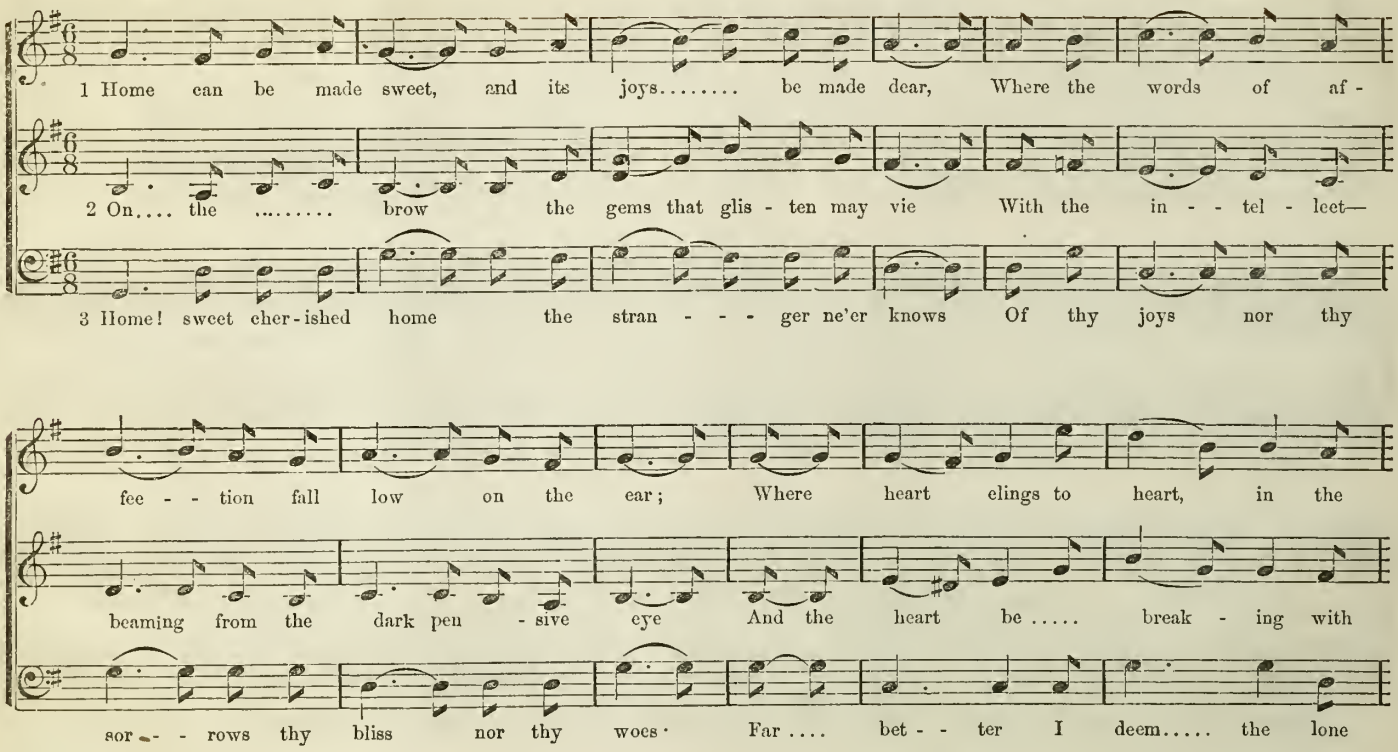
The Maybells and the Flowers.—Continued.

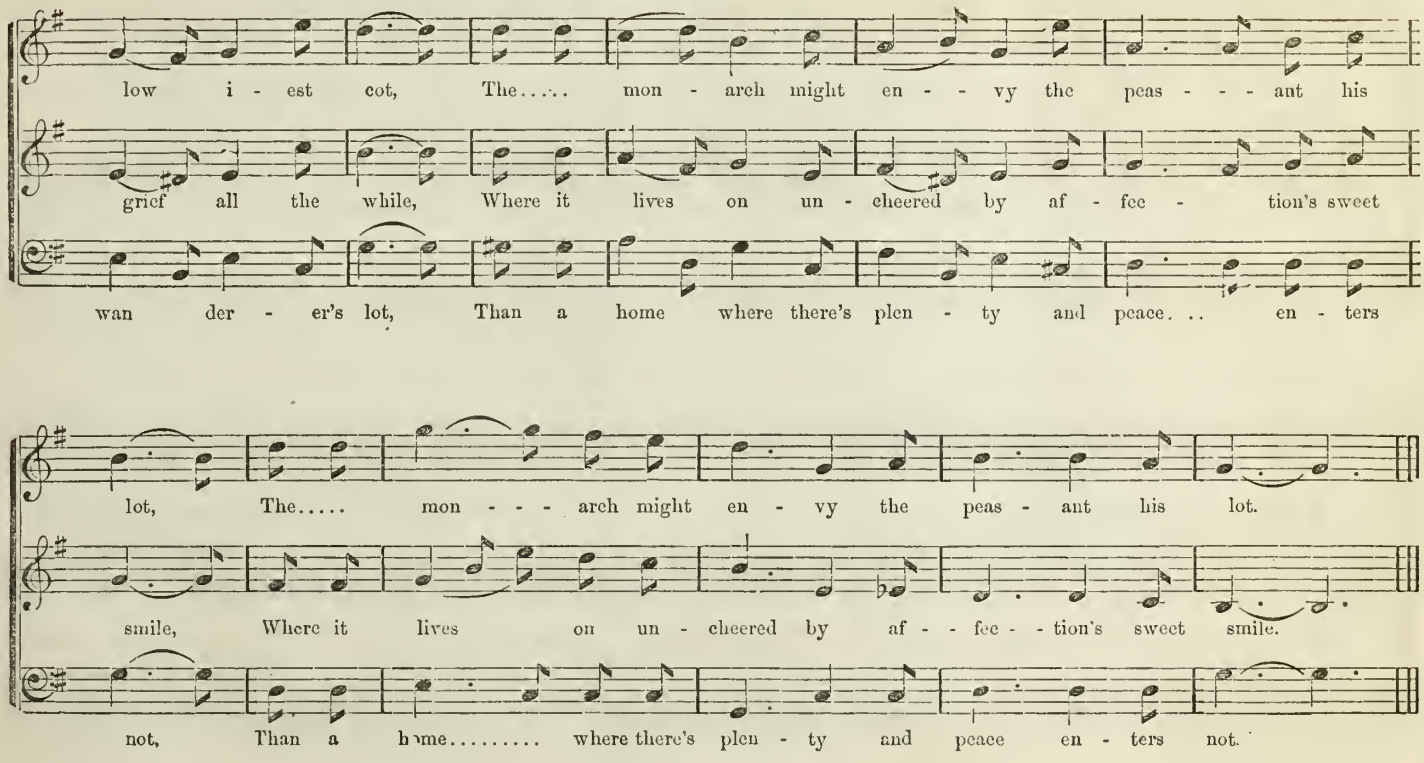



clear, Are ring - ing doub - ly clear, ... Now I no more can stay at home, The May - bells call me too, The
clear, Are ring - ing doub - ly clear, ... Now I no more can stay at home, The May - bells call me too, The
Ri - - tar - - dan - do.
A tempo.
flowers to the dance all roam, Then why should I not go? The flowers to the dance all roam, Then why should I not go? .....
flowers to the dance all roam, Then why should I not go? The flowers to the dance all roam, Then why should I not go? The
..... Then why should I not go, ... Then why should I not go? .....
flowers to the dance all roam, to dance all roam, The flowers to the dance all roam, Then why should I not go? .....

HOME.

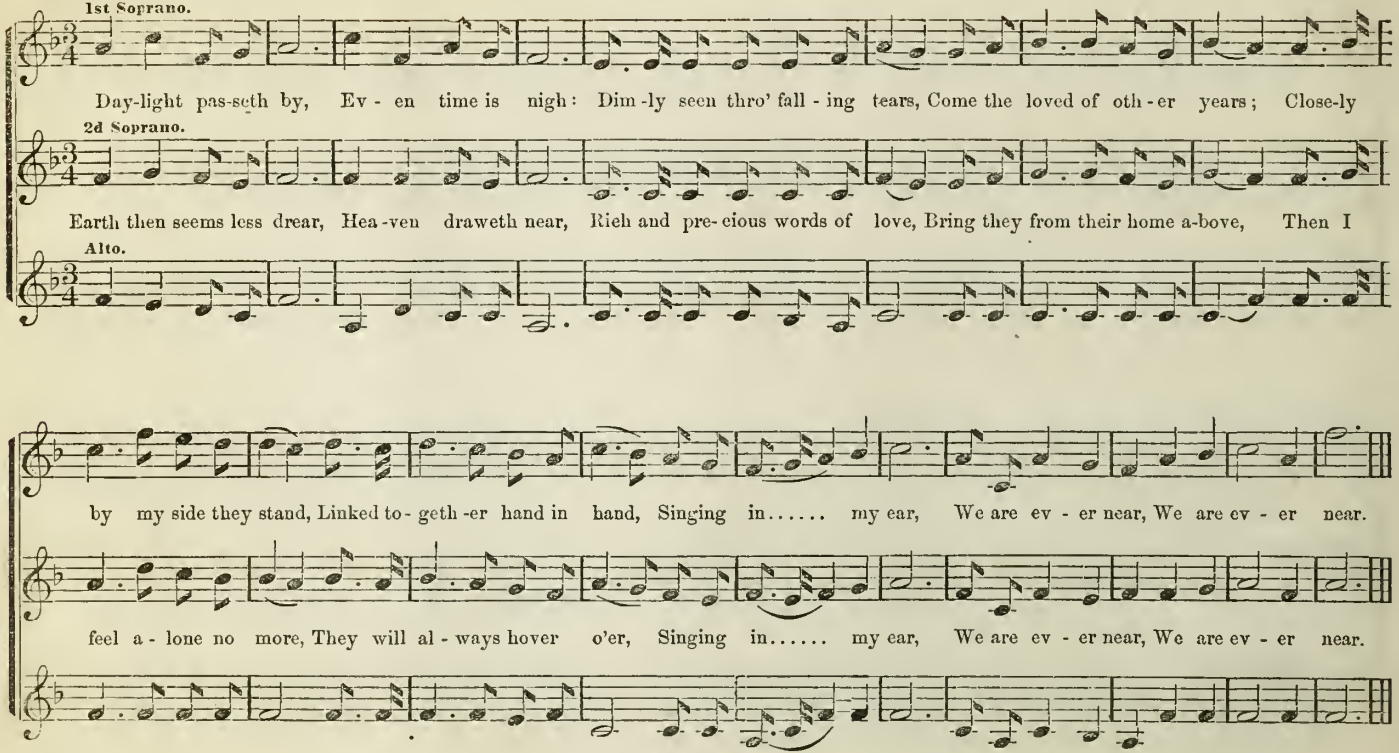
Poetry by Mrs. R. T. ELDRIDGE. J. C. W.



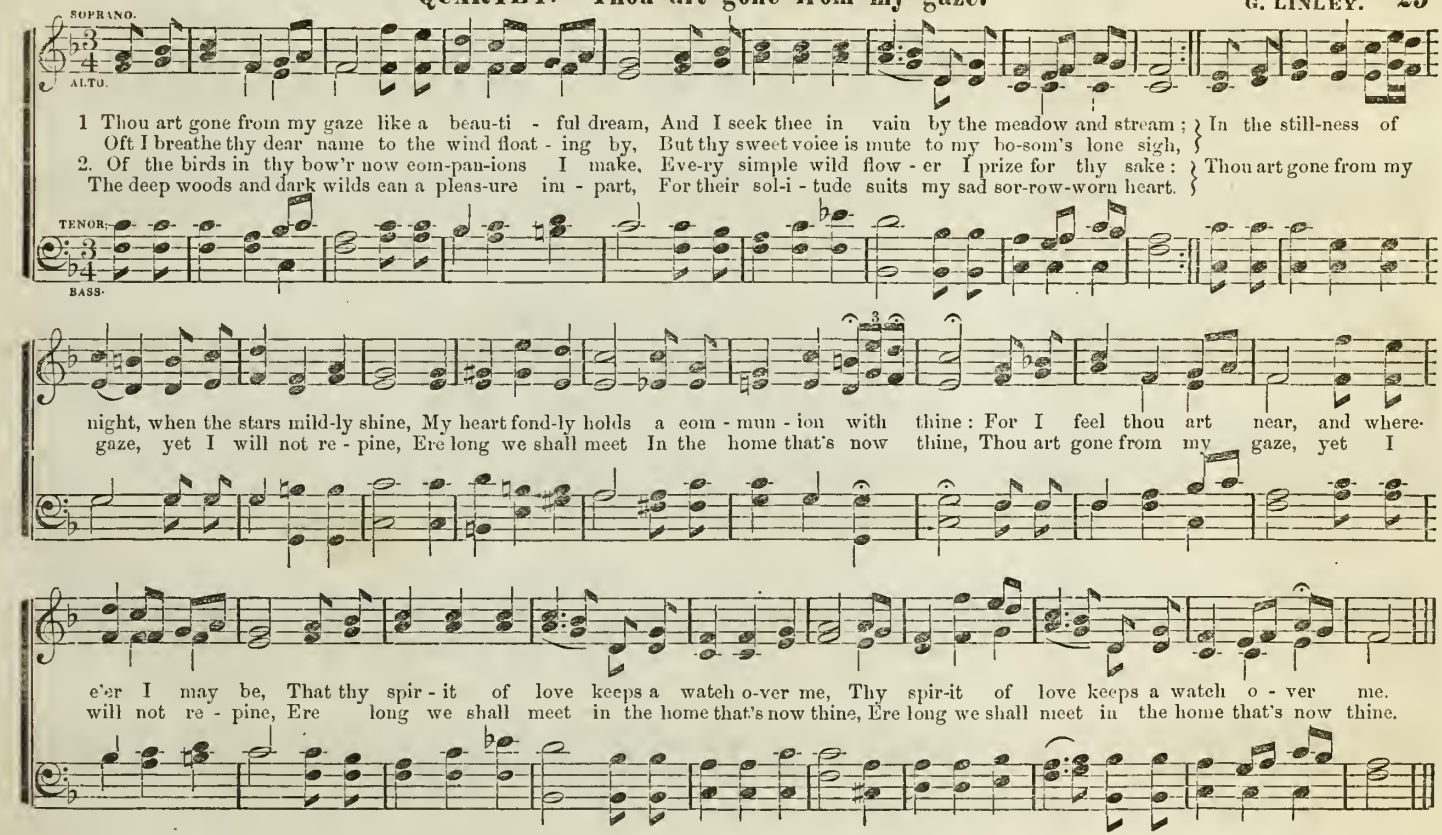

low i - est cot, The..... mon - arch might en - - vy the peas - - - ant his
grief all the while, Where it lives on un - cheered by af - fec - tion's sweet
wan der - er's lot, Than a home where there's plen - ty and peace. .. en - ters
lot, The..... mon - - - arch might en - vy the peas - ant his lot.
smile, Where it lives on un - cheered by af - - fec - - tion's sweet smile.
not, Than a home..... where there's plen - ty and peace en - ters not.

TWILIGHT.

Words by Miss M. S. PRESTON. J. C. W.



QUARTET.—Thou art gone from my gaze.



I WOULD THAT MY LOVE.

Allegretto con Moto. MENDELSSOHN.

1st Soprano.

1. I would that my love would si - lent - ly flow, in a sin - gle word I'd give it the mer-ry bree - zes, They'd

2d Soprano.

2 To thee on their wings, my fair - est, that soul felt word they would bear, Should'st hear it at ev - ery mo - ment, and

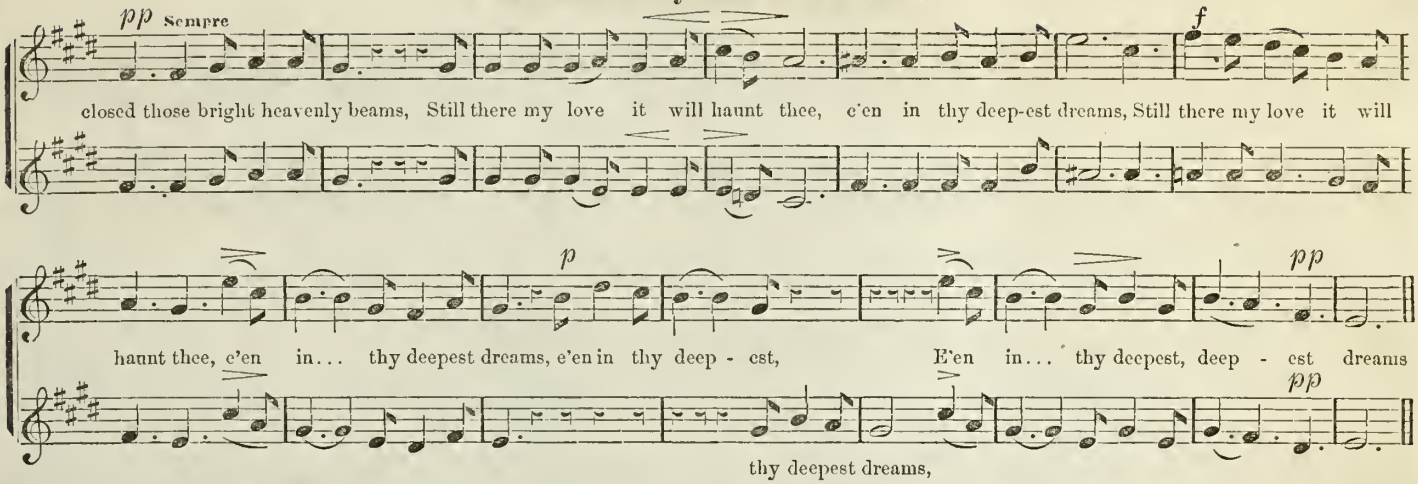
waft it a - way in sport, I'd give it the mer - ry bree - zes, they'd waft it a - way in sport, a - way in

hear it ev - ery where, Should'st hear it at ev - ery mo - ment, and hear it ev - ery where, and ev - ery

pp

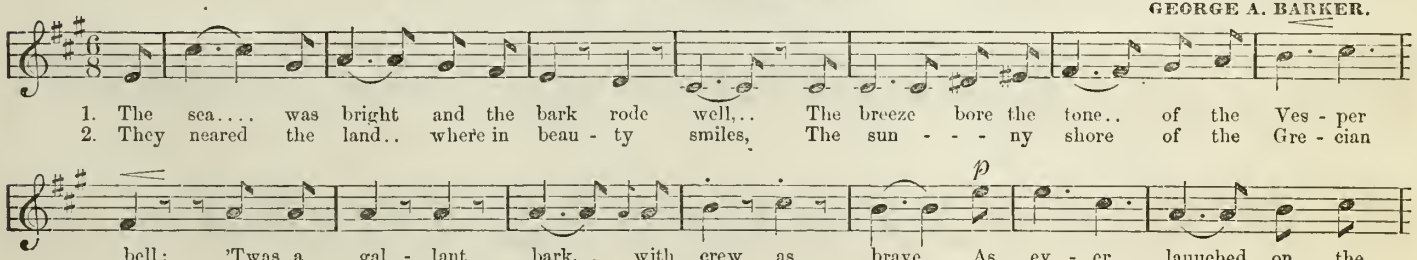
sport, a - way in sport, they'd waft it a - way in sport. 3. At night when thine eye-lids in slum - ber have

where, and ev - ery where, and hear.... it ev - ery where

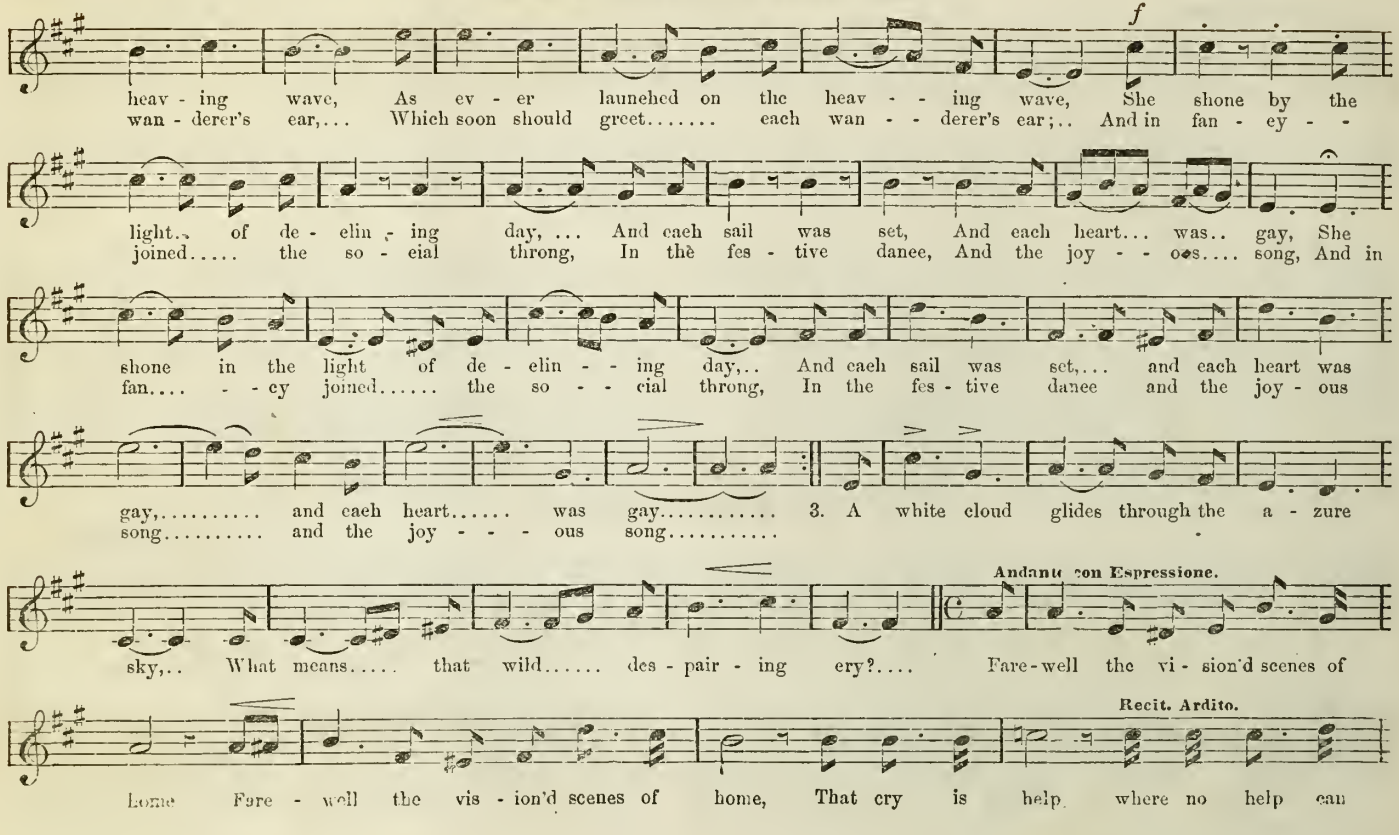


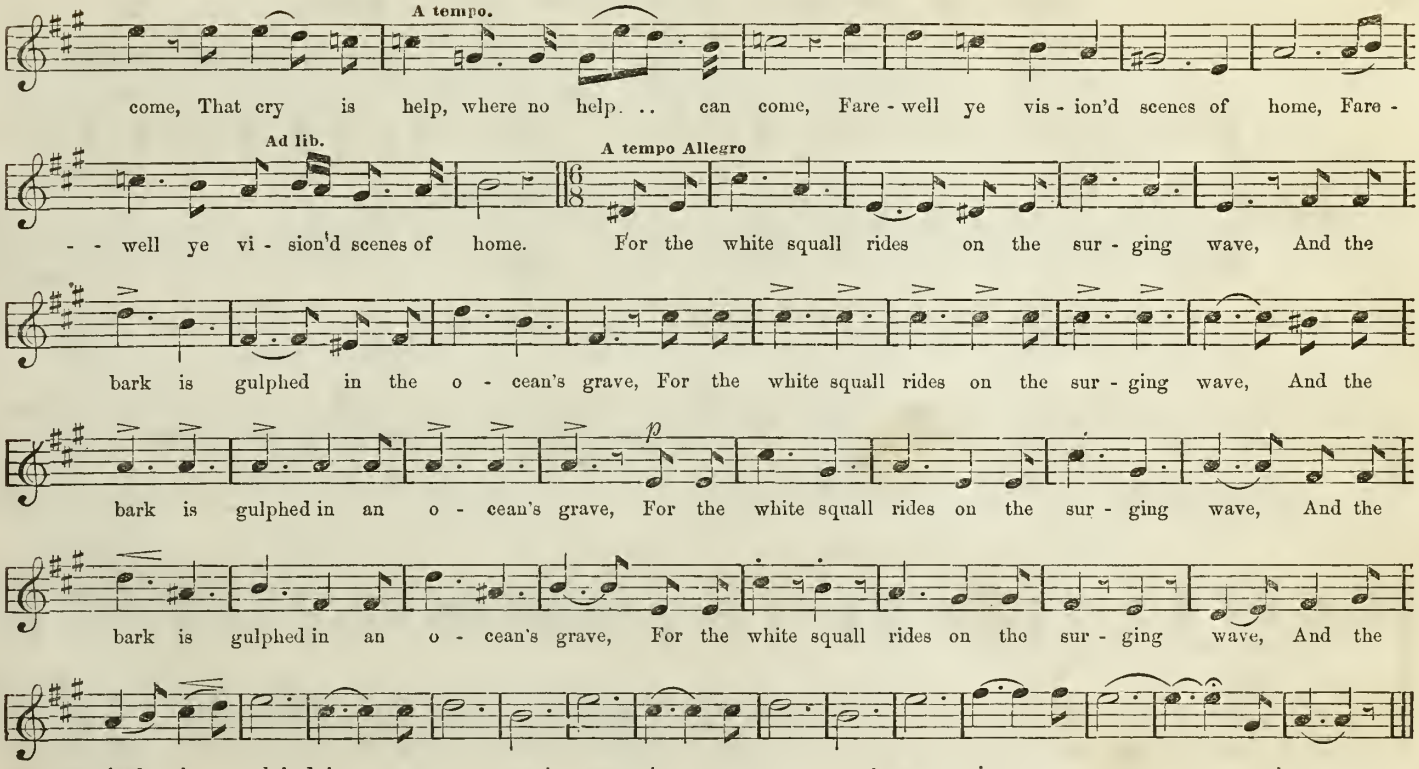
THE WHITE SQUALL.

GEORGE A. BARKER.



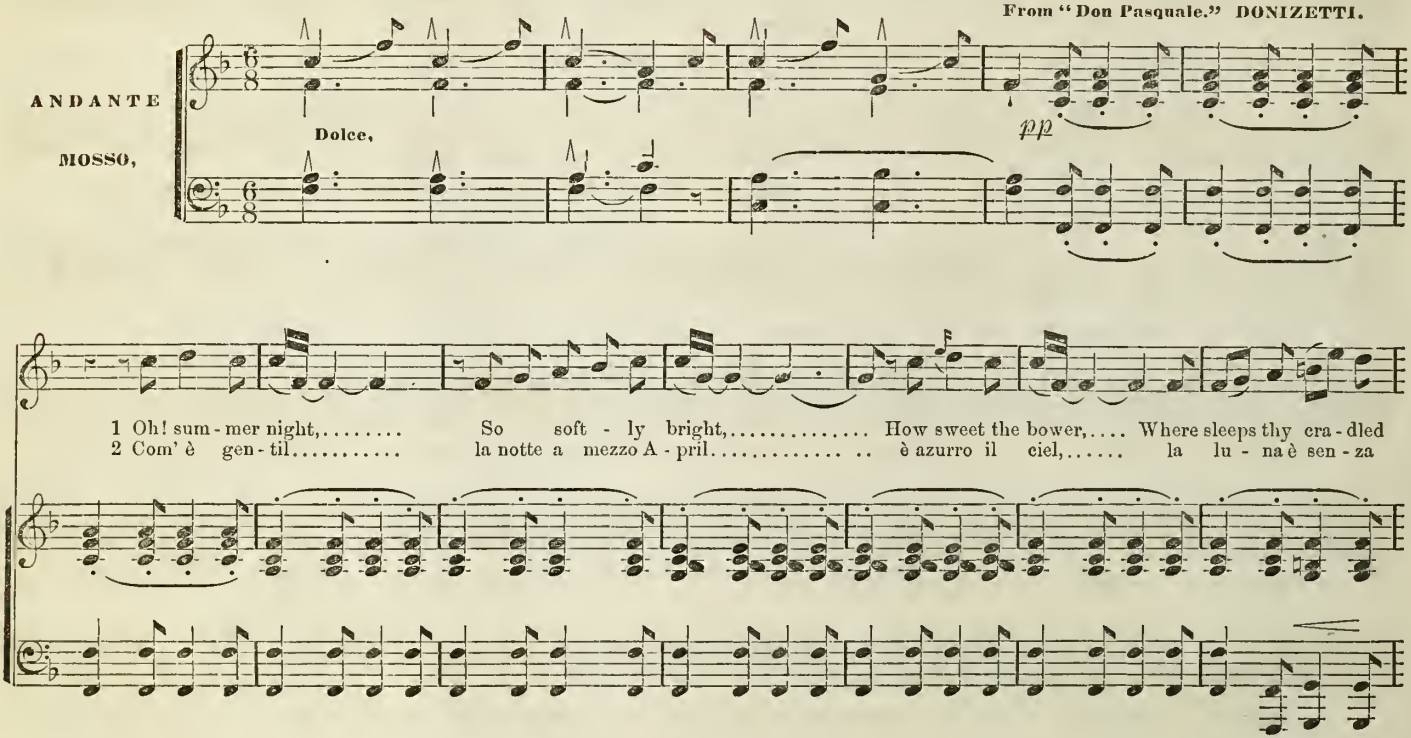
The White Squall.—Continued.

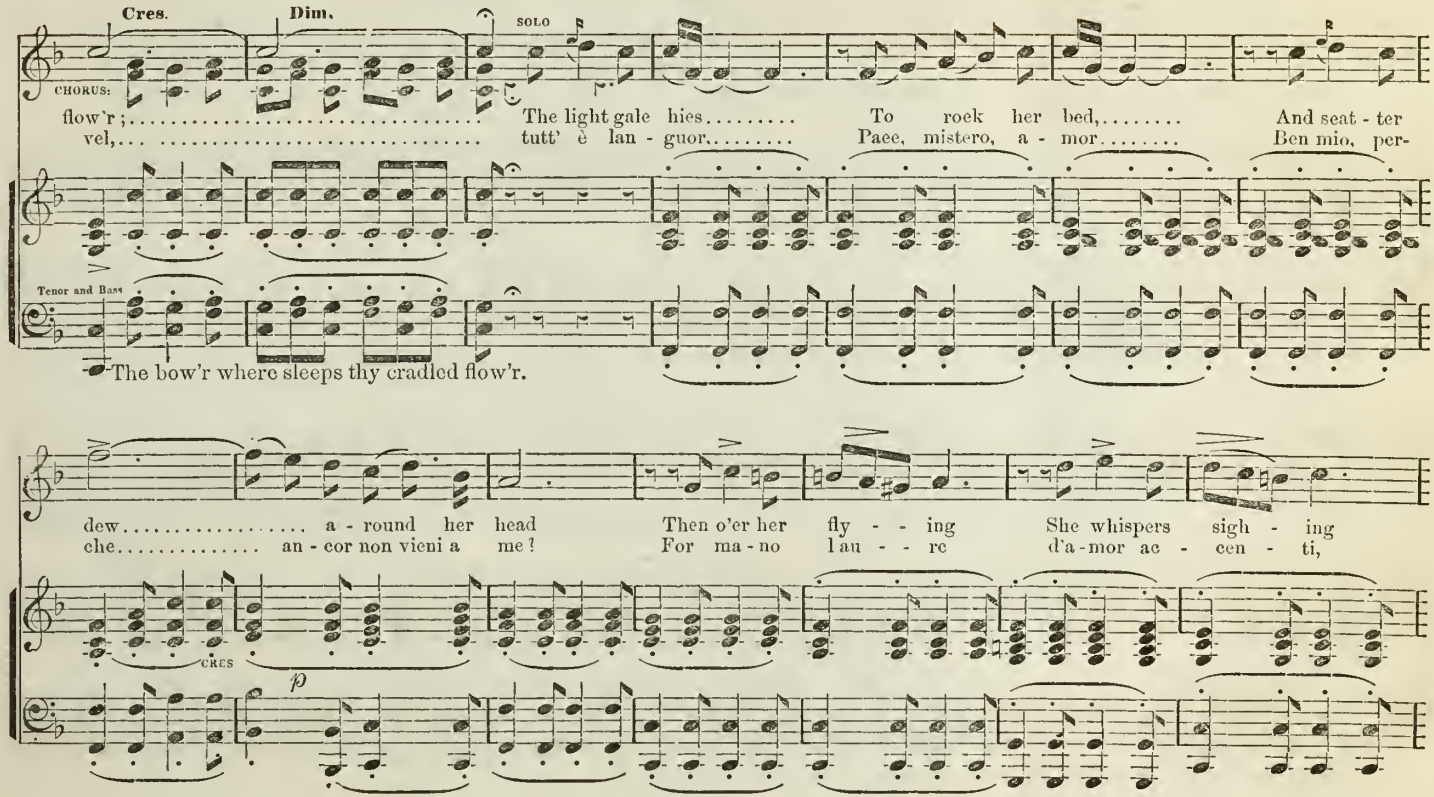



A tempo.
come, That cry is help, where no help. .. can come, Fare - well ye vis - ion'd scenes of home, Fare -
Ad lib.
A tempo Allegro
- - well ye vi - sion'd scenes of home. For the white squall rides on the sur - ging wave, And the
bark is gulphed in the o - cean's grave, For the white squall rides on the sur - ging wave, And the
p
bark is gulphed in an o - cean's grave, For the white squall rides on the sur - ging wave, And the
bark is gulphed in an o - cean's grave, For the white squall rides on the sur - ging wave, And the
bark is... gulphed in an o - cean's grave, in... an o cean's grave, in an o - - - - cean's grave.

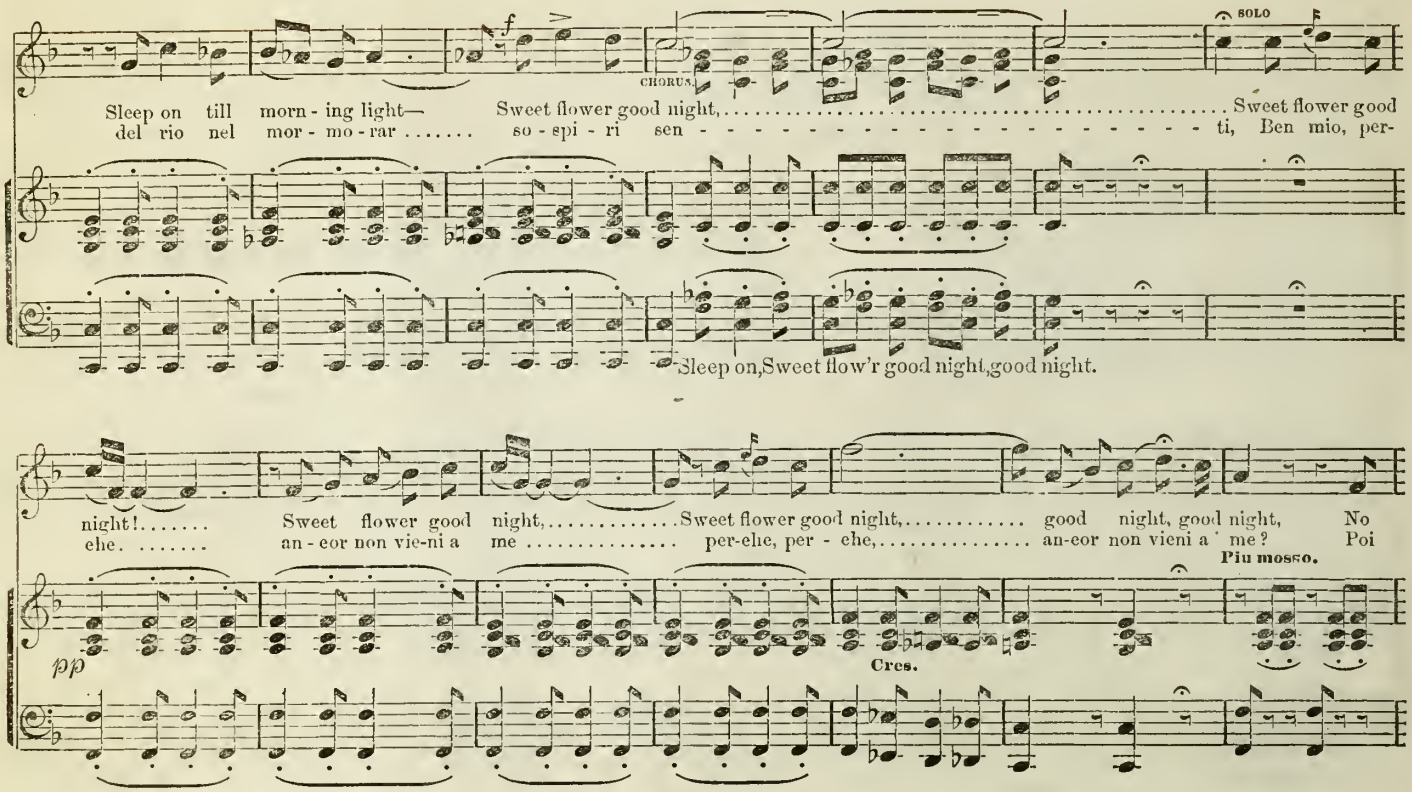
SERENADE.—Oh! Summer Night. (Com'e gentil la Notte.)

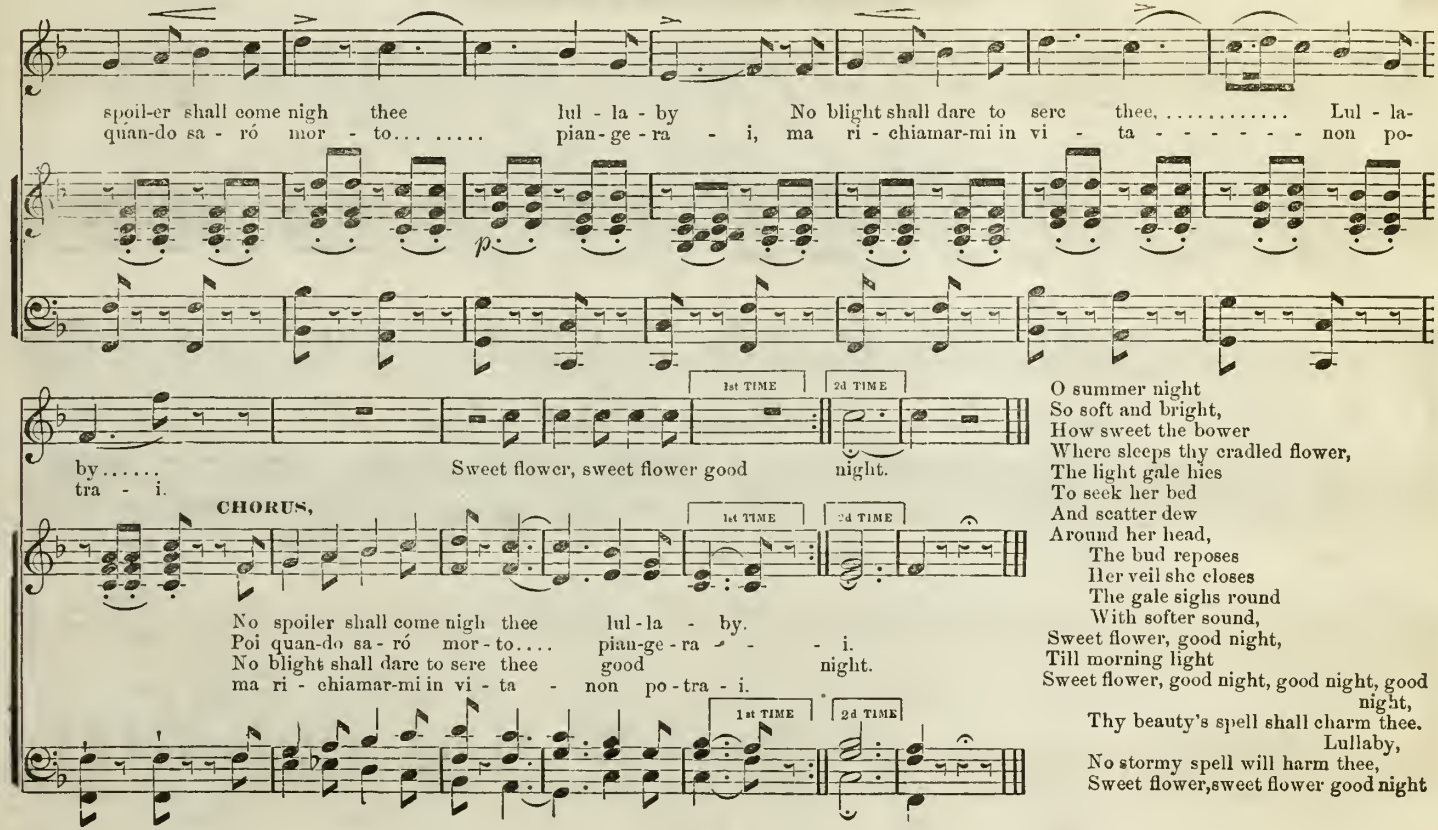
From "Don Pasquale." DONIZETTI.




Cres.
Dim.
SOLO
CHORUS:
flow'r;
vel,...
The light gale hies.....
tutt' è lan - guor.....
To roek her bed,.....
Paee, mistero, a - mor.....
And seat - ter
Ben mio, per-
Tenor and Bass
The bow'r where sleeps thy cradled flow'r.
dew..... a - round her head
che..... an - cor non vieni a me!
Then o'er her fly - - ing
For ma - no lau - - re
She whispers sigh - ing
d'a - mor ac - cen - ti,
CRES
p

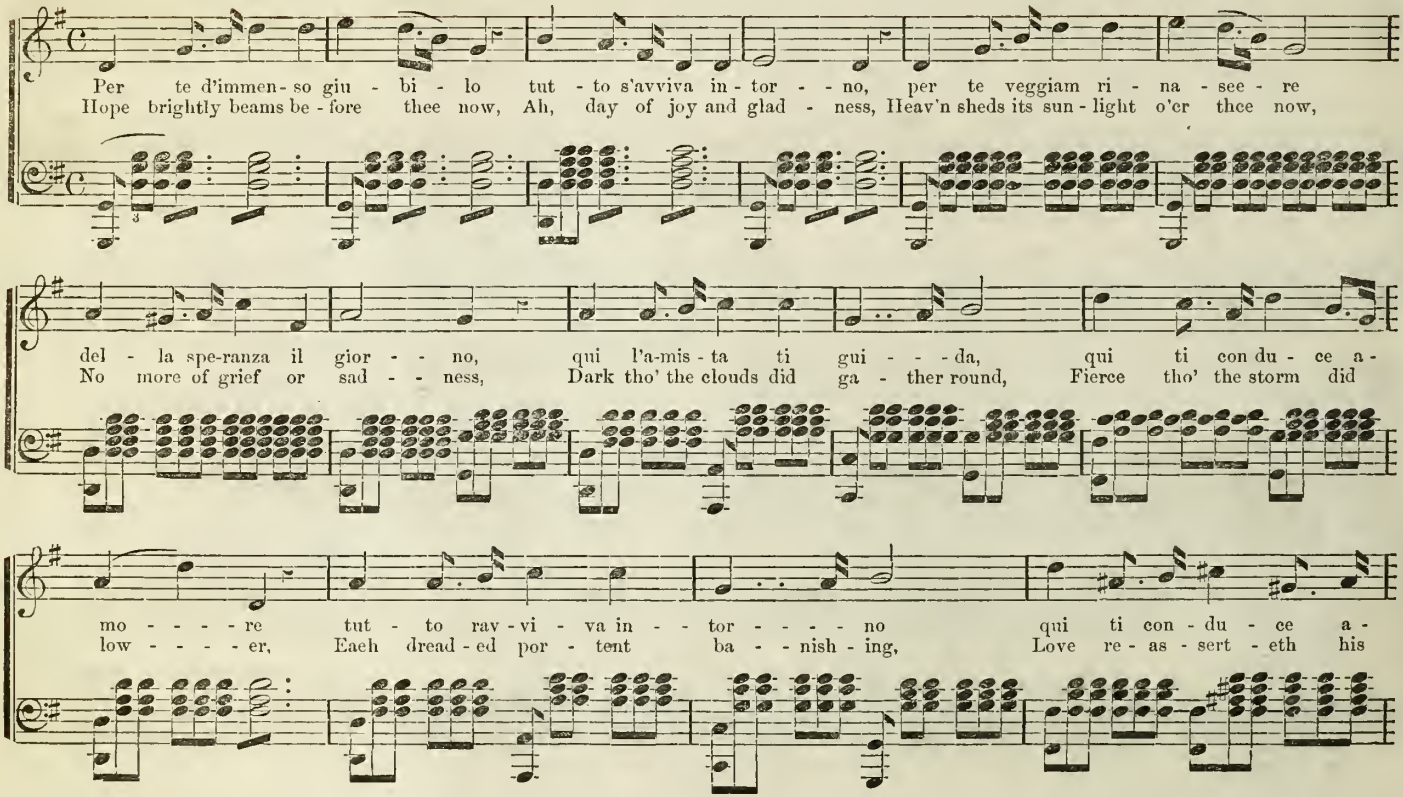
Oh! Summer Night. Continued.

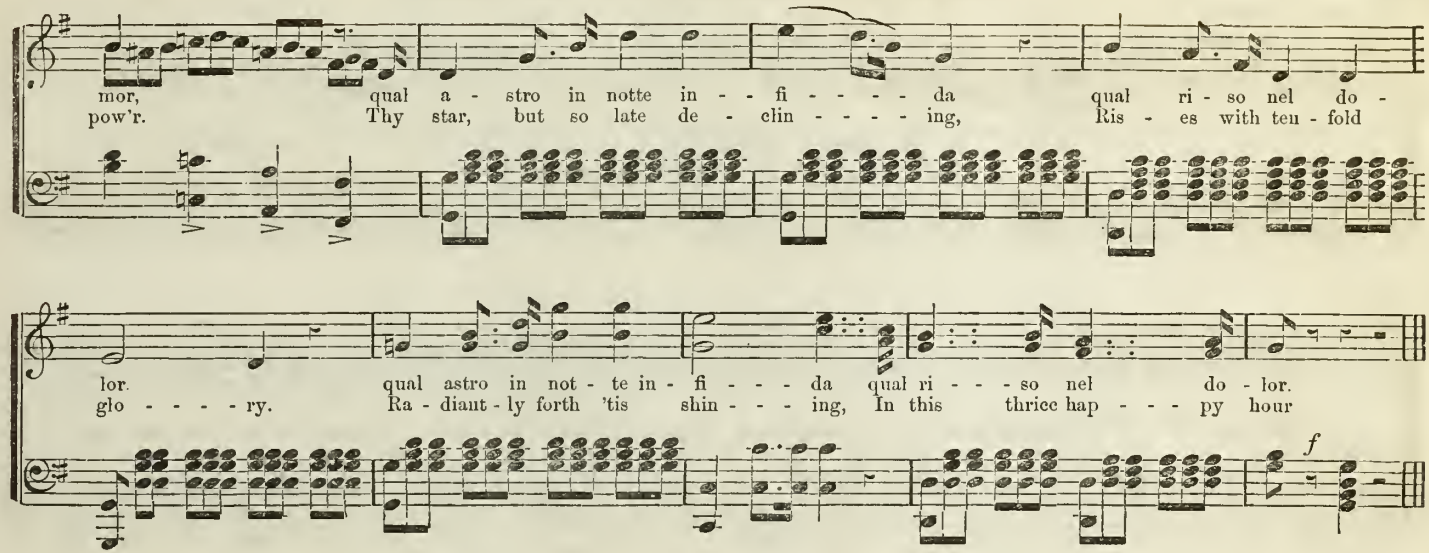




O summer night
So soft and bright,
How sweet the bower
Where sleeps thy cradled flower,
The light gale hies
To seek her bed
And scatter dew
Around her head,
The bud reposes
Her veil she closes
The gale sighs round
With softer sound,
Sweet flower, good night,
Till morning light
Sweet flower, good night, good night, good night,
Thy beauty's spell shall charm thee.
Lullaby,
No stormy spell will harm thee,
Sweet flower,sweet flower good night

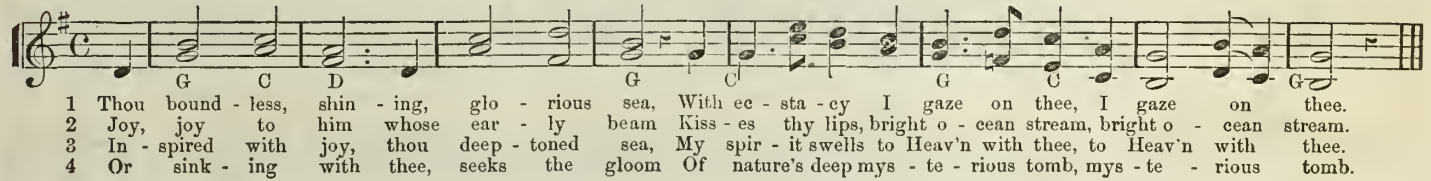
Hope brightly Beams before thee Now.





DUETT.—Thou boundless, shining, glorious Sea.

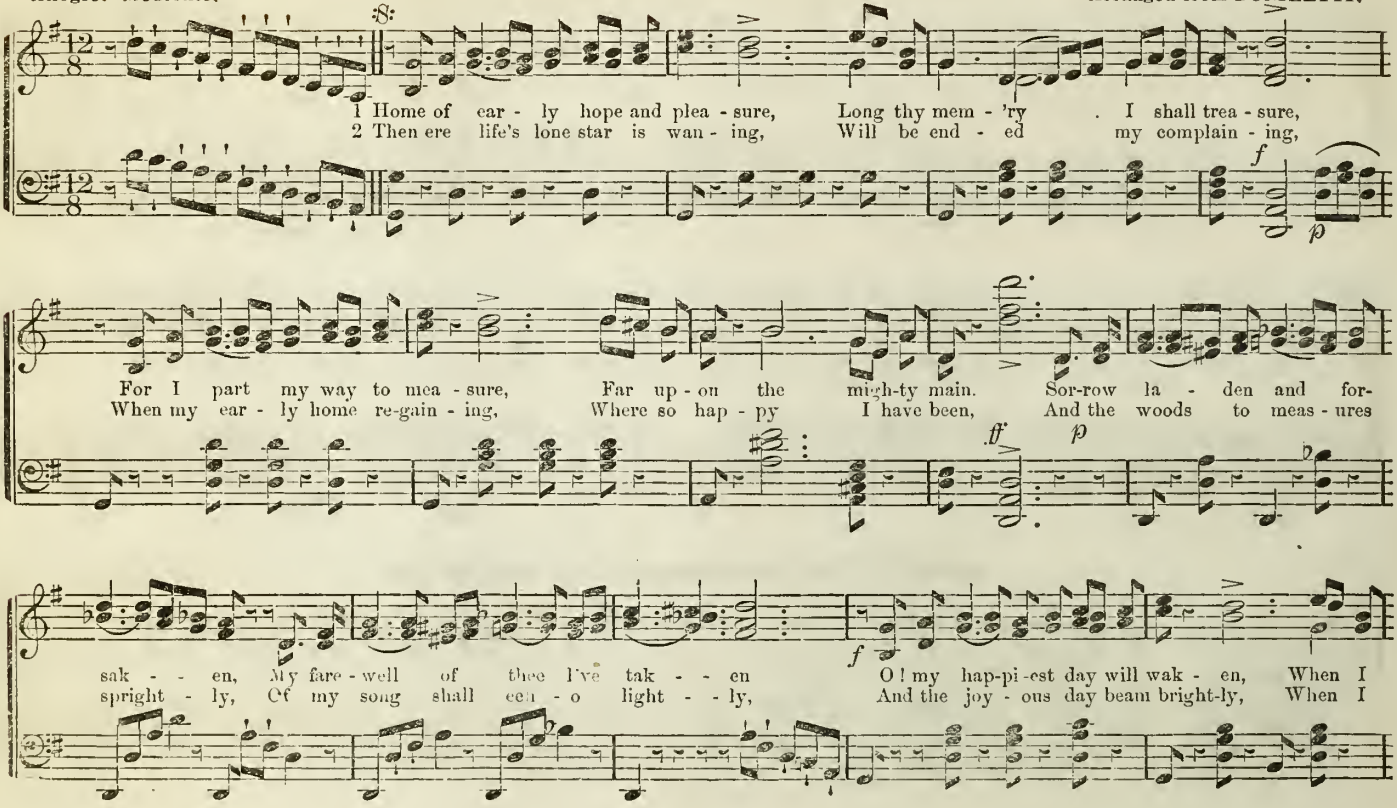
SILCHER.

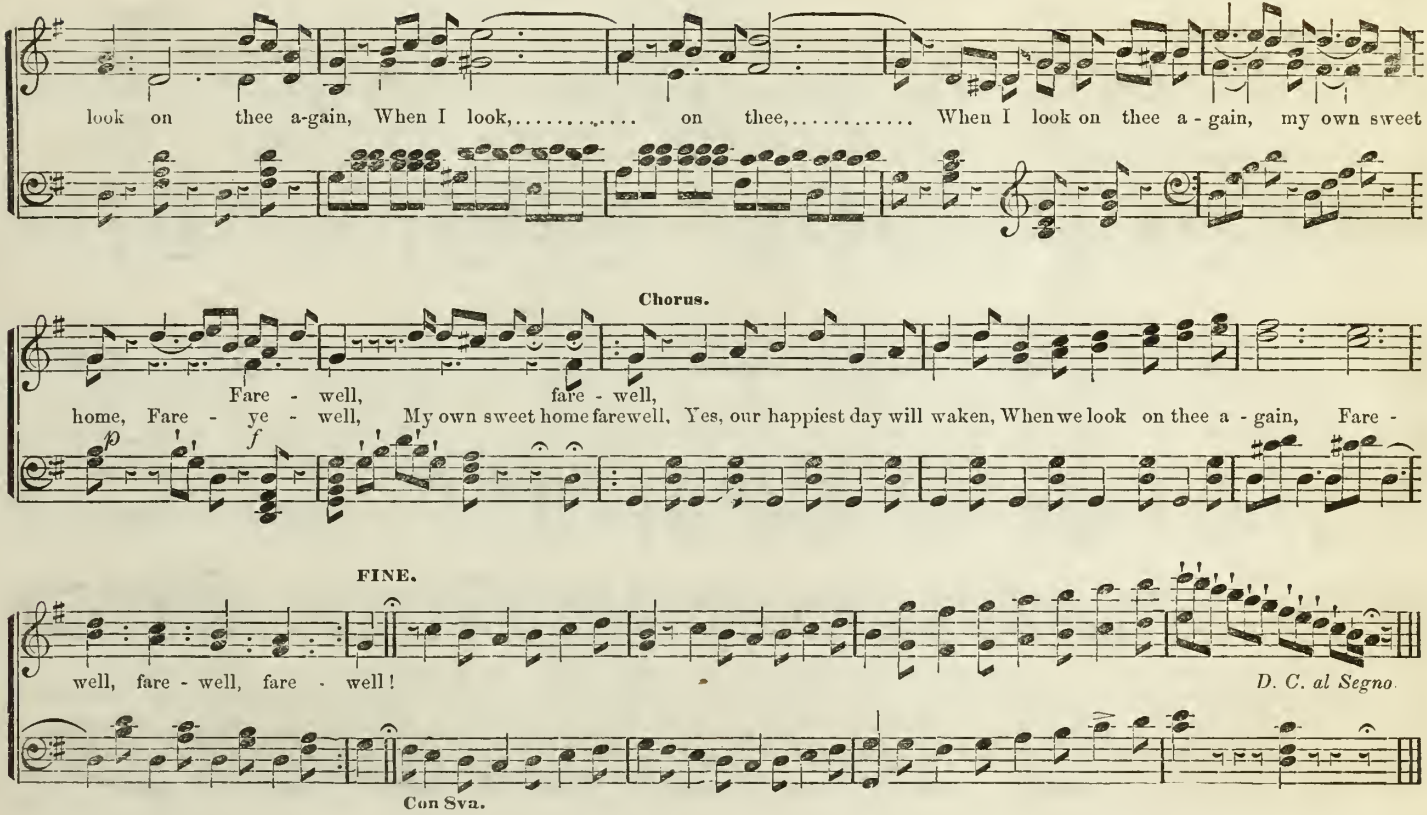


DUETT.—Home of early hope and Pleasure.

Allegro. Moderato.

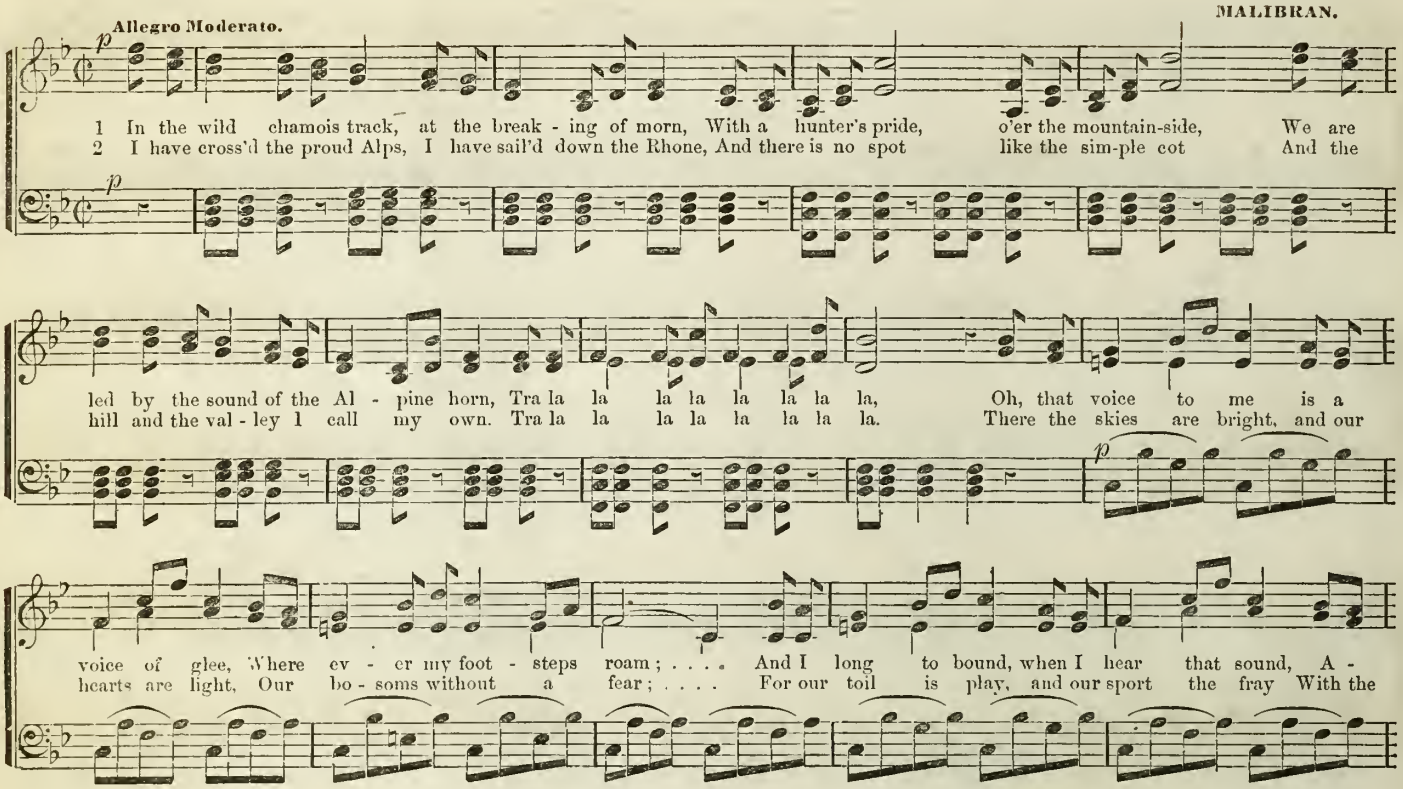
Arranged from DONIZETTI.

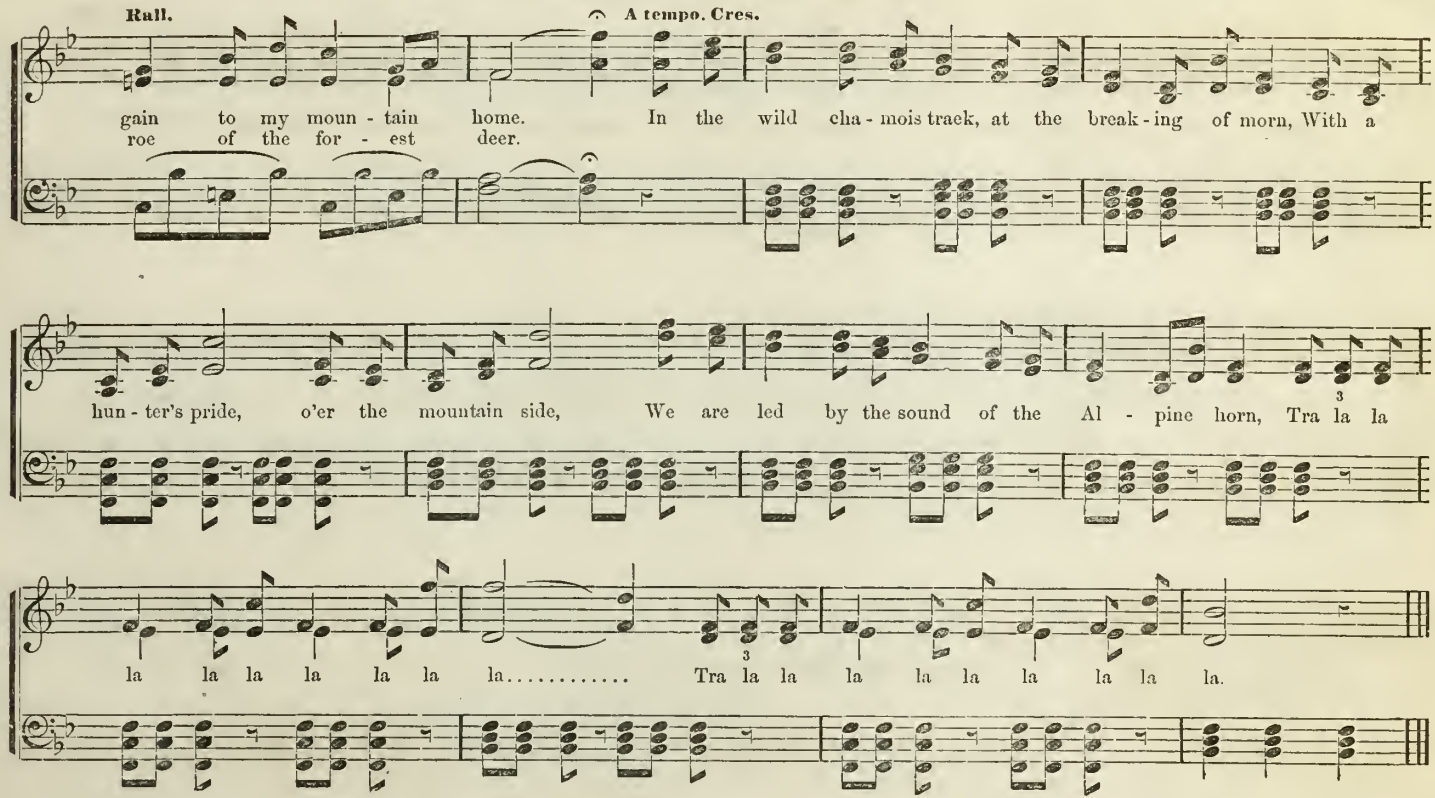



look on thee a-gain, When I look,..... on thee,..... When I look on thee a - gain, my own sweet
Chorus.
Fare - well, fare - well,
home, Fare - ye - well, My own sweet home farewell, Yes, our happiest day will waken, When we look on thee a - gain, Fare -
p
f
FINE.
well, fare - well, fare - well!
D. C. al Segno.
Con Sva.

DUETT.—There is no home like my own.

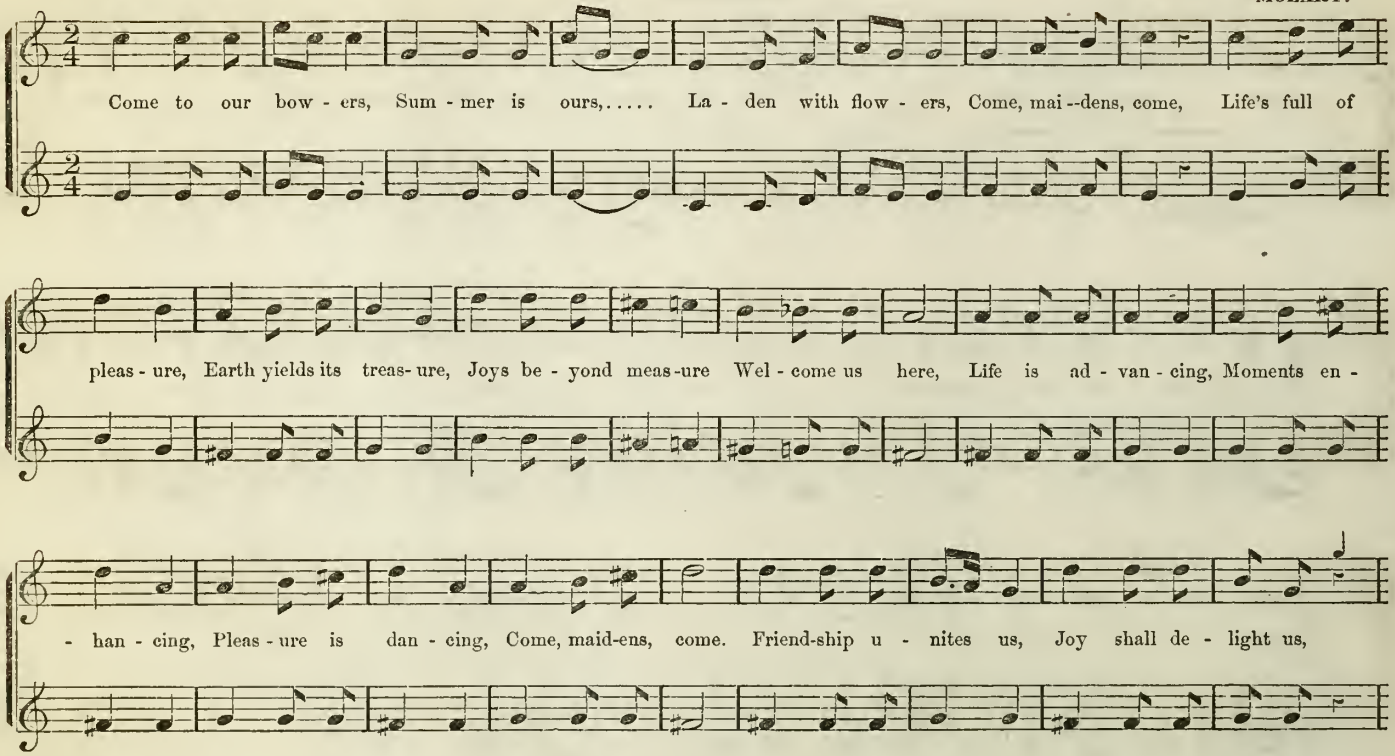
MALIBRAN.

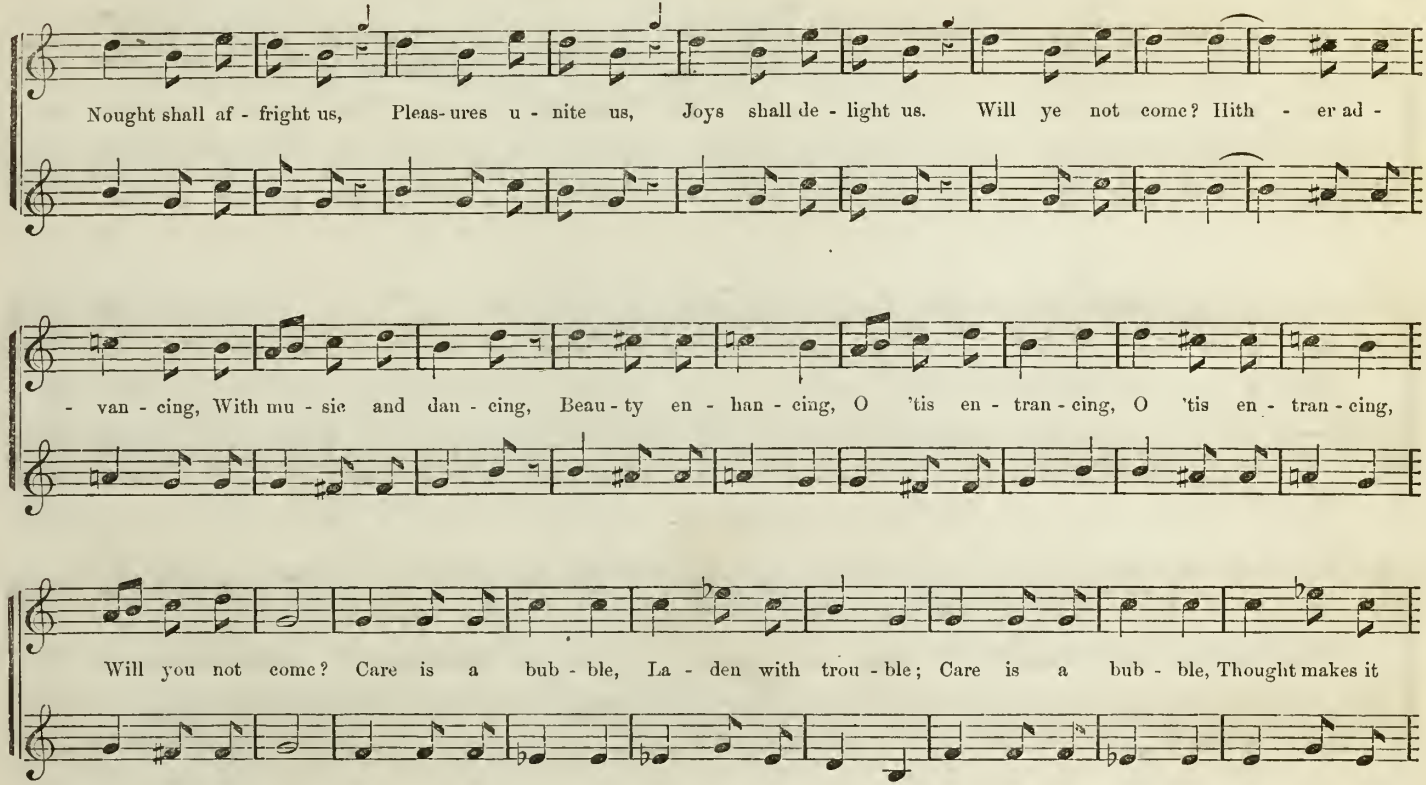


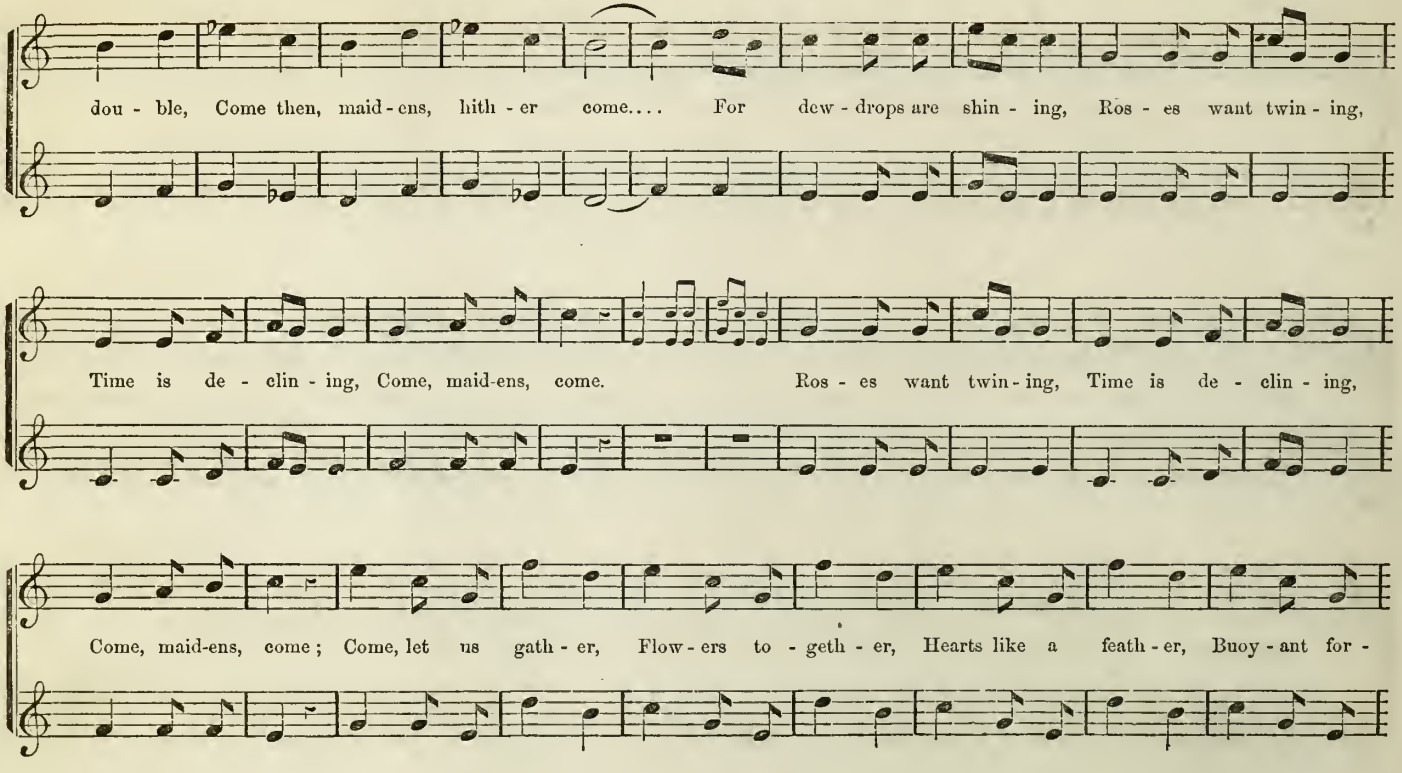

Rall.
A tempo. Cres.
gain to my moun - tain home. In the wild cha - mois track, at the break - ing of morn, With a
roe of the for - est deer.
hun - ter's pride, o'er the mountain side, We are led by the sound of the Al - pine horn, Tra la la
3
la la la la la la la..... Tra la la la la la la la la la.
3

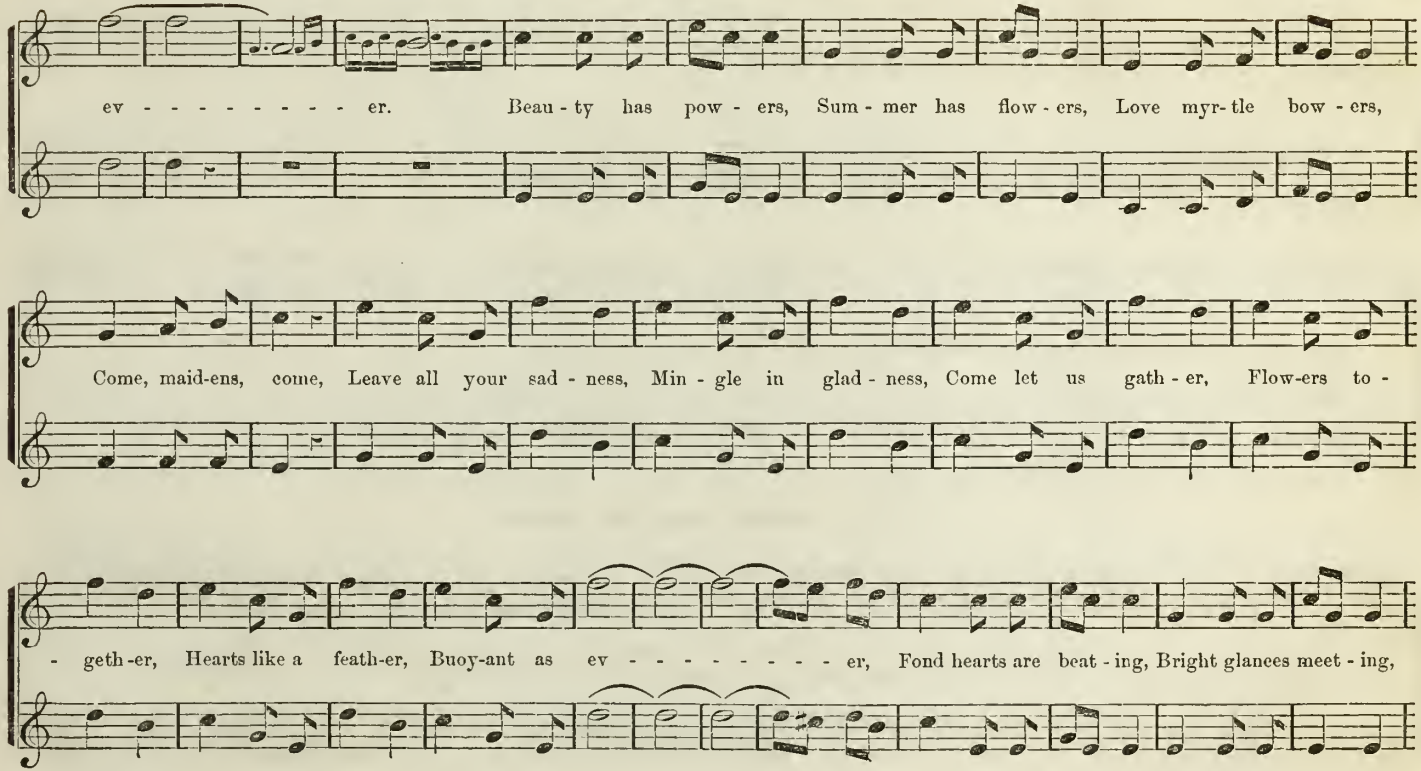
DUETT.—Summer Festival.

MOZART.

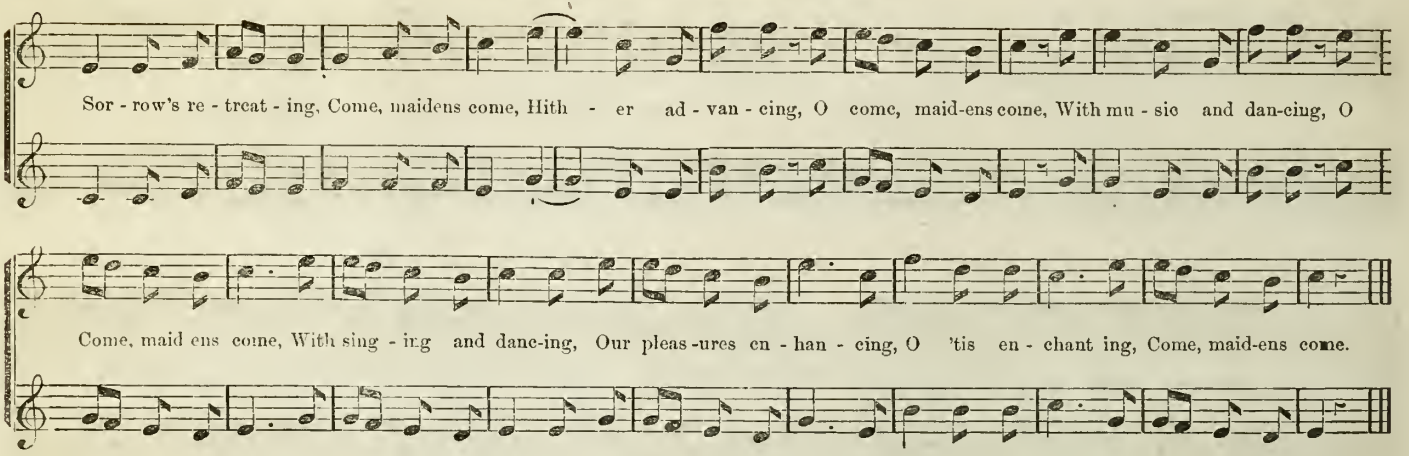



Nought shall af - fright us, Pleas-ures u - nite us, Joys shall de - light us. Will ye not come? Hith - er ad -
- van - cing, With mu - sic and dan - cing, Beau - ty en - han - cing, O 'tis en - tran - cing, O 'tis en - tran - cing,
Will you not come? Care is a bub - ble, La - den with trou - ble; Care is a bub - ble, Thought makes it

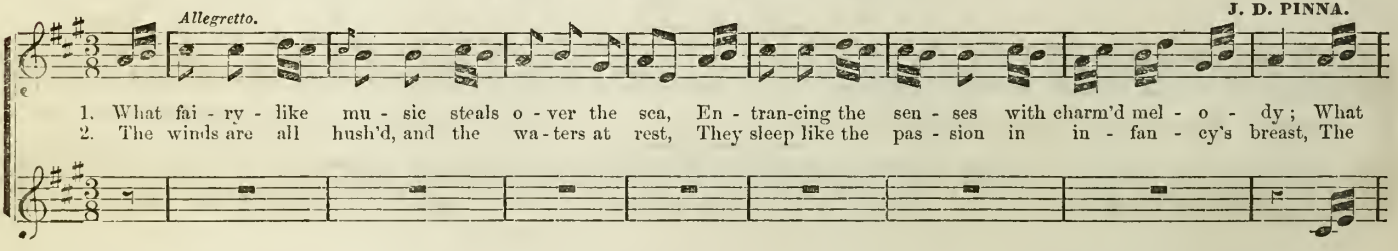

dou - ble, Come then, maid - ens, hith - er come.... For dew - drops are shin - ing, Ros - es want twin - ing,
Time is de - clin - ing, Come, maid-ens, come. Ros - es want twin - ing, Time is de - clin - ing,
Come, maid-ens, come; Come, let us gath - er, Flow - ers to - geth - er, Hearts like a feath - er, Buoy - ant for -

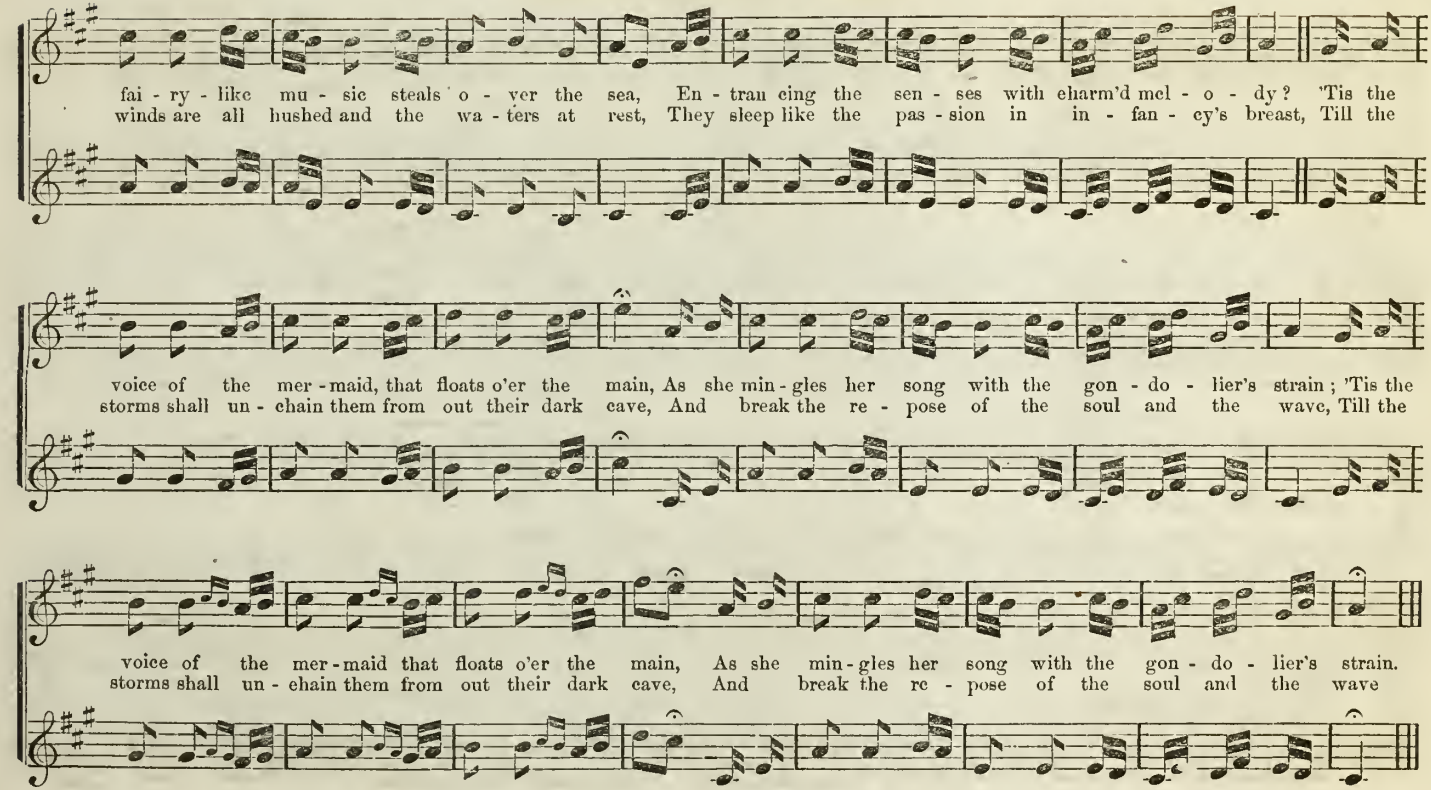

ev - - - - - - - - er. Beau - ty has pow - ers, Sum - mer has flow - ers, Love myr- tle bow - ers,
Come, maid-ens, come, Leave all your sad - ness, Min - gle in glad - ness, Come let us gath - er, Flow-ers to -
- geth -er, Hearts like a feath-er, Buoy-ant as ev - - - - - - - - er, Fond hearts are beat - ing, Bright glances meet - ing,

Summer Festival.—Concluded.



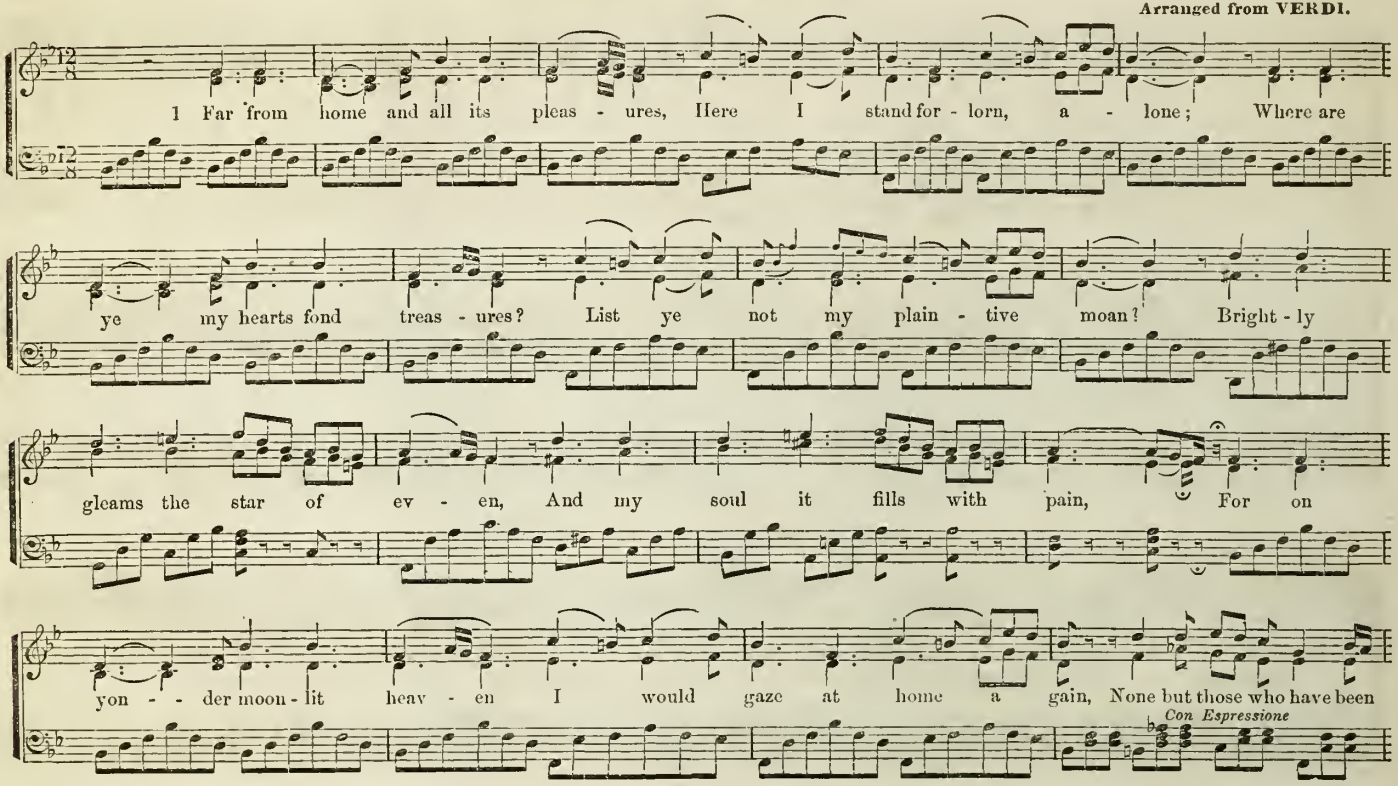
DUETT.—What Fairy-like Music.

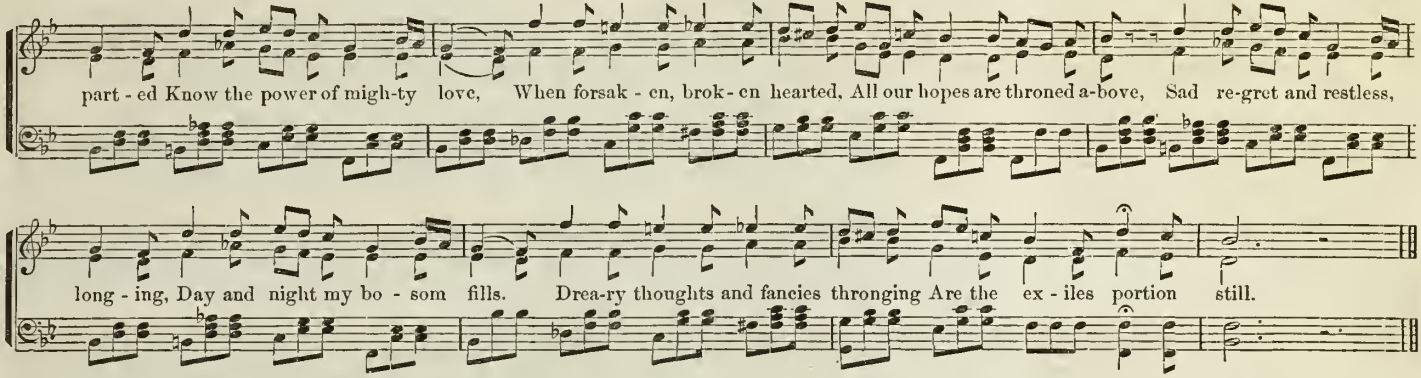



fai - ry - like mu - sic steals o - ver the sea, En - trau cing the sen - ses with eharm'd mel - o - dy? 'Tis the
winds are all hushed and the wa - ters at rest, They sleep like the pas - sion in in - fan - cy's breast, Till the
voice of the mer - maid, that floats o'er the main, As she min - gles her song with the gon - do - lier's strain; 'Tis the
storms shall un - chain them from out their dark cave, And break the re - pose of the soul and the wave, Till the
voice of the mer - maid that floats o'er the main, As she min - gles her song with the gon - do - lier's strain.
storms shall un - chain them from out their dark cave, And break the re - pose of the soul and the wave

THE STAR OF HOME.

Arranged from VERDI.

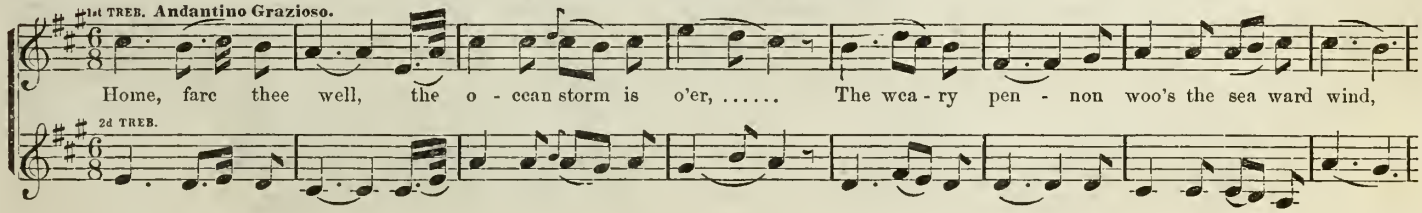




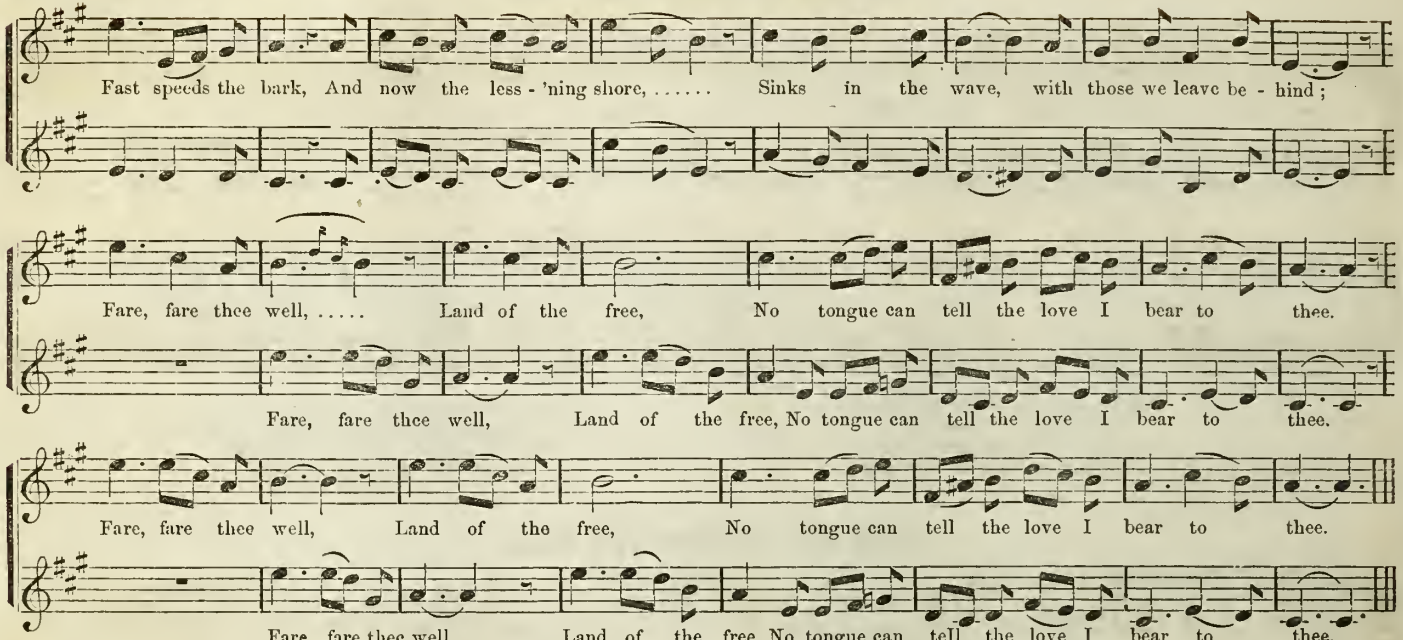
Lonely star, thou see'st me pining
For the joys of father-land;
O how sweetly art thou shining
O'er my home-beloved strand!

Thy soft beam to me is dearer
Than the suns meridian glare,
For thou seem'st to bring me nearer
To my dear ones all r .
Lonely star &c.

OUR WAY ACROSS THE SEA.



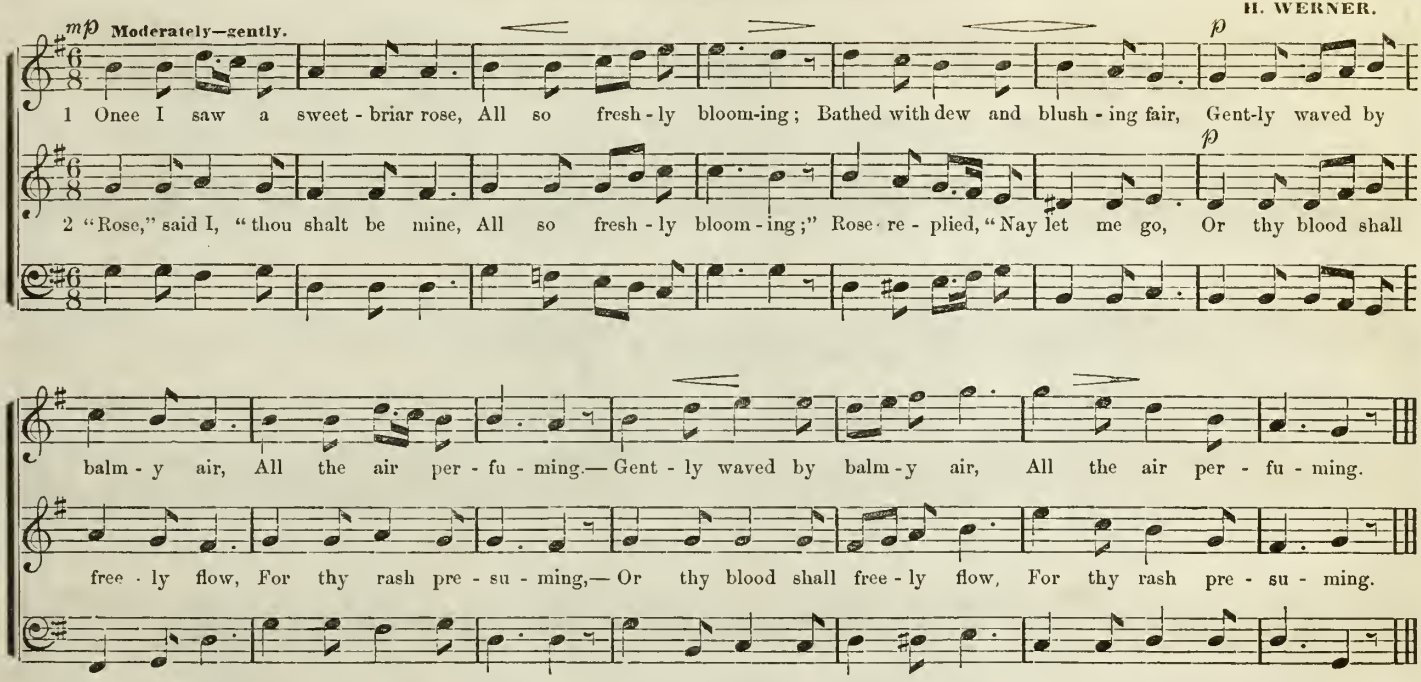
Our way across the Sea.—Concluded.



We wreath no bowl to drink a gay good bye,
For tears would fall unbidden in the wine,
And while reflected was the mournful eye,
The sparkling surface e'en would cease to shine.
Then fare, farewell! once more, once more,
The ocean swell now hides my native shore.

See where yon star its diamond light displays,
Now seen, now hid behind the swelling sail,
Hope rides in gladness on its streaming rays,
And bids us on and bribes the fav'ring gale
Then, Hope, we bend in joy to thee ;
And careless wend our way across the sea.

H. WERNER.

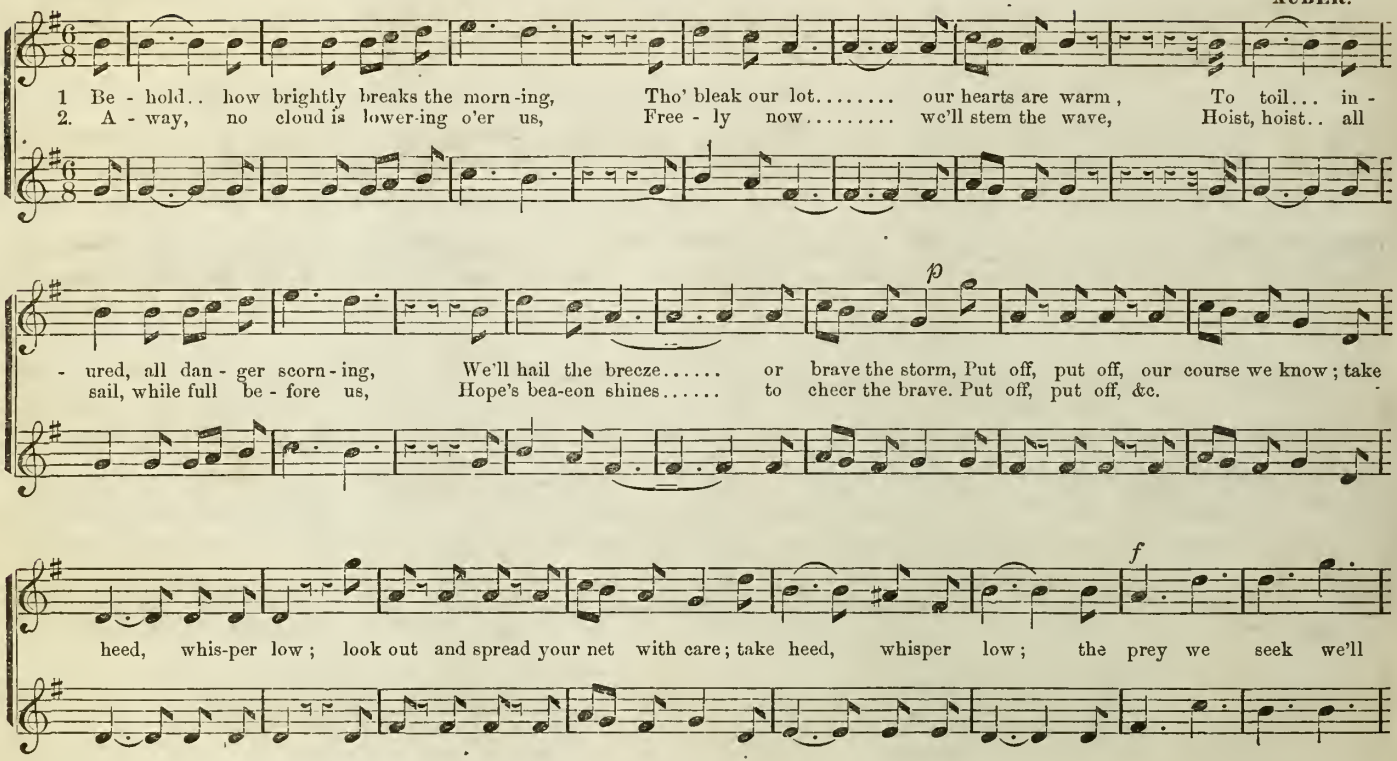


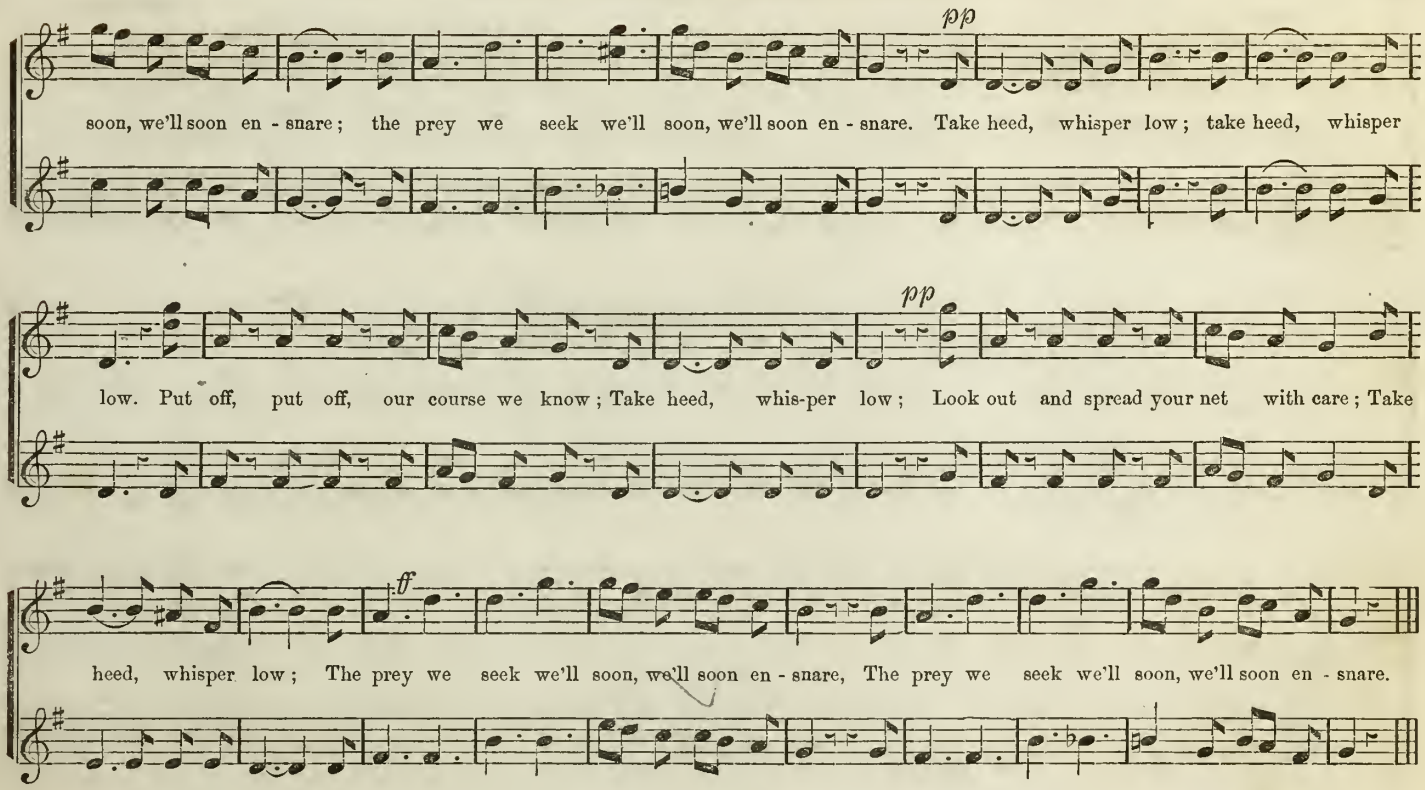
3 Woe is me I broke the stem,
Life and fragranee dooming;
Soon the lovely flower was gone
And the thorns remained alone—
Vanished all its blooming.

4 Had I left thee, lovely flower,
In thy beauty blooming,
Bathed with dew and blushing fair,
Thou wouldst still have filled the air
With thy sweet perfuming.

DUETT.—Behold how brightly breaks the Morning.

AUBER.

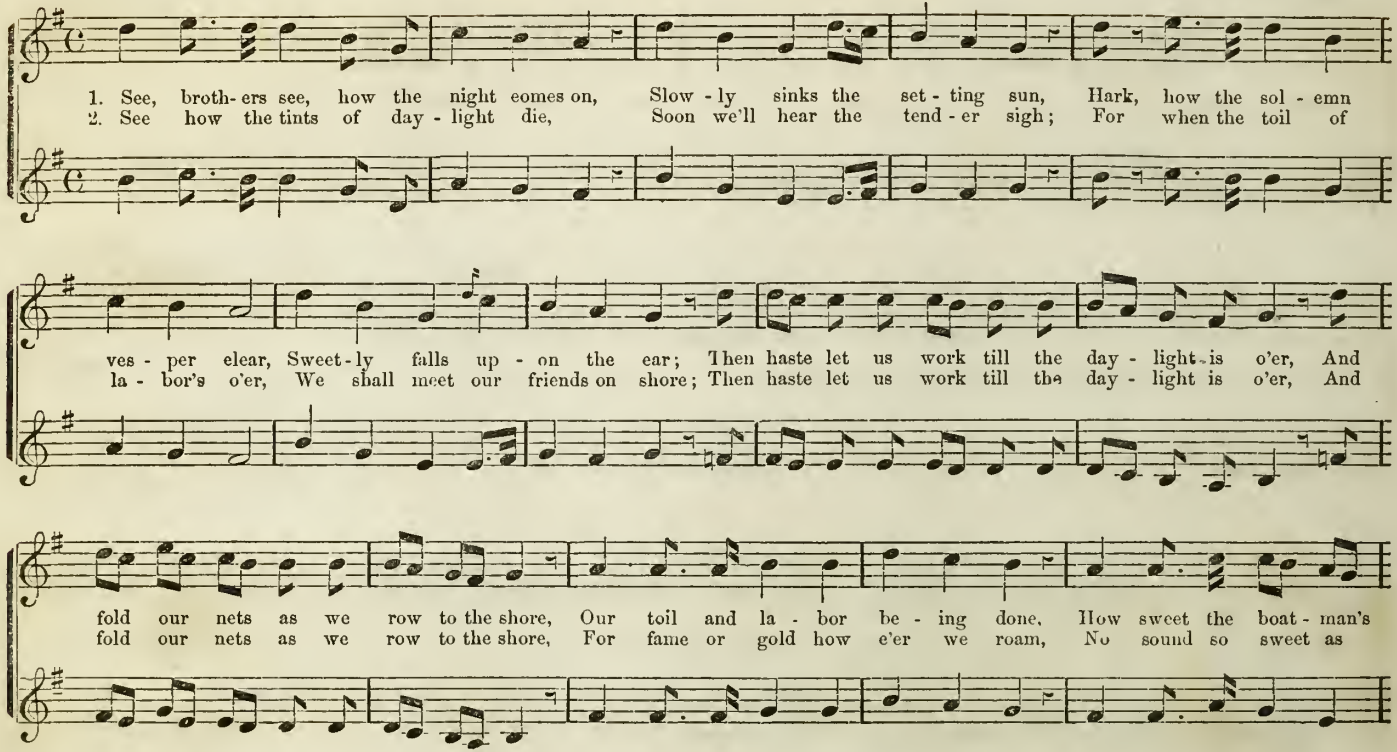


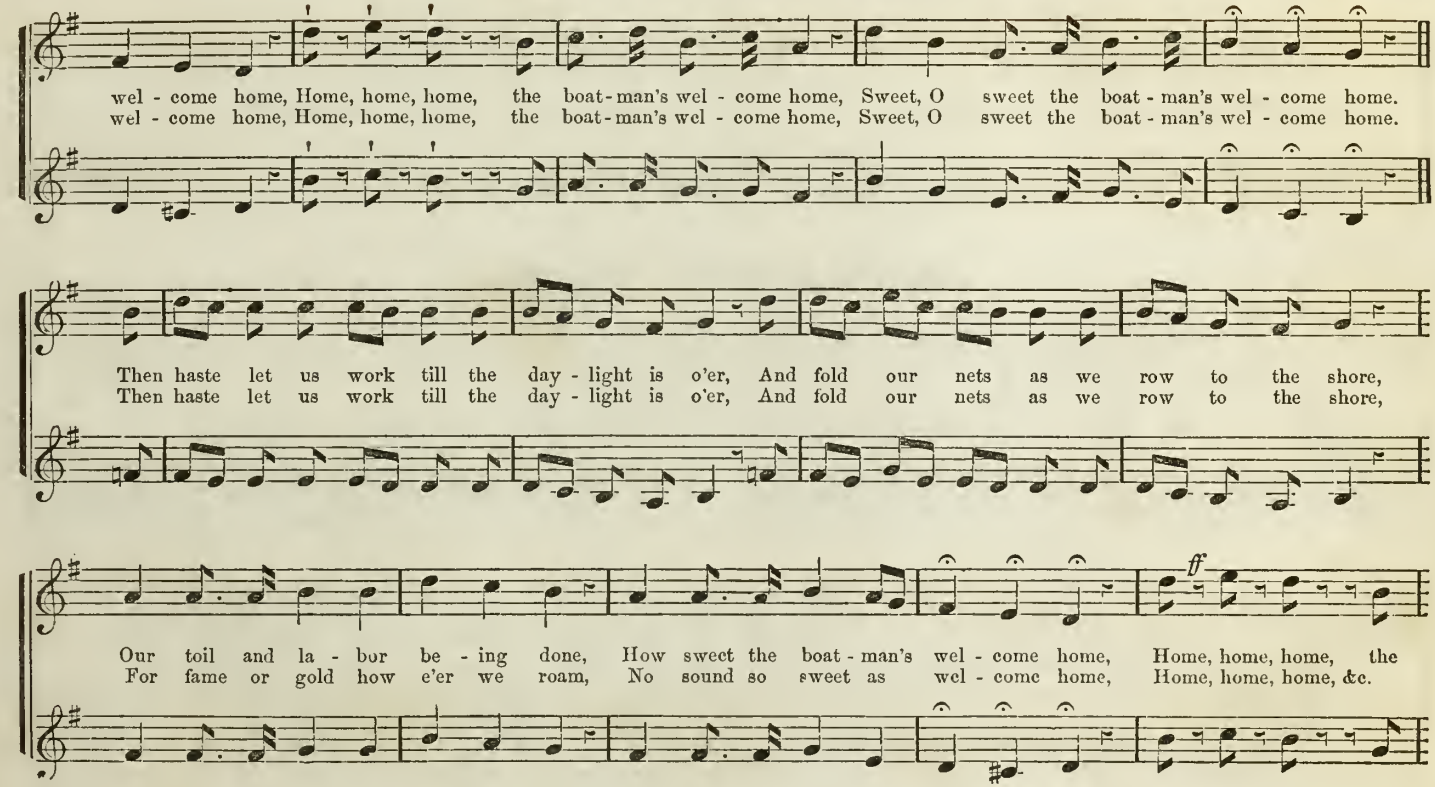

pp
soon, we'll soon en - snare; the prey we seek we'll soon, we'll soon en - snare. Take heed, whisper low; take heed, whisper
pp
low. Put off, put off, our course we know; Take heed, whis-per low; Look out and spread your net with care; Take
ff
heed, whisper low; The prey we seek we'll soon, we'll soon en - snare, The prey we seek we'll soon, we'll soon en - snare.

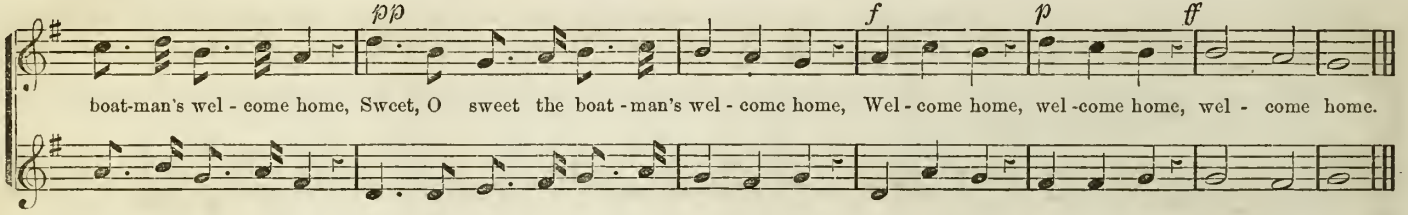
DUETT.—Maltese Boatman's Song.

Piu Andante

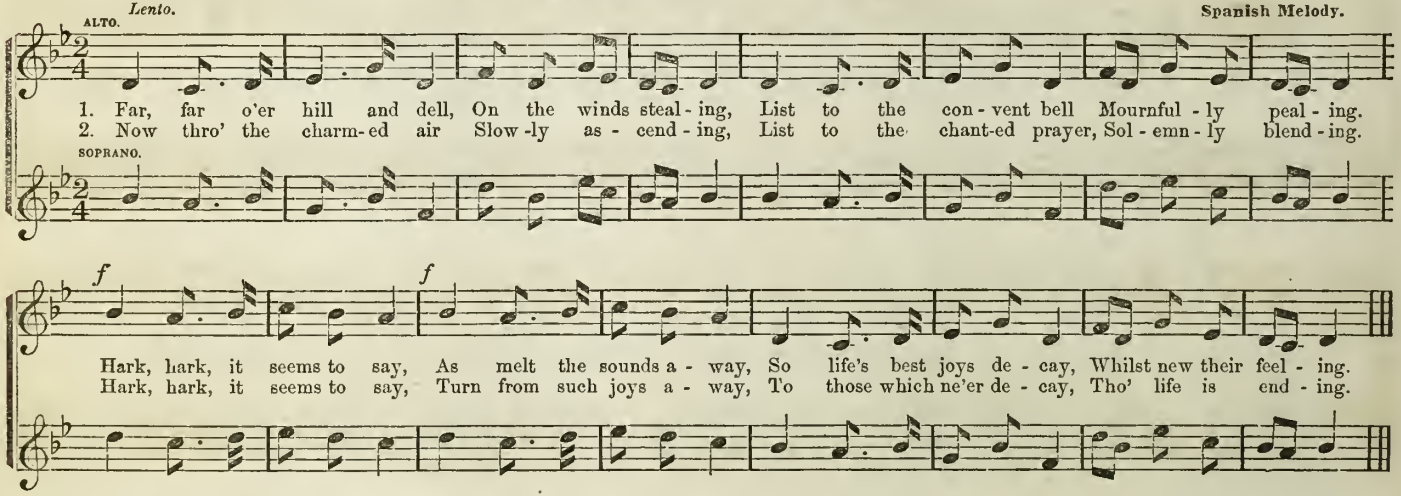
DEVEREUX.



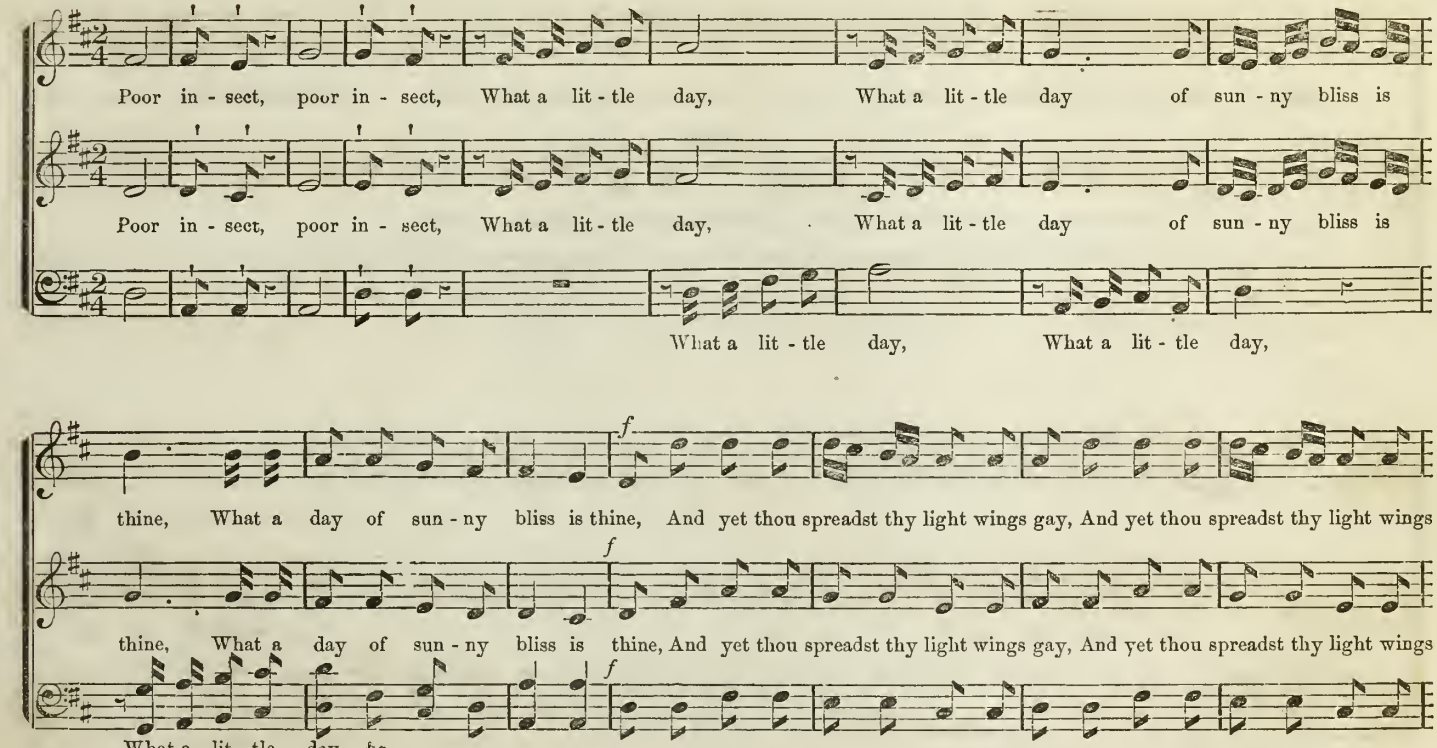

wel - come home, Home, home, home, the boat-man's wel - come home, Sweet, O sweet the boat - man's wel - come home.
wel - come home, Home, home, home, the boat-man's wel - come home, Sweet, O sweet the boat - man's wel - come home.
Then haste let us work till the day - light is o'er, And fold our nets as we row to the shore,
Then haste let us work till the day - light is o'er, And fold our nets as we row to the shore,
ff
Our toil and la - bor be - ing done, How sweet the boat - man's wel - come home, Home, home, home, the
For fame or gold how e'er we roam, No sound so sweet as wel - come home, Home, home, home, &c.



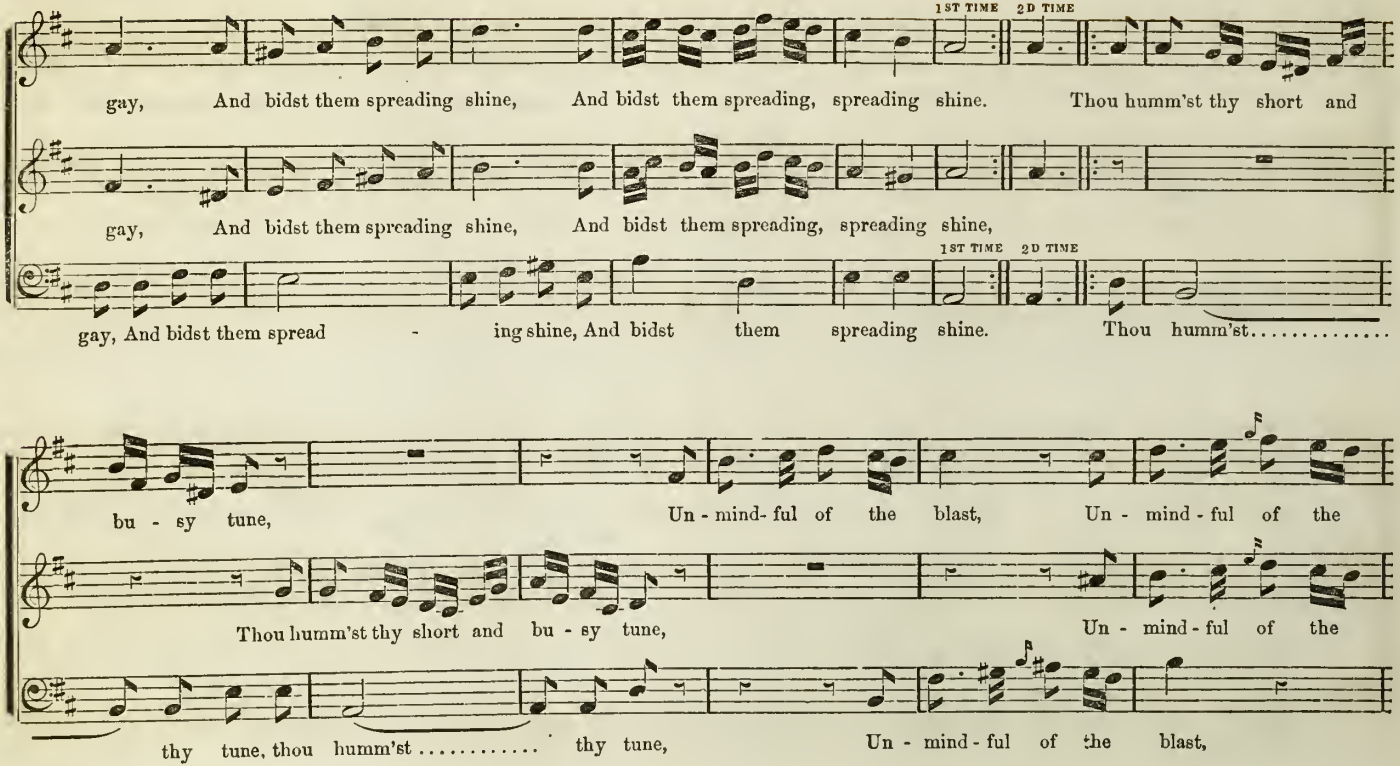
FAR, FAR O'ER HILL AND DELL.

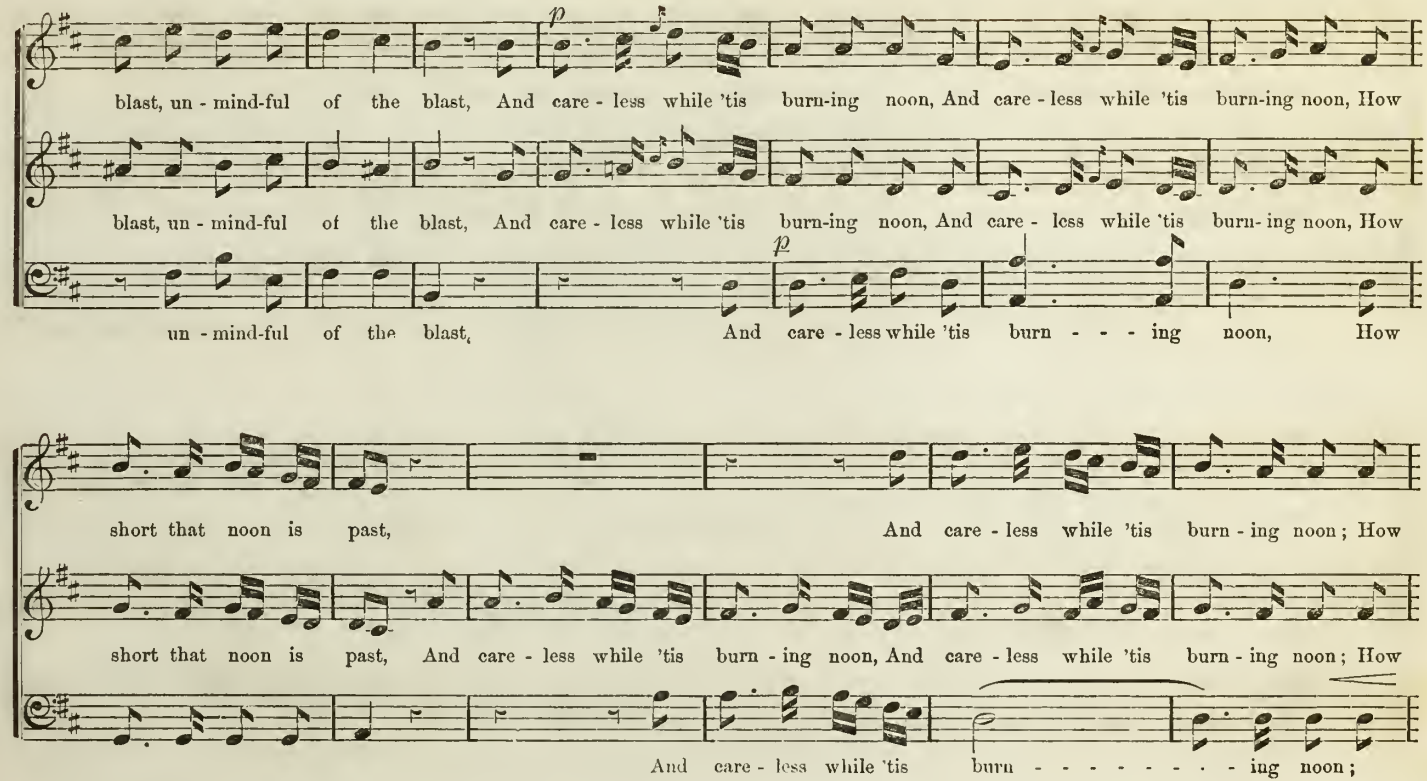


Dr. CALCOTT.

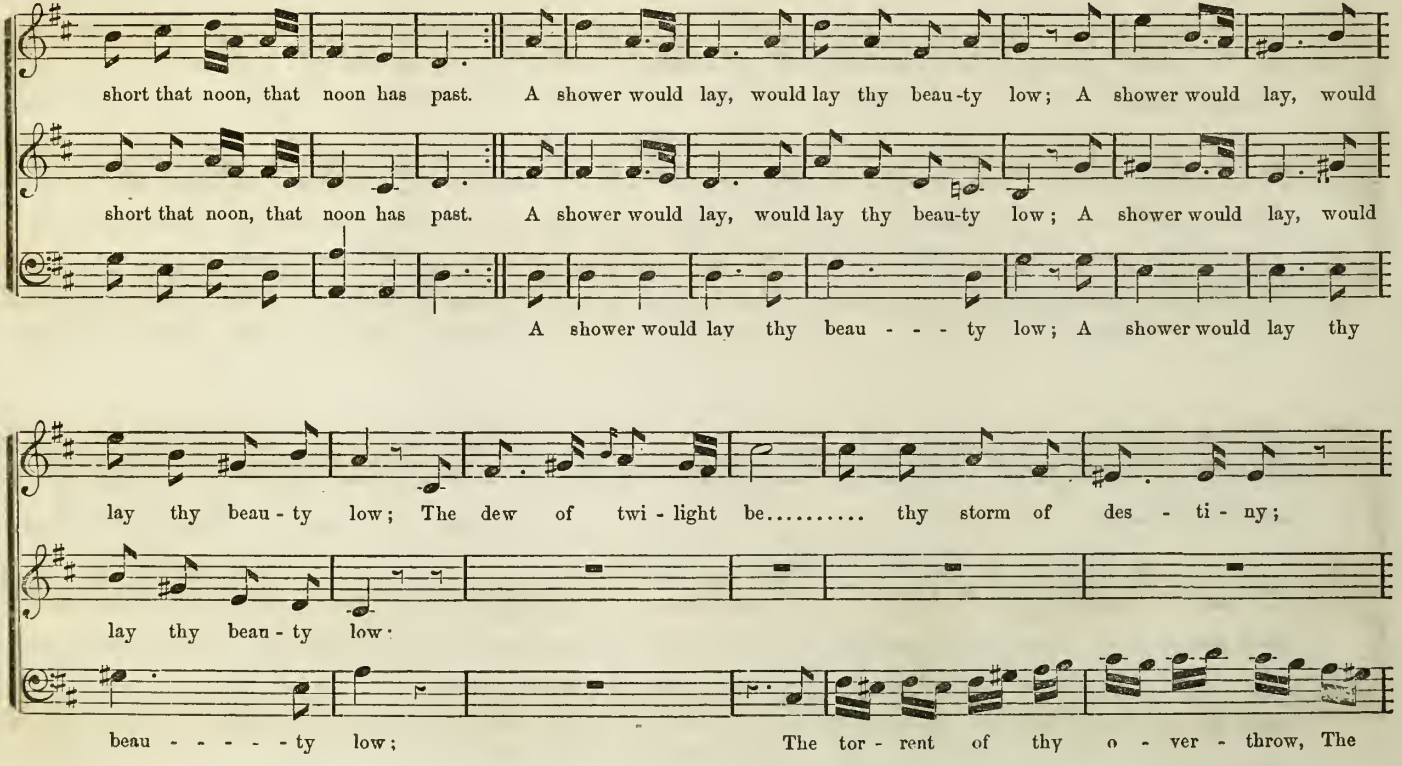

Poor in - sect, poor in - sect, What a lit - tle day, What a lit - tle day of sun - ny bliss is
Poor in - sect, poor in - sect, What a lit - tle day, What a lit - tle day of sun - ny bliss is
What a lit - tle day, What a lit - tle day,
f
thine, What a day of sun - ny bliss is thine, And yet thou spreadst thy light wings gay, And yet thou spreadst thy light wings
f
thine, What a day of sun - ny bliss is thine, And yet thou spreadst thy light wings gay, And yet thou spreadst thy light wings
f
What a lit - tle day, &c.

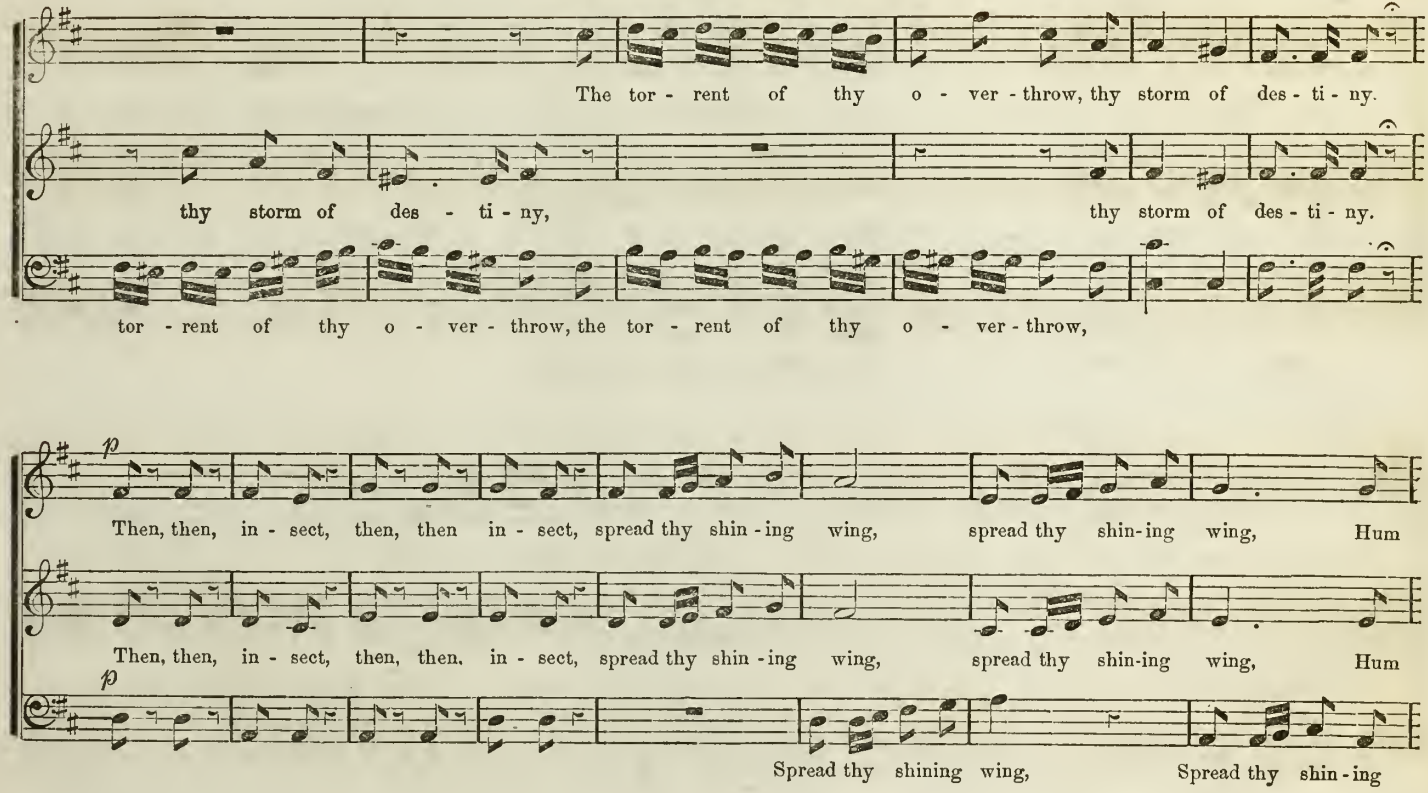
The May Fly.—Continued.



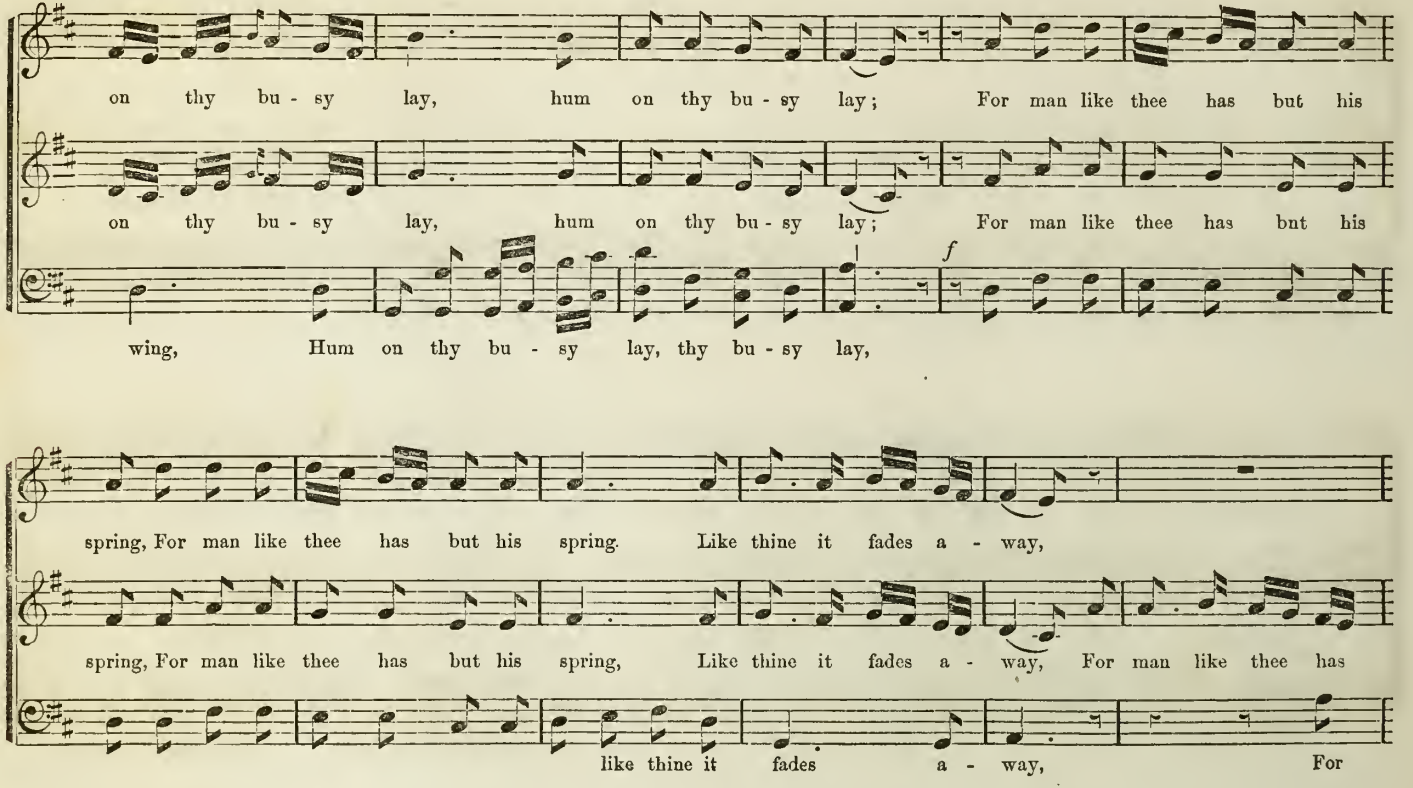

blast, un - mind-ful of the blast, And care - less while 'tis burn-ing noon, And care - less while 'tis burn-ing noon, How
blast, un - mind-ful of the blast, And care - less while 'tis burn-ing noon, And care - less while 'tis burn- ing noon, How
un - mind-ful of the blast, And care - less while 'tis burn - - - ing noon, How
short that noon is past, And care - less while 'tis burn - ing noon; How
short that noon is past, And care - less while 'tis burn - ing noon, And care - less while 'tis burn - ing noon; How
And care - less while 'tis burn - - - - - - - ing noon;

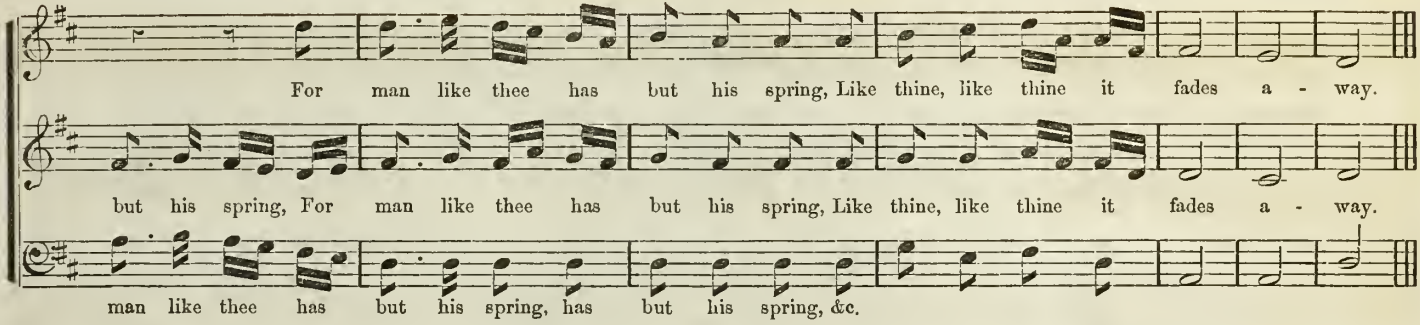
The May Fly.—Continued.




The tor - rent of thy o - ver - throw, thy storm of des - ti - ny.
thy storm of des - ti - ny, thy storm of des - ti - ny.
tor - rent of thy o - ver - throw, the tor - rent of thy o - ver - throw,
p
Then, then, in - sect, then, then in - sect, spread thy shin - ing wing, spread thy shin-ing wing, Hum
Then, then, in - sect, then, then, in - sect, spread thy shin - ing wing, spread thy shin-ing wing, Hum
p
Spread thy shining wing, Spread thy shin - ing

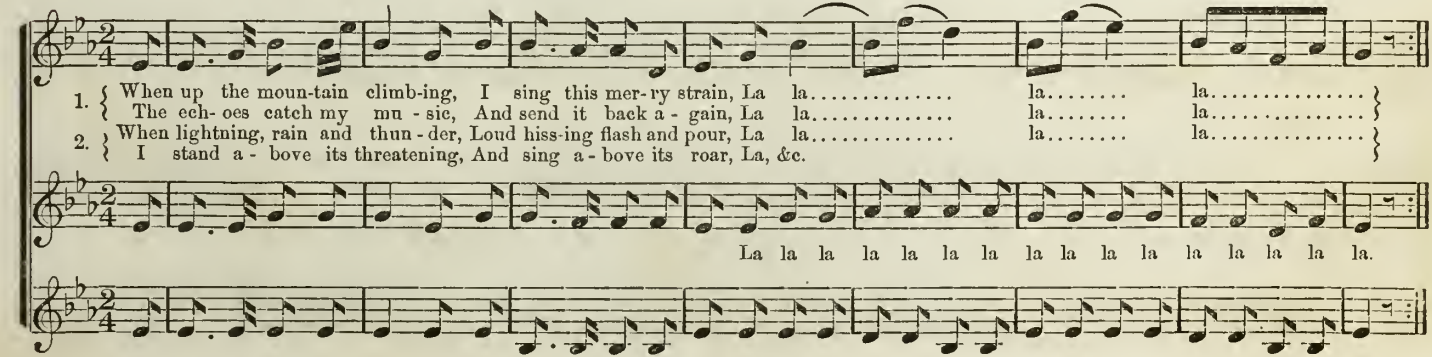
The May Fly.—Continued.



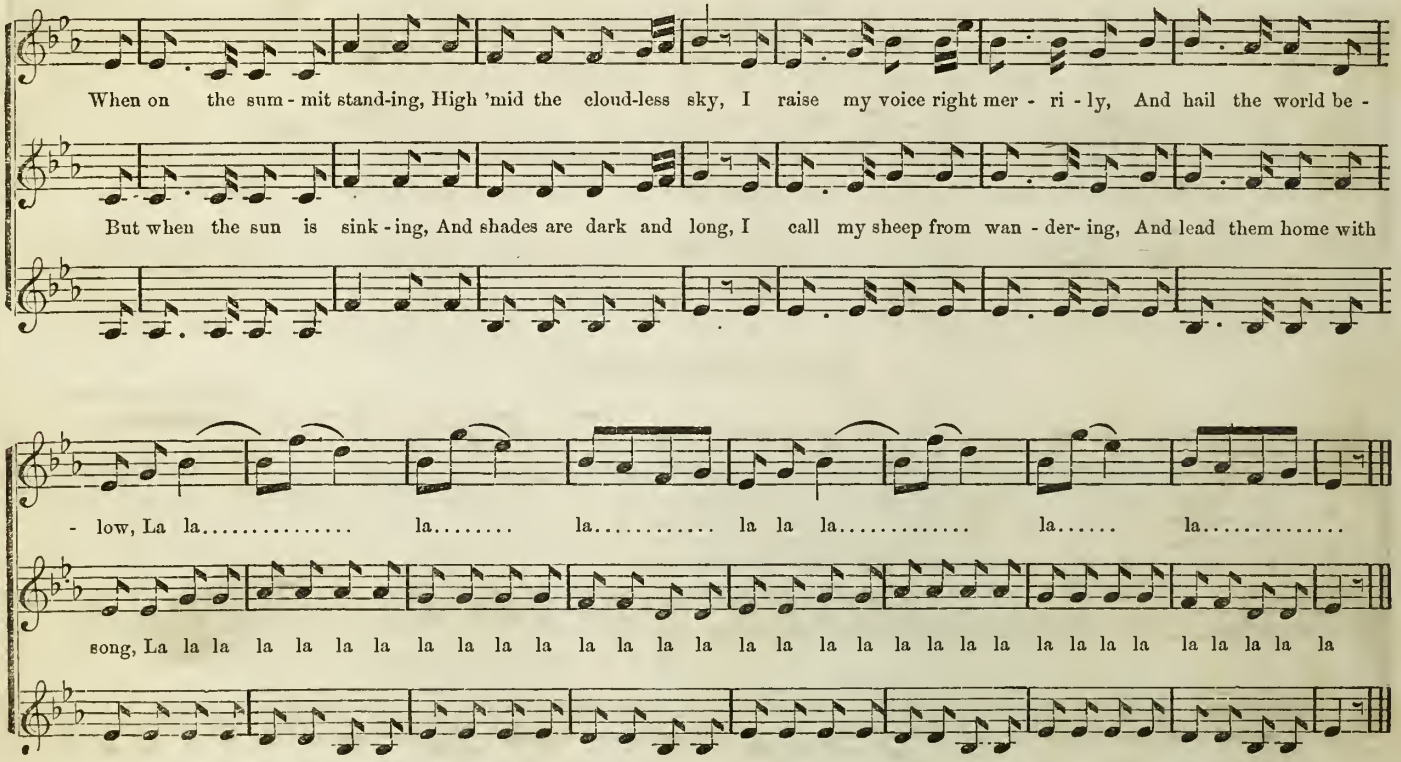


SWISS MOUNTAINEER.

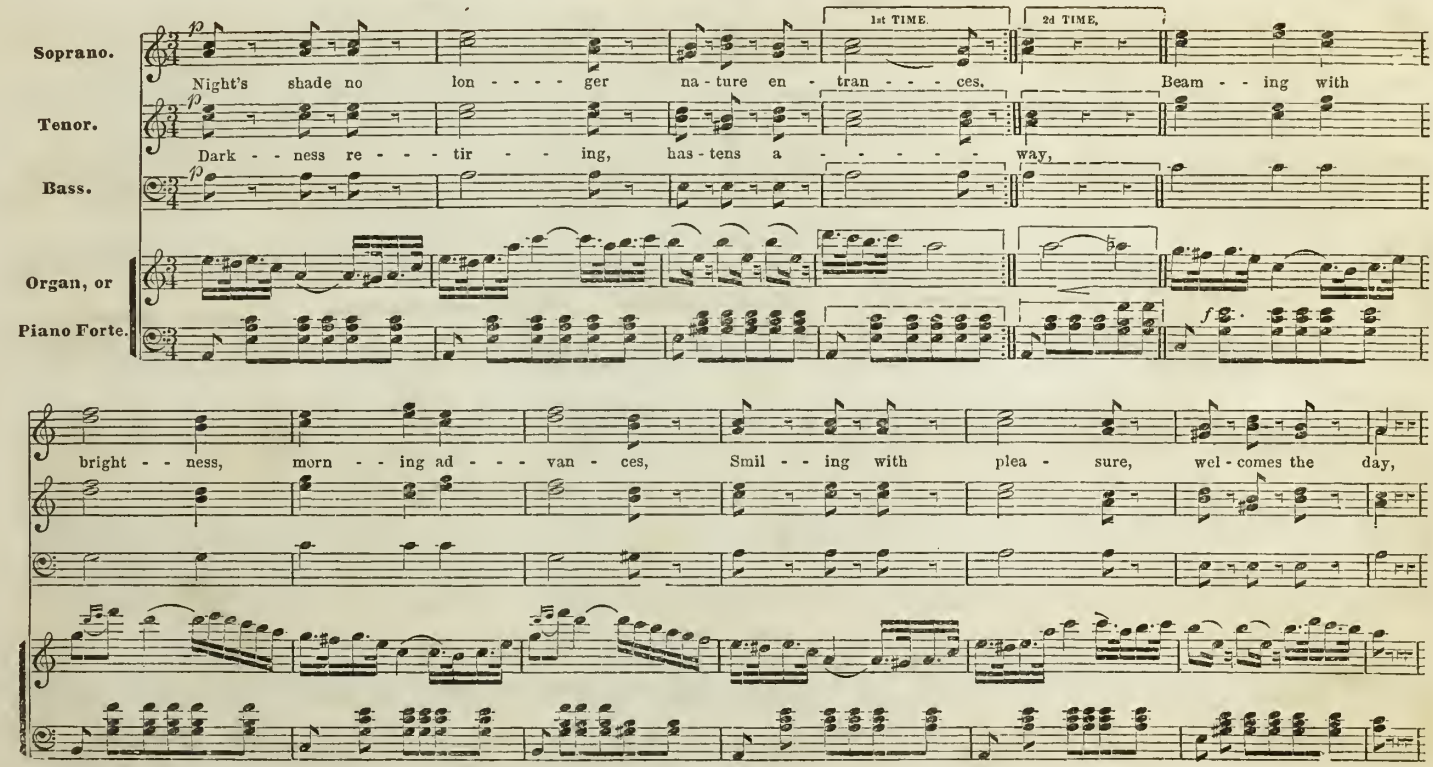
Popular Swiss Melody.



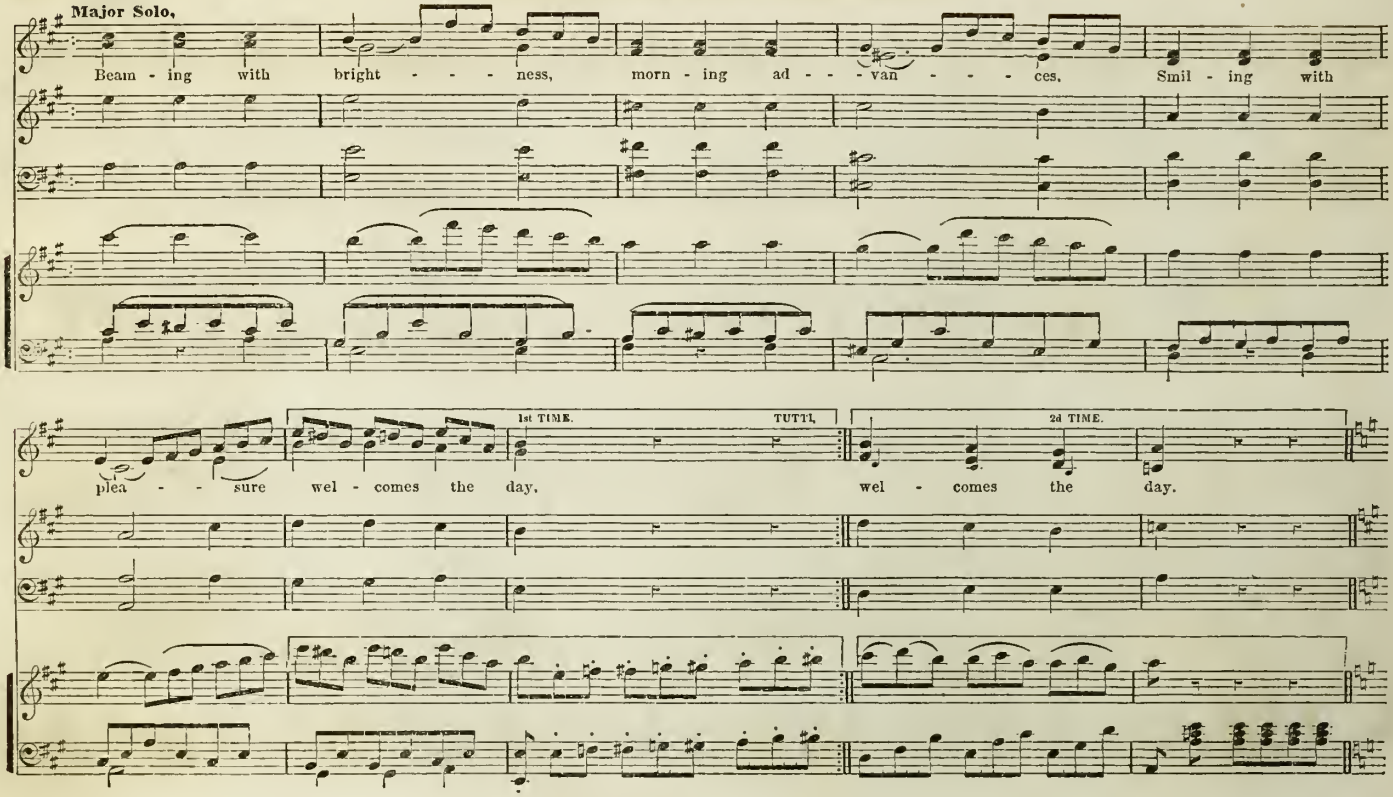
Swiss Mountaineer.—Concluded.

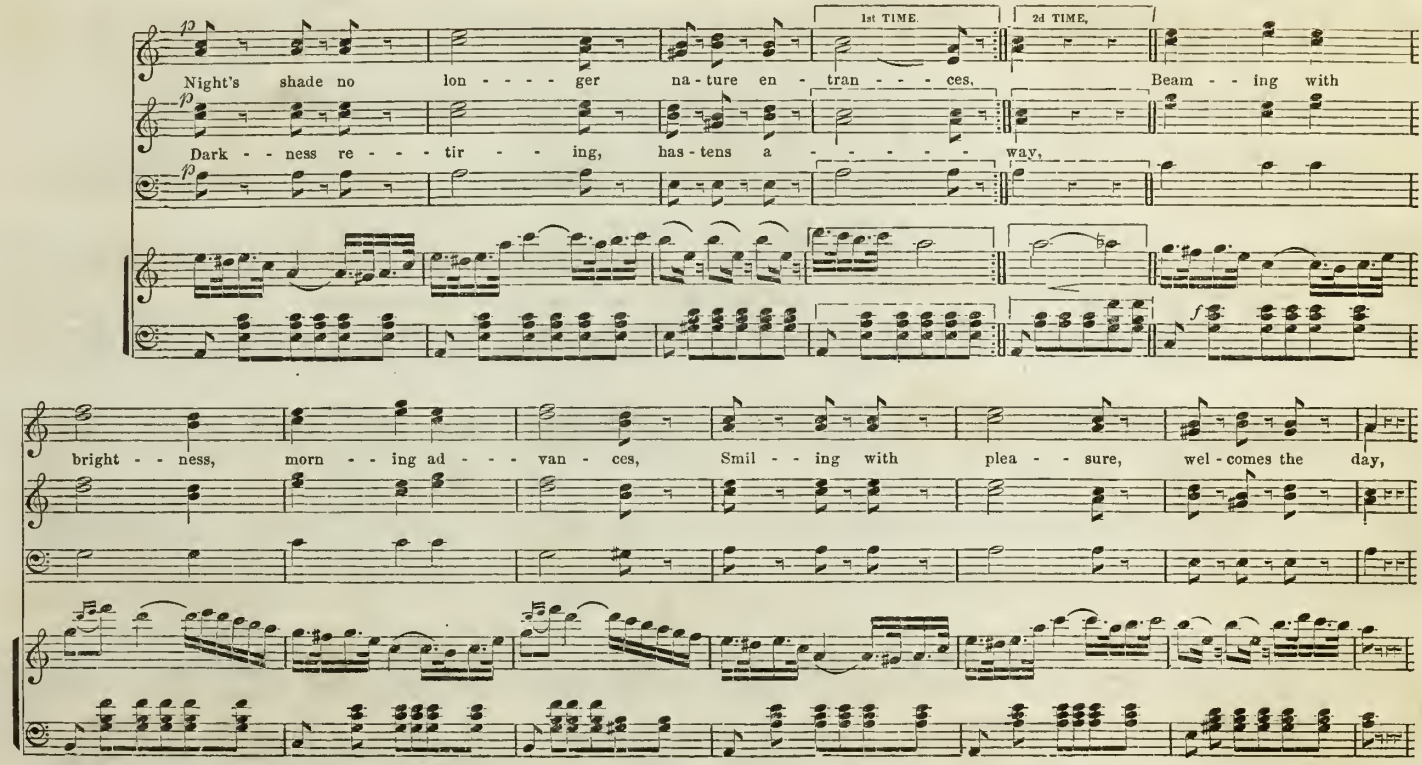


ROSSINI.

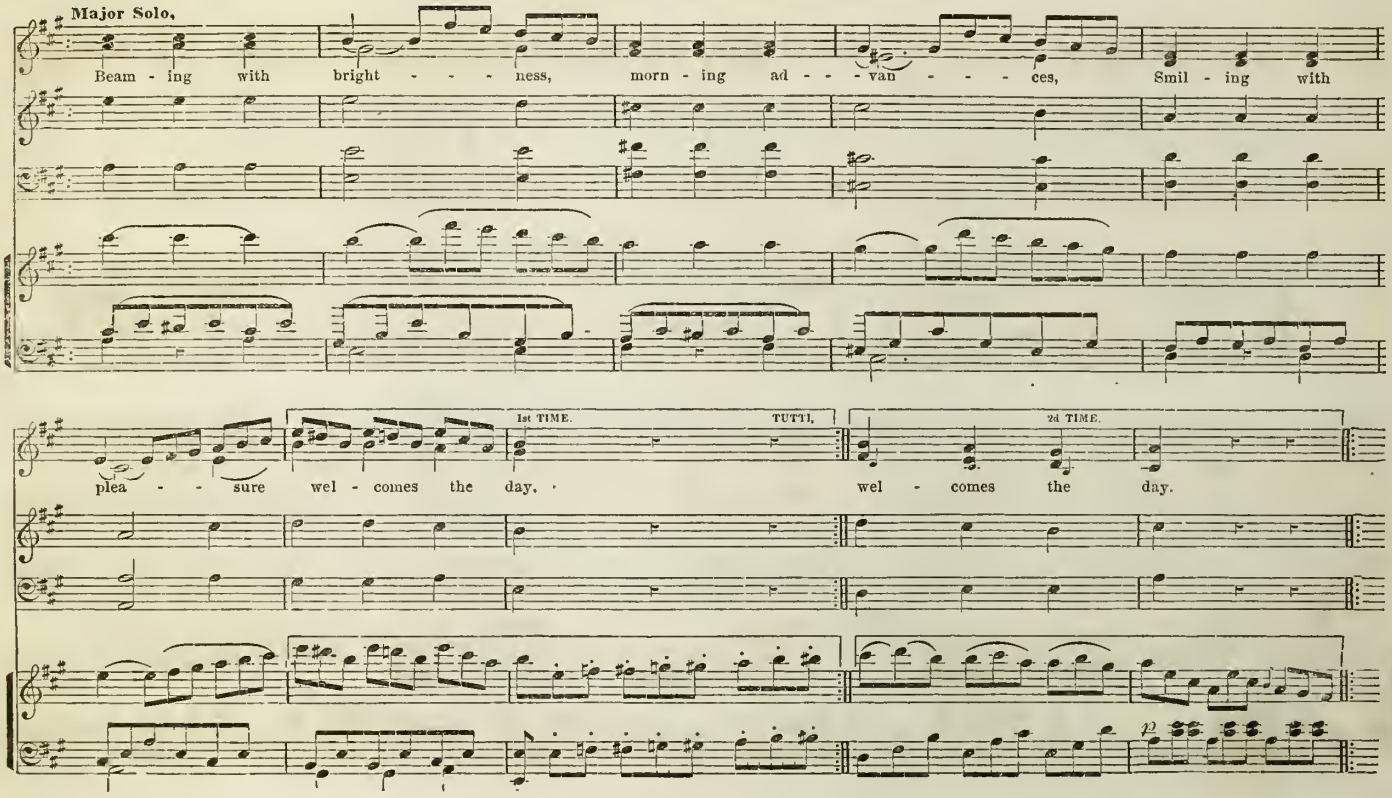

Soprano.
Tenor.
Bass.
Organ, or
Piano Forte.
1st TIME.
2d TIME,
Night's shade no lon - - - - ger na - ture en - tran - - - ces. Beam - - ing with
Dark - - ness re - - - tir - - - ing, has - tens a - - - - - - - way,
bright - - ness, morn - - ing ad - - - van - ces, Smil - - ing with plea - sure, wel - comes the day,

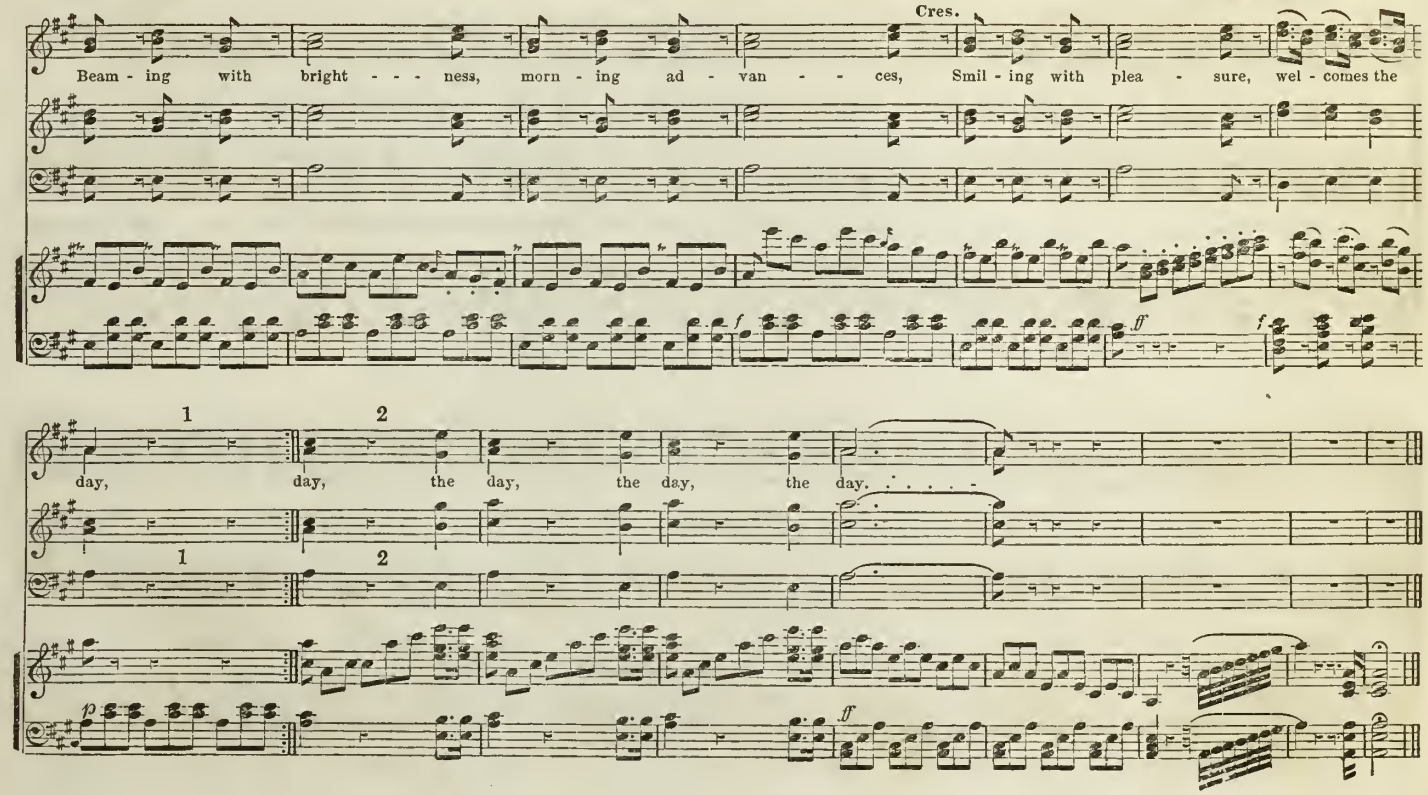
Night's Shade no longer.—Continued.




1st TIME.
2d TIME.
Night's shade no lon - - - - ger na - ture en - tran - - - ces, Beam - - ing with
Dark - - ness re - - - tir - - - ing, has - tens a - - - - - - way,
bright - - ness, morn - - ing ad - - - van - ces, Smil - - ing with plea - - sure, wel - comes the day,

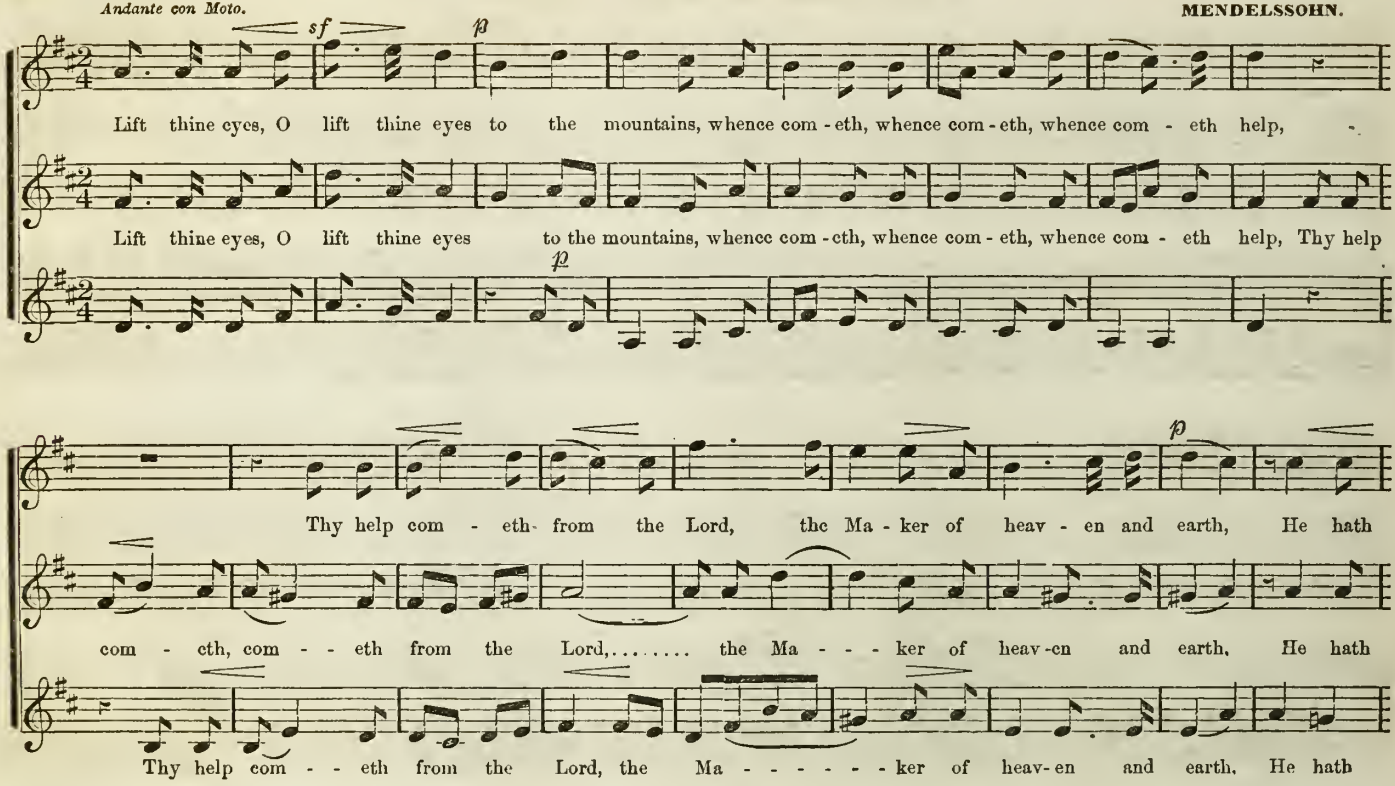
Night's Shade no longer.—Continued.

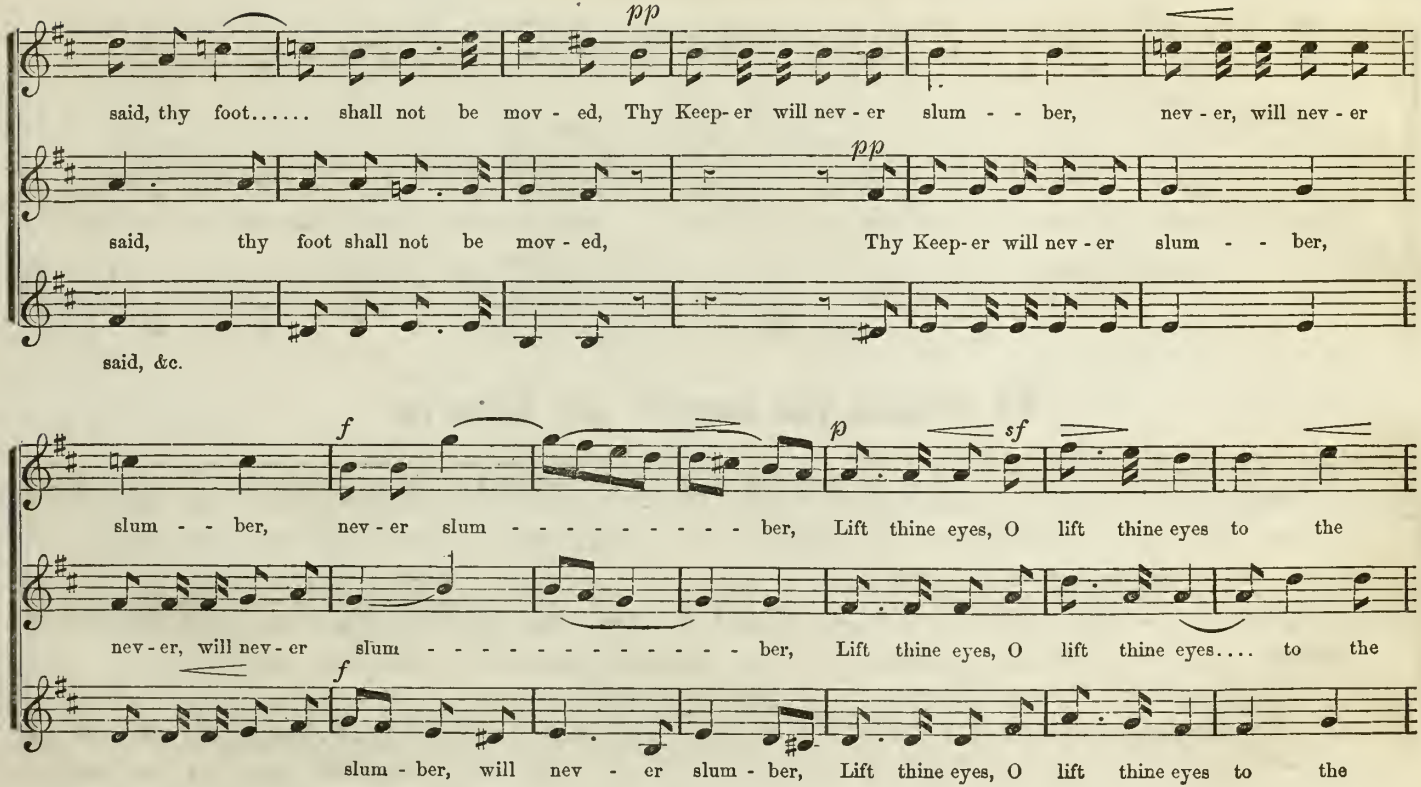



Cres.
Beam - ing with bright - - - ness, morn - ing ad - van - - ces, Smil - ing with plea - sure, wel - comes the
1
2
day, day, the day, the day, the day.
1
2
p
f
ff
f
ff

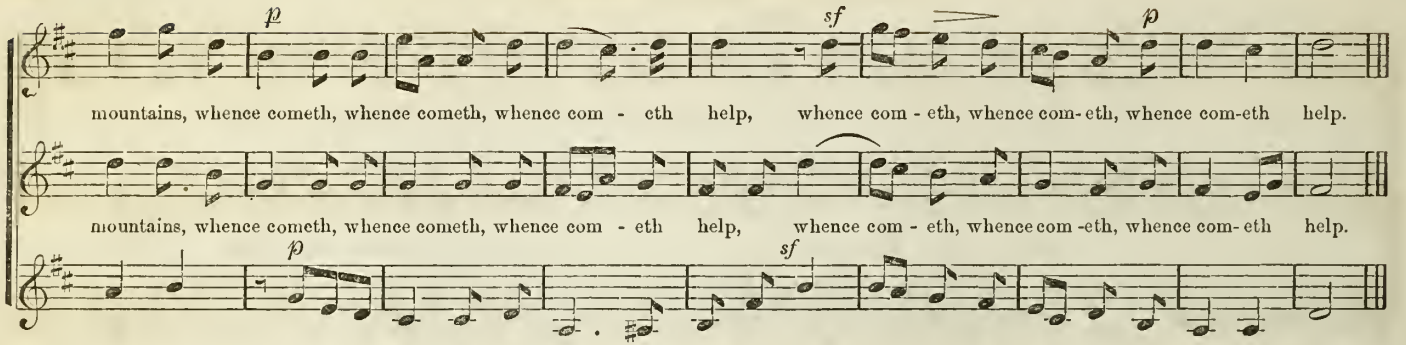
LIFT THINE EYES.

Andante con Moto. MENDELSSOHN.



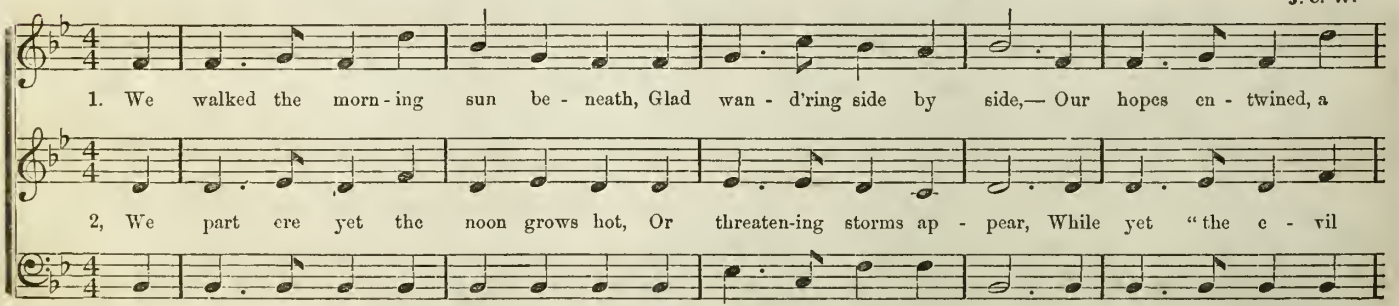

pp
said, thy foot..... shall not be mov - ed, Thy Keep-er will nev - er slum - - ber, nev - er, will nev - er
pp
said, thy foot shall not be mov - ed, Thy Keep-er will nev - er slum - - ber,
said, &c.
f
p
sf
slum - - ber, nev - er slum - - - - - - - - - ber, Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the
nev - er, will nev - er slum - - - - - - - - - - - - - ber, Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes.... to the
f
slum - ber, will nev - er slum - ber, Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the

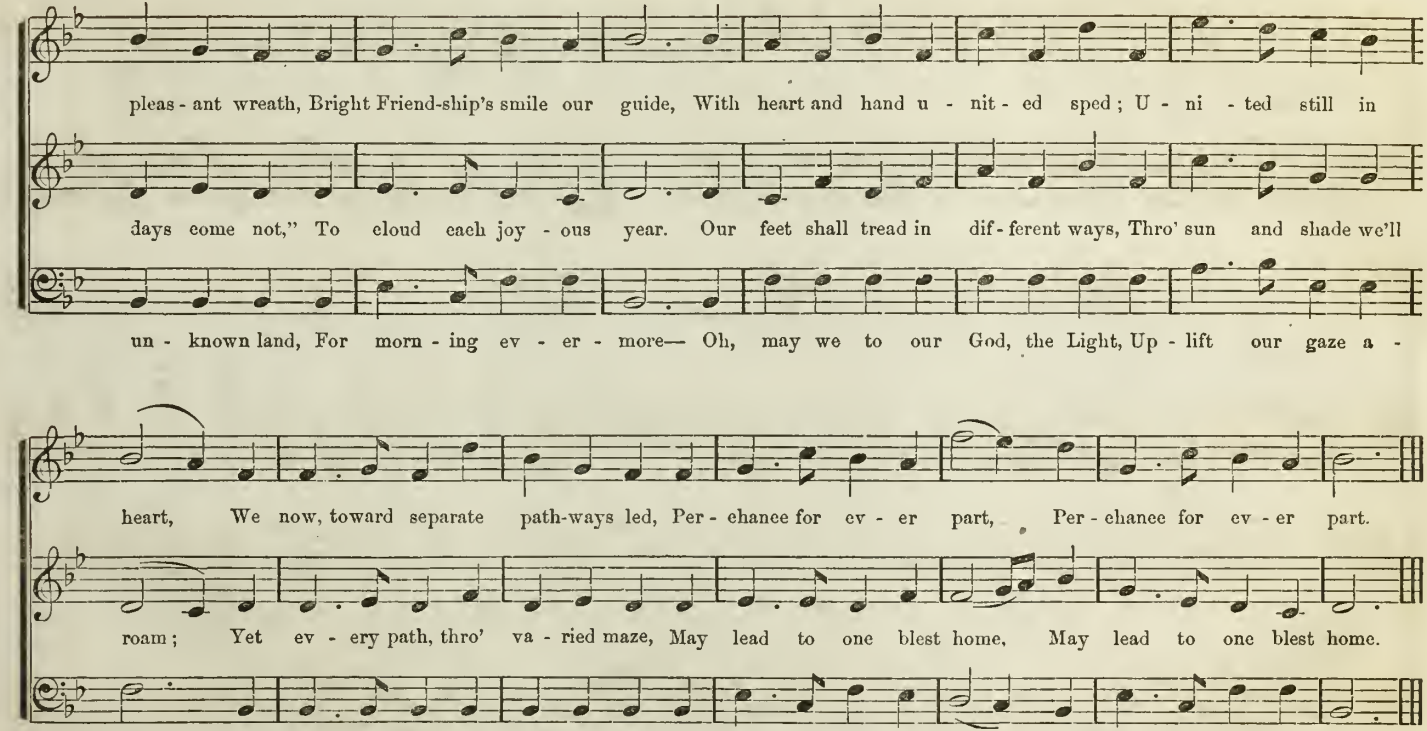
Lift thine Eyes.—Concluded.



WE WALKED THE MORNING SUN BENEATH.

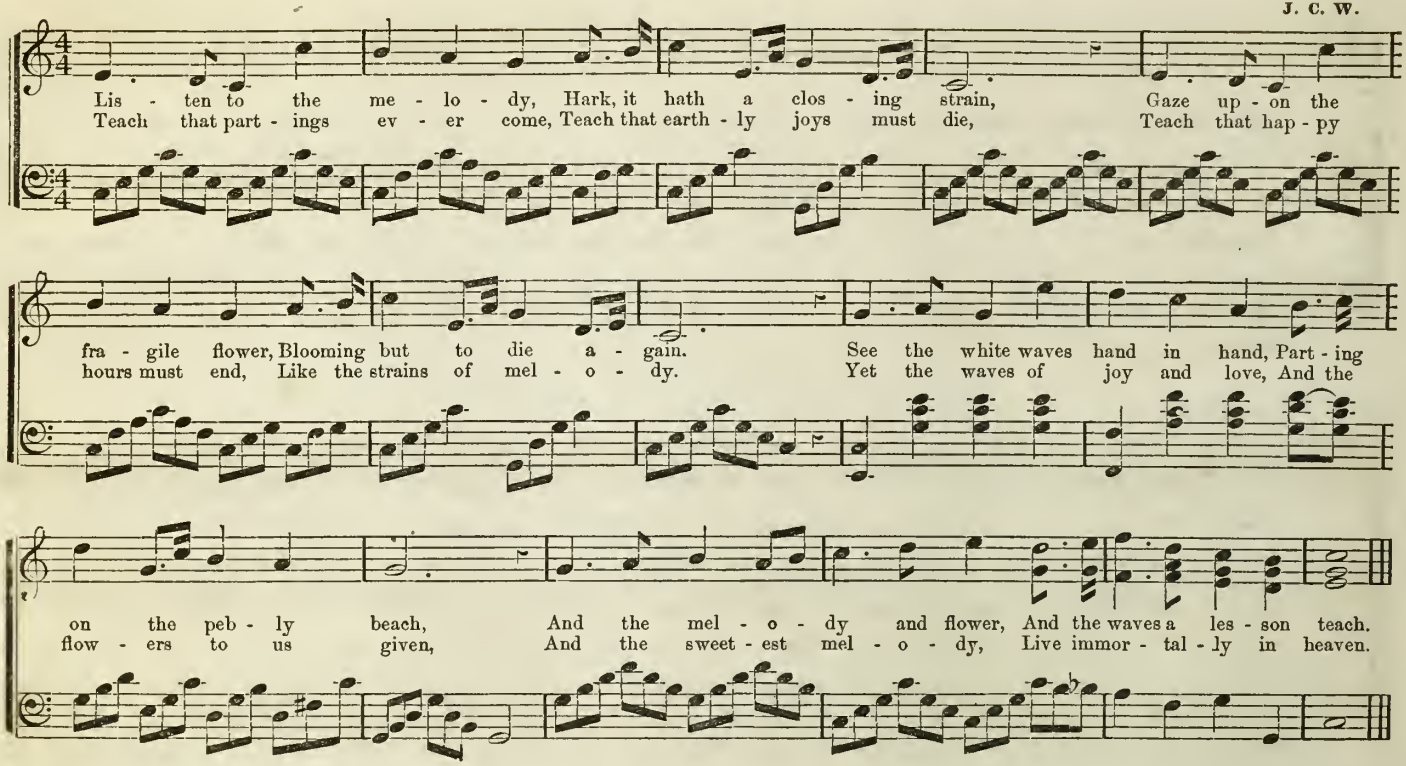
J. C. W.




pleas - ant wreath, Bright Friend-ship's smile our guide, With heart and hand u - nit - ed sped; U - ni - ted still in
days come not," To cloud each joy - ous year. Our feet shall tread in dif - ferent ways, Thro' sun and shade we'll
un - known land, For morn - ing ev - er - more— Oh, may we to our God, the Light, Up - lift our gaze a -
heart, We now, toward separate path-ways led, Per - chance for ev - er part, Per - chance for ev - er part.
roam; Yet ev - ery path, thro' va - ried maze, May lead to one blest home, May lead to one blest home.
- far, Be - hold - ing, thro' the dark-some night, The bright and Morn-ing Star, The bright and Morn-ing Star

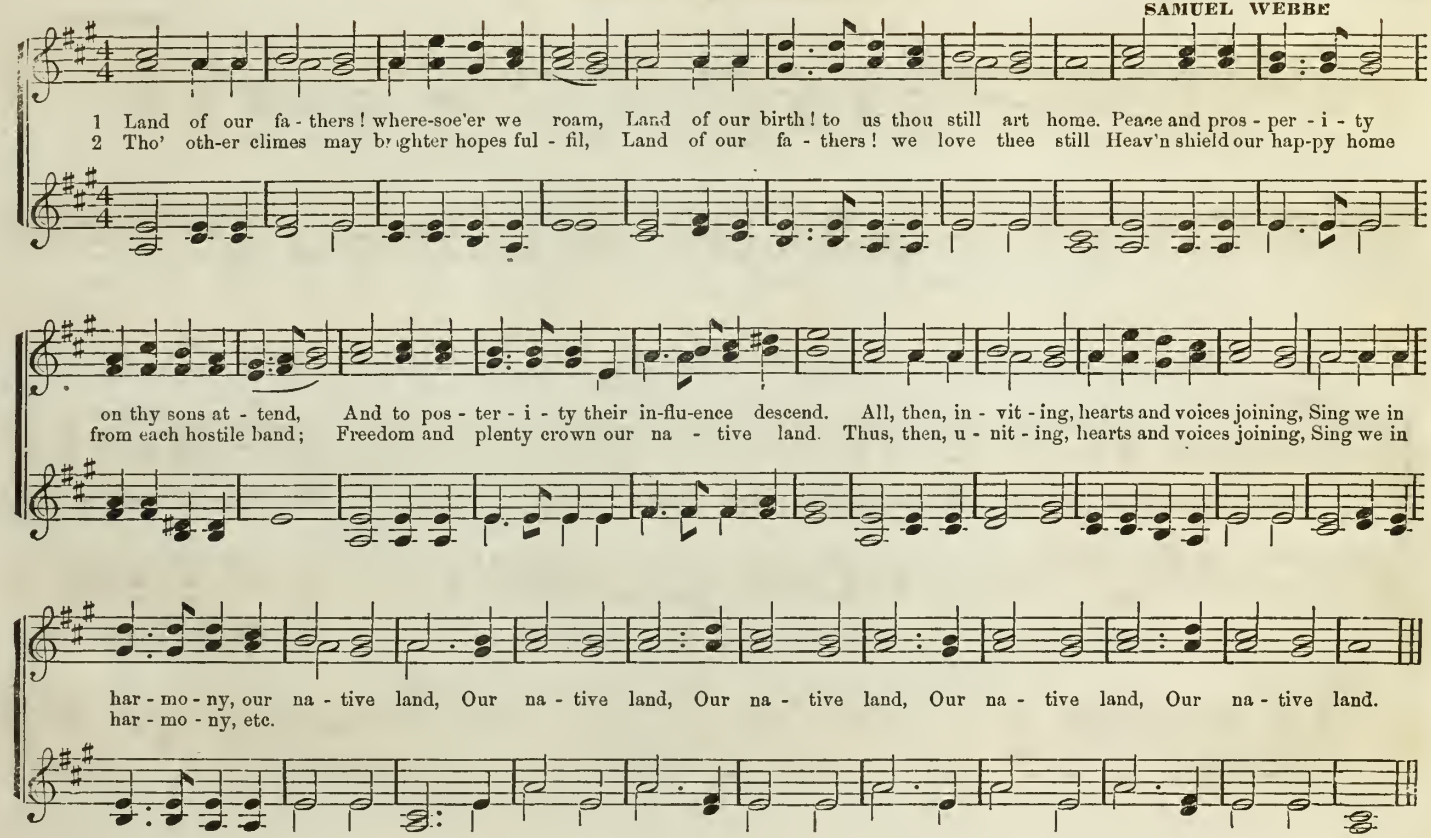
PARTING SONG.

J. C. W.



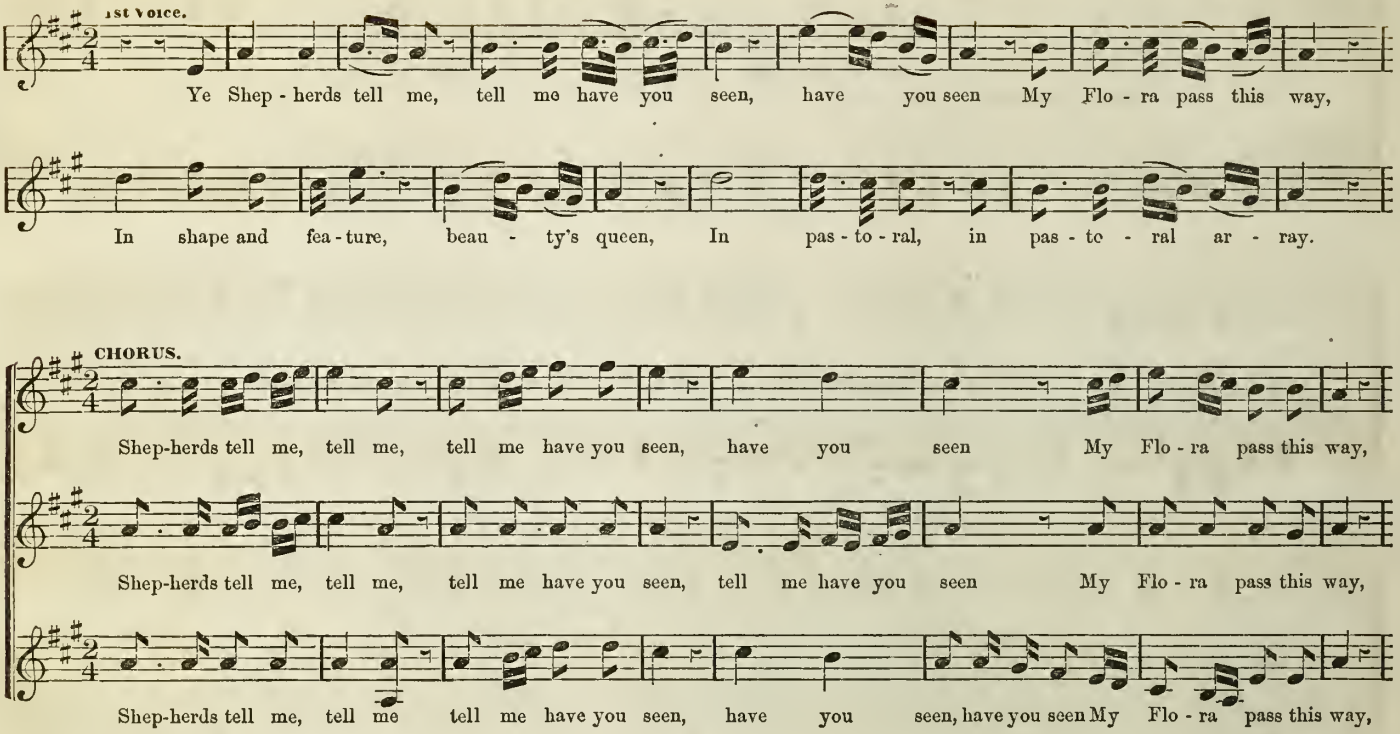
Land of our Fathers.

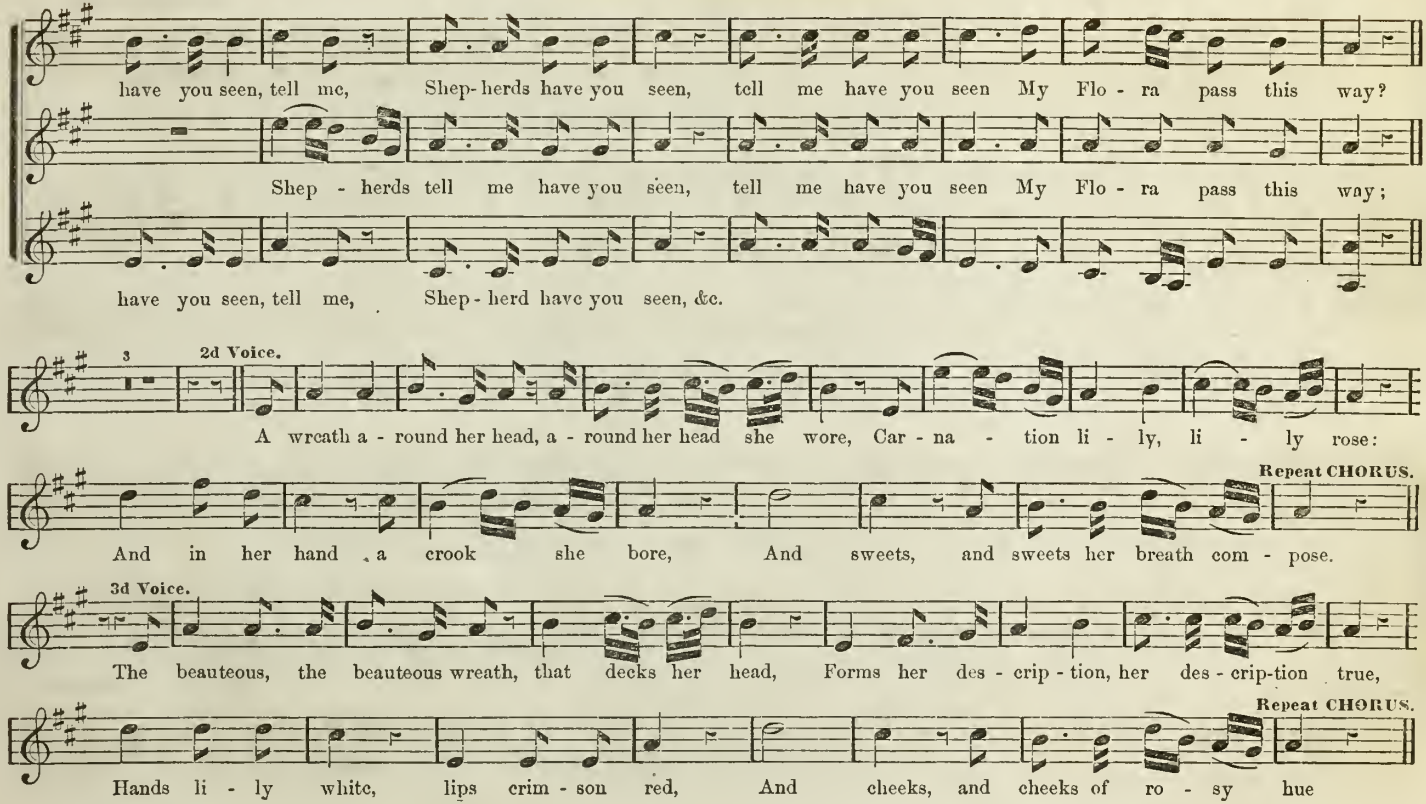
SAMUEL WEBBE



"YE SHEPHERDS, TELL ME."

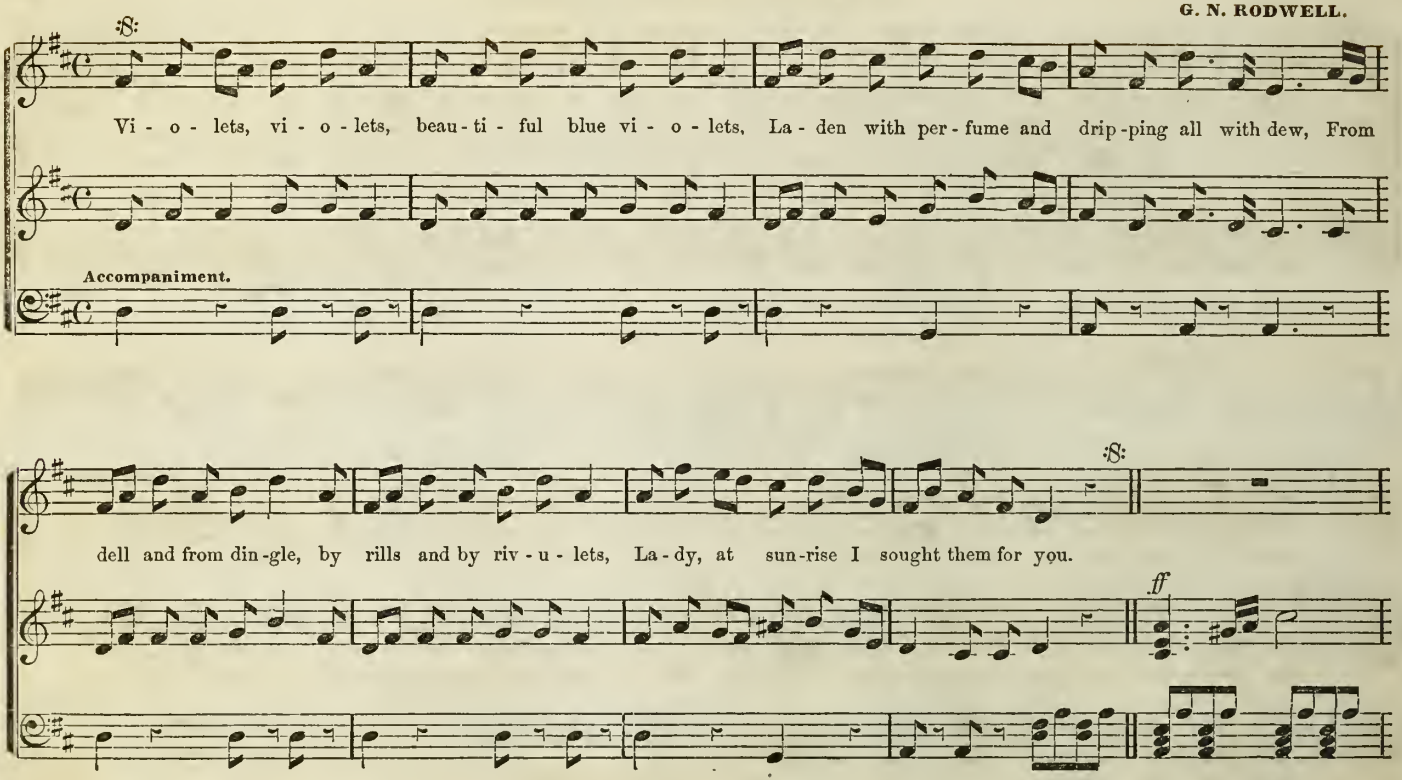
MAZZINGHI.

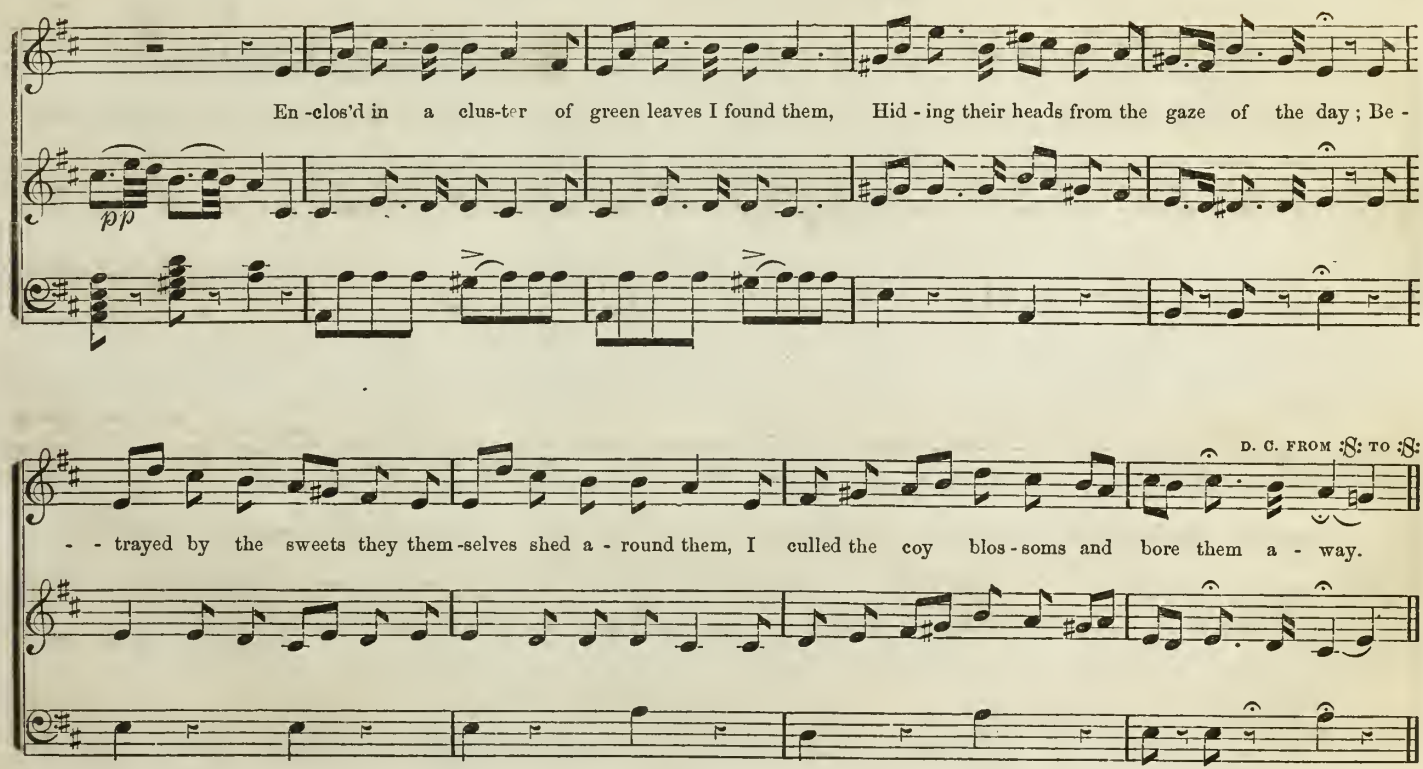



have you seen, tell me, Shep-herds have you seen, tell me have you seen My Flo-ra pass this way?
Shep-herds tell me have you seen, tell me have you seen My Flo-ra pass this way;
have you seen, tell me, Shep-herd have you seen, &c.
3
2d Voice.
A wreath a-round her head, a-round her head she wore, Car-na-tion li-ly, li-ly rose:
Repeat CHORUS.
And in her hand a crook she bore, And sweets, and sweets her breath com-pose.
3d Voice.
The beauteous, the beauteous wreath, that decks her head, Forms her des-crip-tion, her des-crip-tion true,
Repeat CHORUS.
Hands li-ly white, lips crim-son red, And cheeks, and cheeks of ro-sy hue

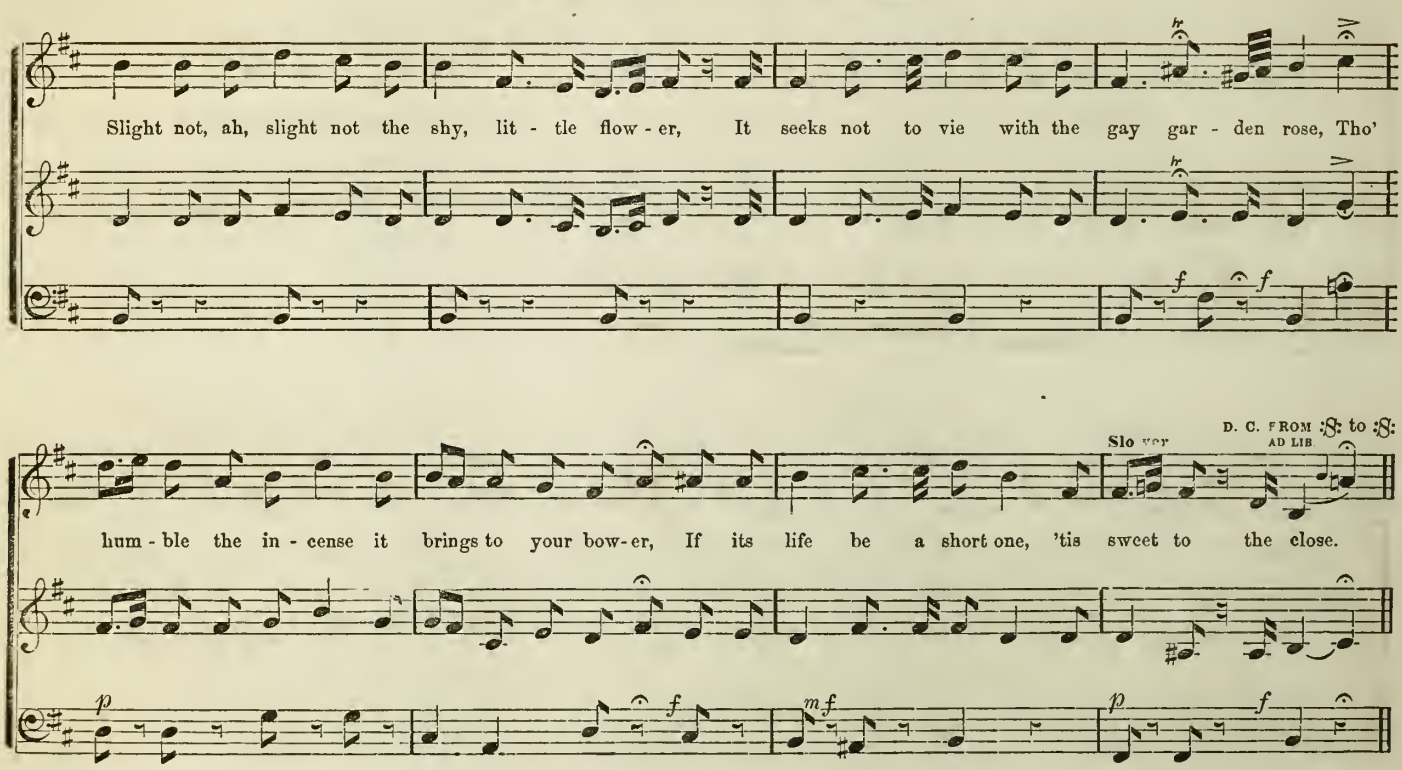
BEAUTIFUL BLUE VIOLETS.

G. N. RODWELL.




En - clos'd in a clus-ter of green leaves I found them, Hid - ing their heads from the gaze of the day; Be -
pp
D. C. FROM 𝄋 TO 𝄋
- - trayed by the sweets they them-selves shed a - round them, I culled the coy blos - soms and bore them a - way.

Beautiful blue Violets.—Concluded.



OH WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.

Words by BURNS.

MENDELSSOHN.

1st Soprano. *Andante.*

2d Soprano

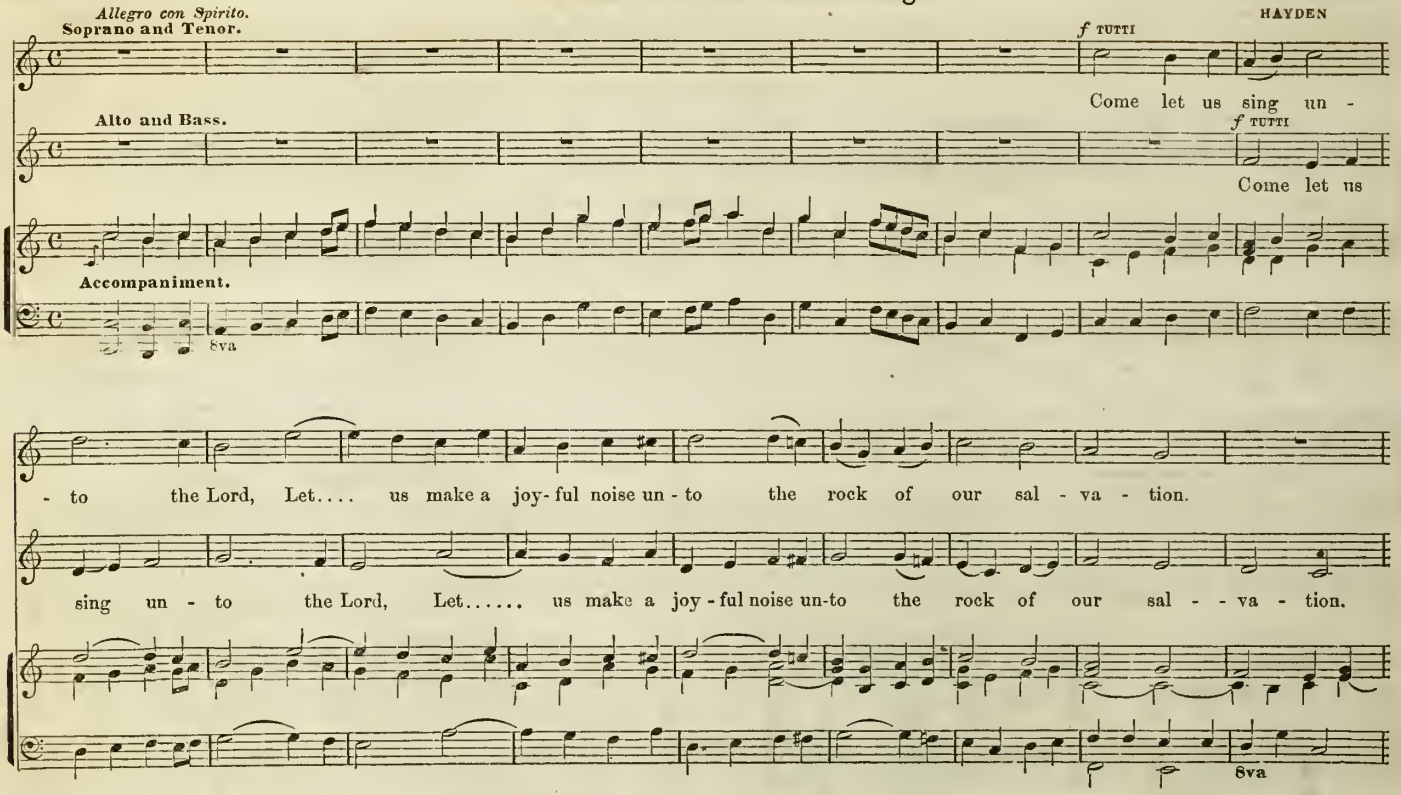
1. O wert thou in the cauld blast, On yon - der lea, On yon - der lea, My
2. O were I in the wildest waste, Sae black and bare, Sae black and bare, The

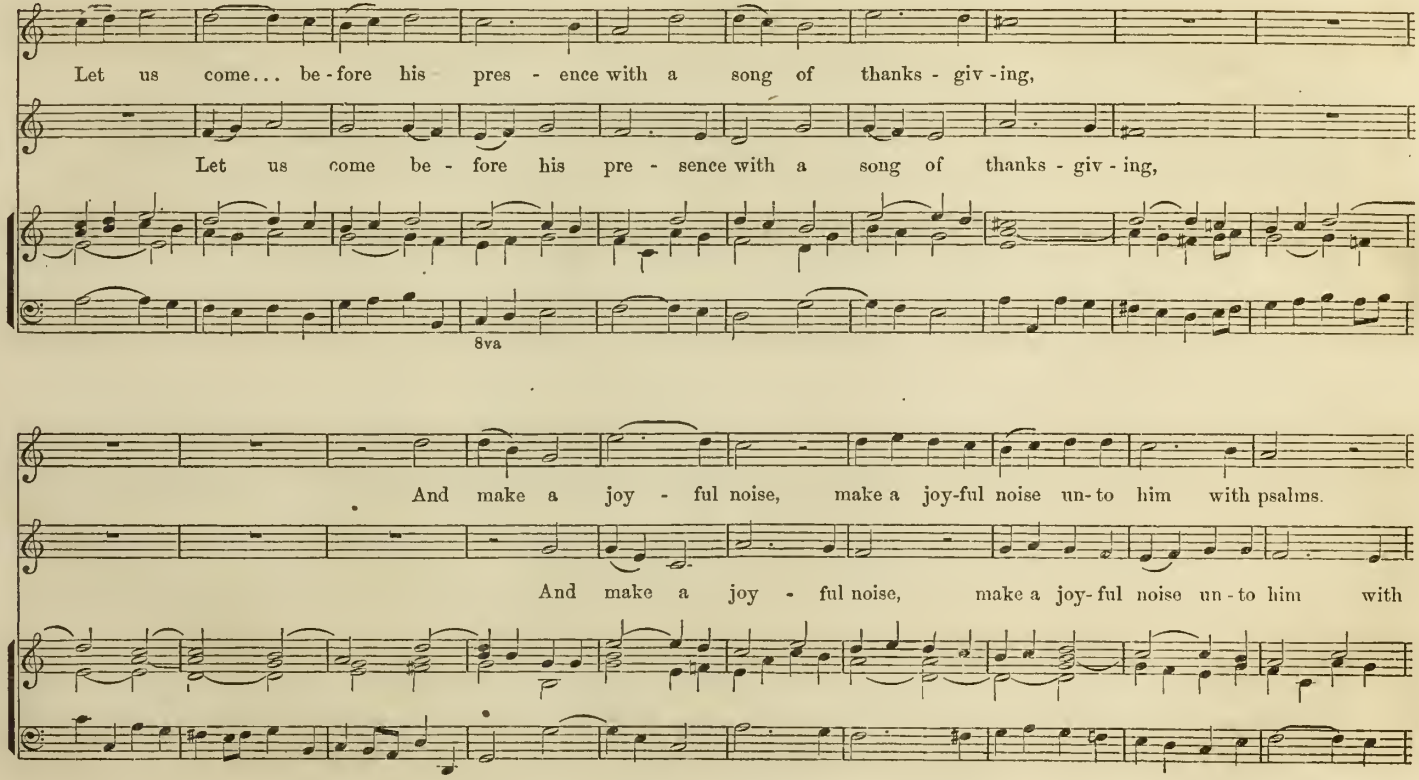
Piano Forte.

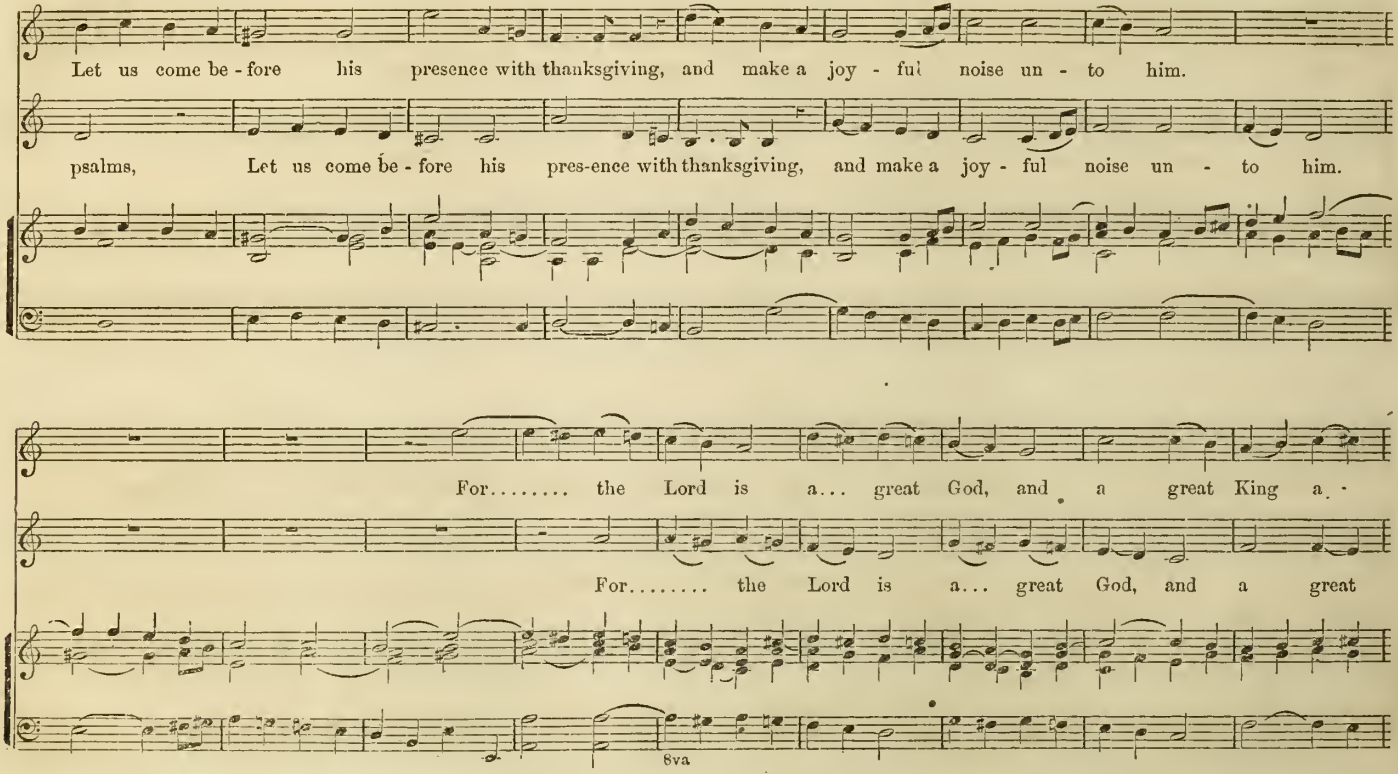
plai - die to the an - gry airt,..... I'd shel - ter thee, I'd shel - ter thee, Or did mis- for- tune's bit - ter storms A -
de - sert were a pa - ra - dise, ... If thou wert there, If thou wert there, Or were I mon-arch of the globe, With

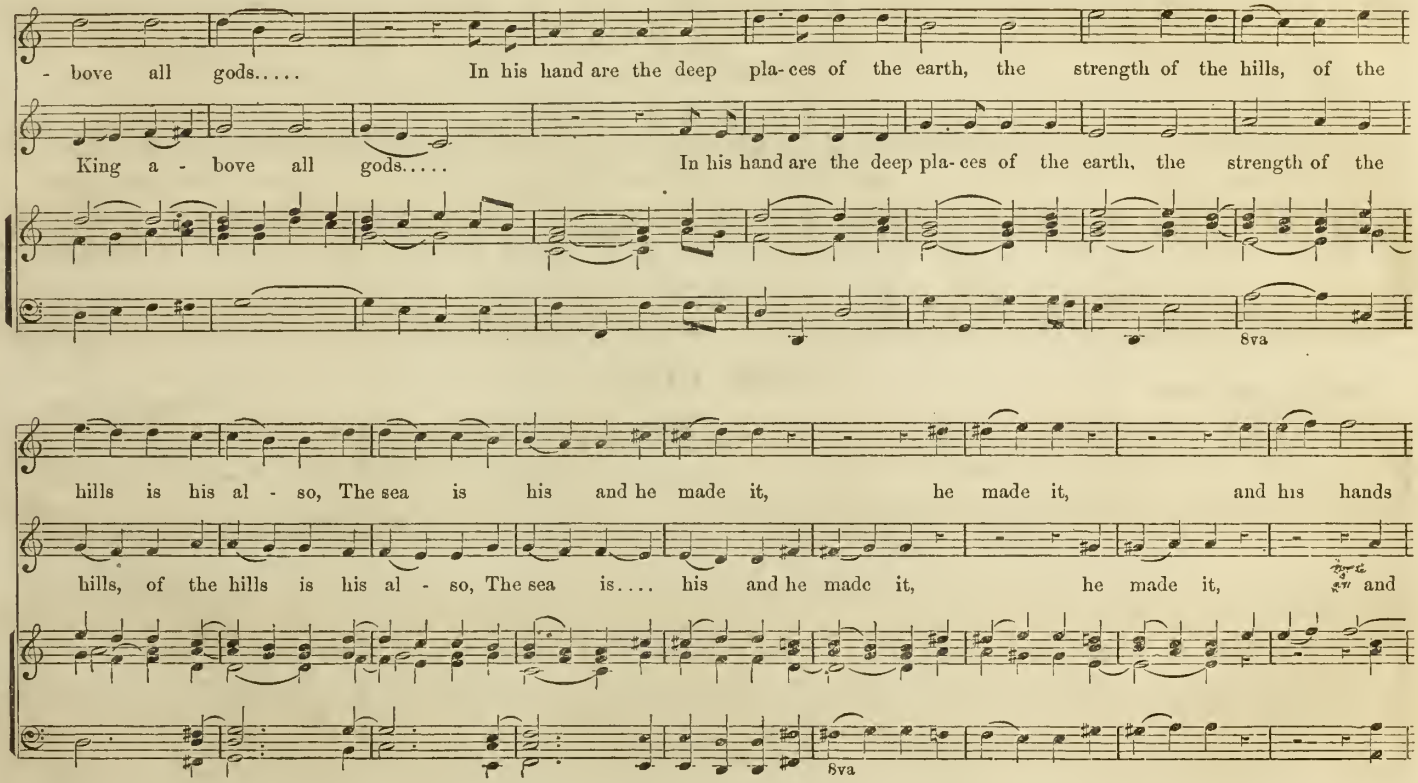
- - round thee blaw, A - round thee blaw, Thy shield should be my bo - som, To share it a', To share it a'.
thee to reign, With thee to reign, The brightest jew - el in my crown Wad be my Queen, Wad be my Queen.

ANTHEM.—Come let us sing.

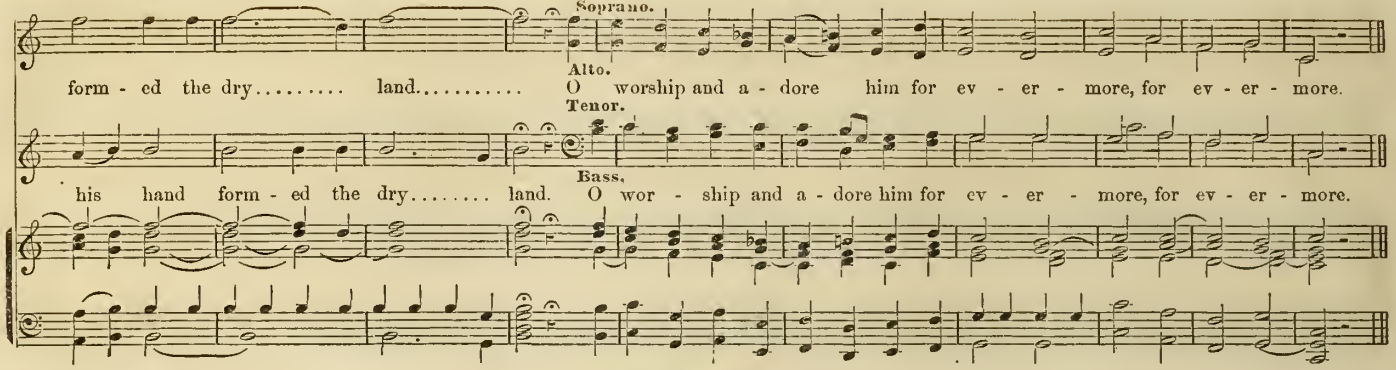



Let us come... be-fore his pres - ence with a song of thanks - giv - ing,
Let us come be - fore his pre - sence with a song of thanks - giv - ing,
8va
And make a joy - ful noise, make a joy-ful noise un-to him with psalms.
And make a joy - ful noise, make a joy-ful noise un-to him with

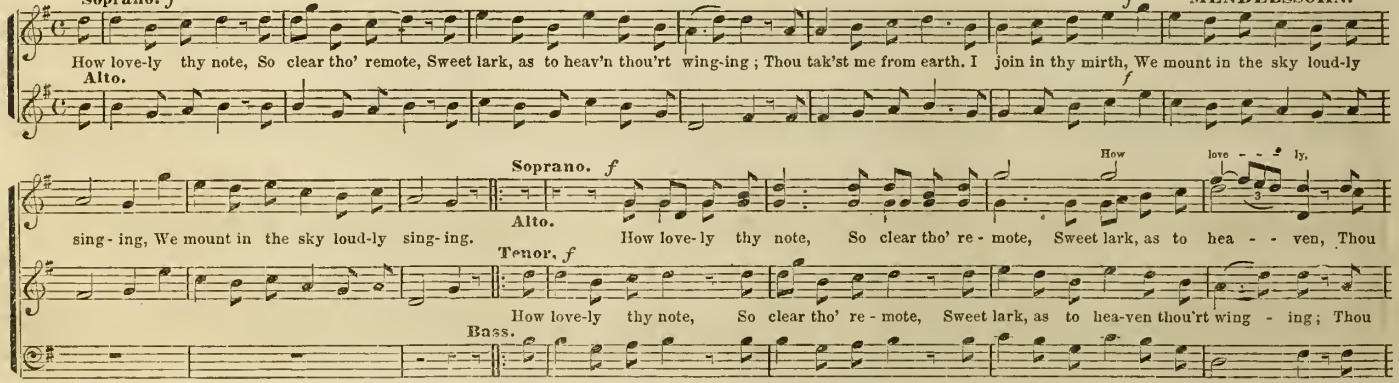

Let us come be - fore his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joy - ful noise un - to him.
psalms, Let us come be - fore his pres-ence with thanksgiving, and make a joy - ful noise un - to him.
For..... the Lord is a... great God, and a great King a.
For..... the Lord is a... great God, and a great
8va


- bove all gods..... In his hand are the deep pla-ces of the earth, the strength of the hills, of the
King a - bove all gods..... In his hand are the deep pla-ces of the earth, the strength of the
8va
hills is his al - so, The sea is his and he made it, he made it, and his hands
hills, of the hills is his al - so, The sea is.... his and he made it, he made it, and
8va

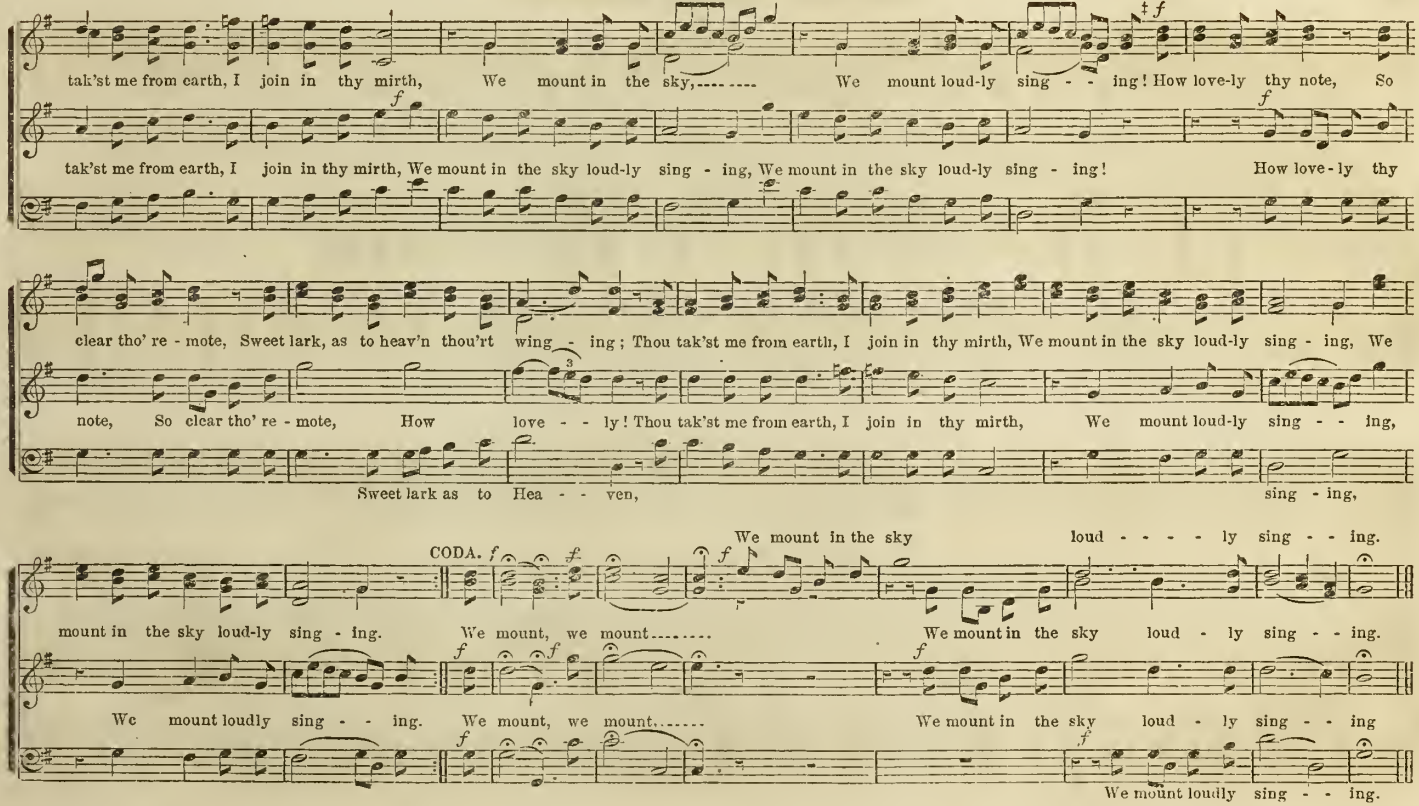
Come let us sing.—Concluded.



*THE LARK.



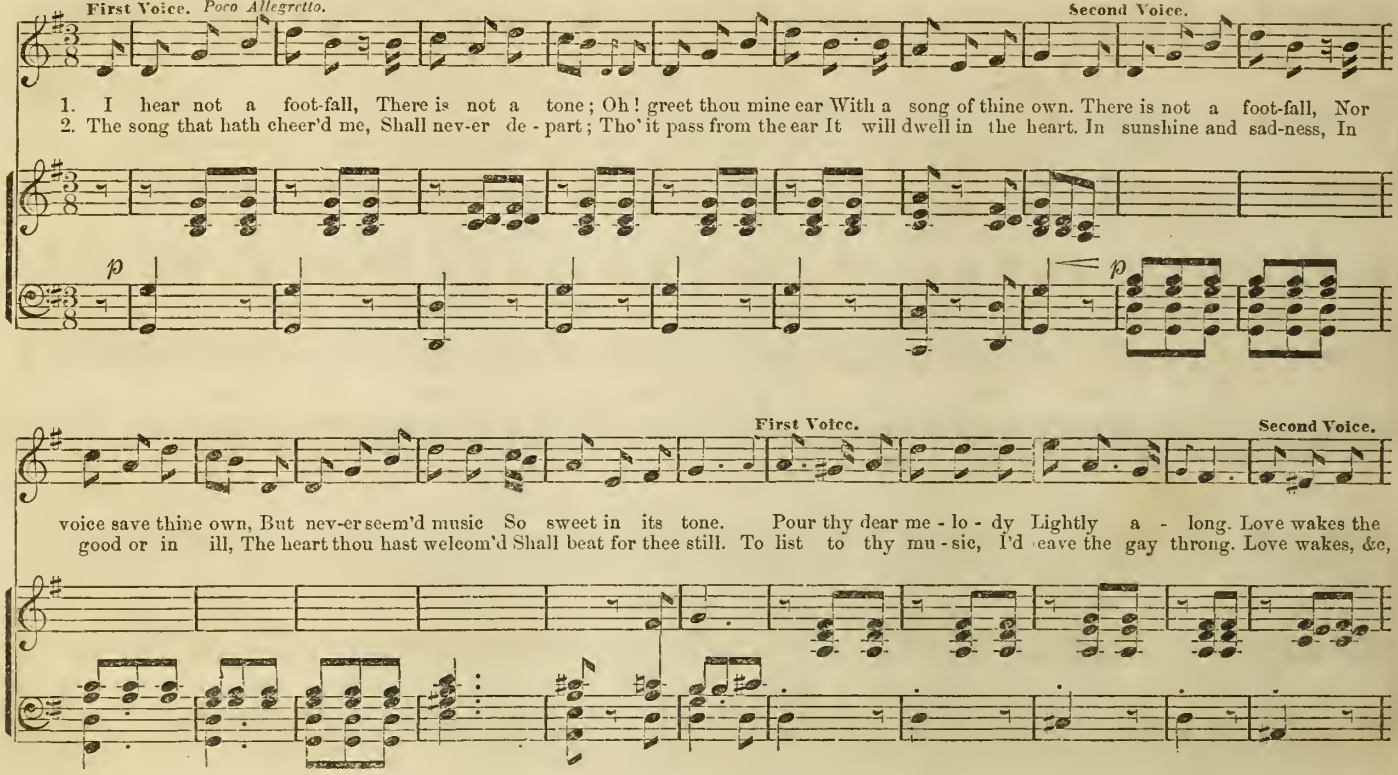
* The Tenor and Bass parts of this Canon may be sung by Soprano and Alto voices, an octave higher.

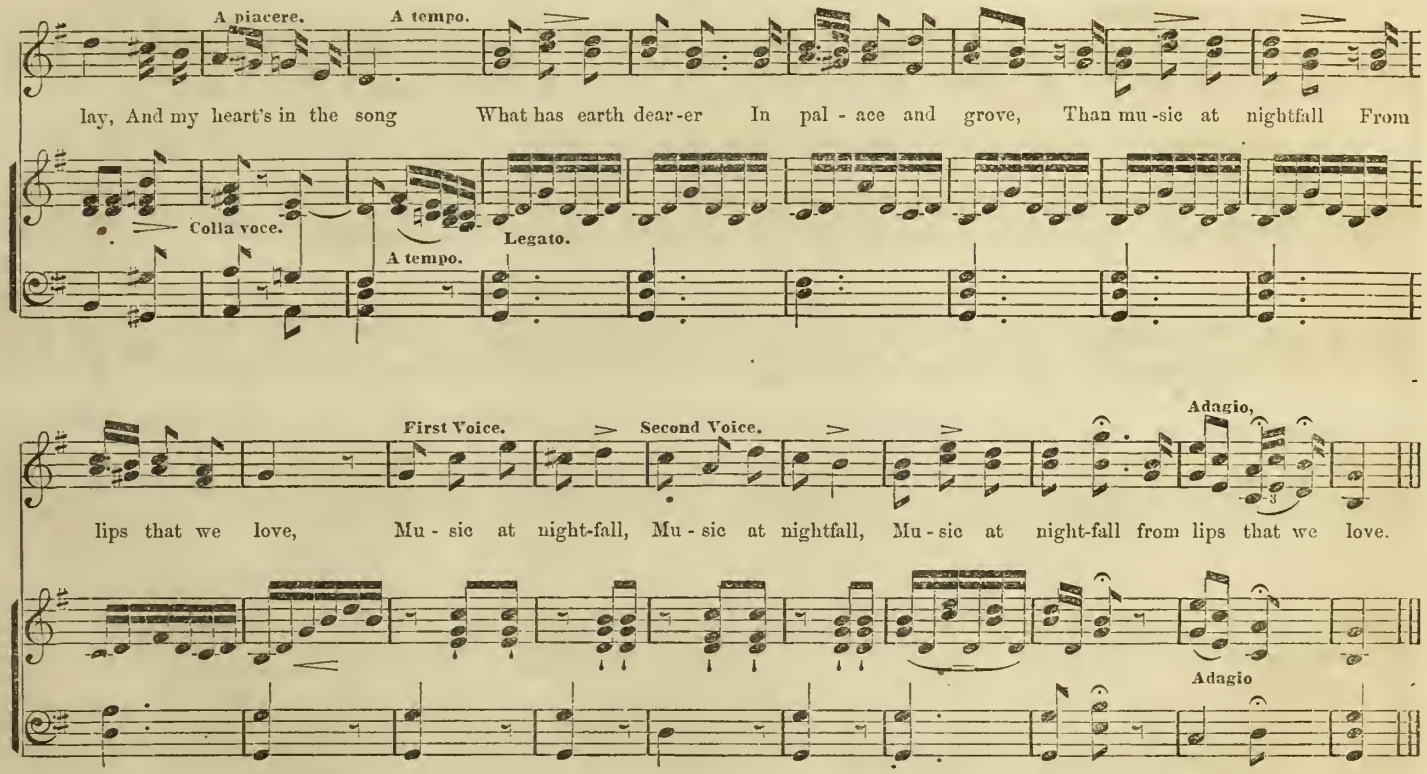

tak'st me from earth, I join in thy mirth, We mount in the sky, We mount loud-ly sing - - ing! How love-ly thy note, So
tak'st me from earth, I join in thy mirth, We mount in the sky loud-ly sing - ing, We mount in the sky loud-ly sing - ing! How love - ly thy
clear tho' re - mote, Sweet lark, as to heav'n thou'rt wing - ing; Thou tak'st me from earth, I join in thy mirth, We mount in the sky loud-ly sing - ing, We
note, So clear tho' re - mote, How love - - ly! Thou tak'st me from earth, I join in thy mirth, We mount loud-ly sing - - ing,
Sweet lark as to Hea - - ven, sing - ing,
We mount in the sky loud - - - - ly sing - - ing.
CODA.
mount in the sky loud-ly sing - ing. We mount, we mount..... We mount in the sky loud - ly sing - - ing.
We mount loudly sing - - ing. We mount, we mount..... We mount in the sky loud - ly sing - - ing
We mount loudly sing - - ing.

DUETT.—Music at Nightfall.

Words by C. J. JEFFREYS. Music by S. NELSON.

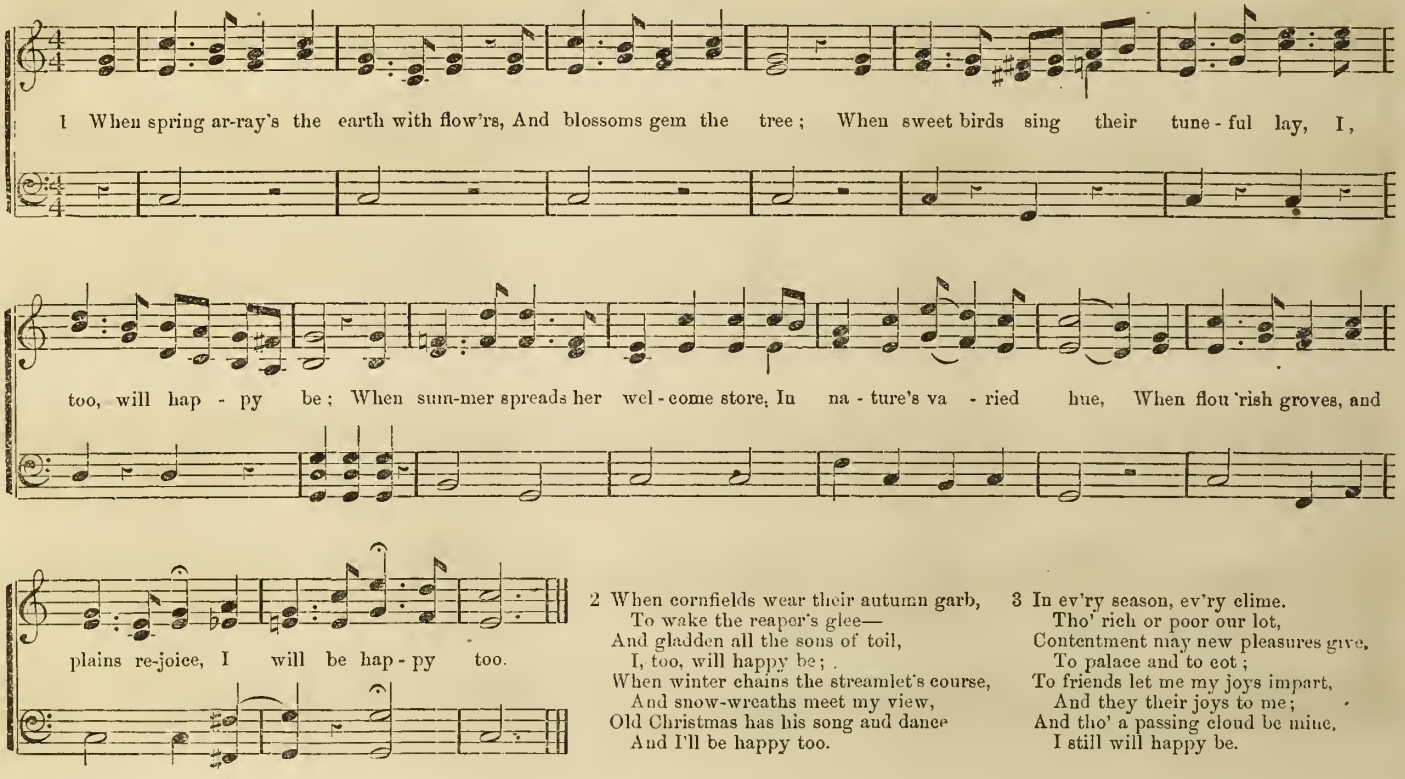
First Voice. *Poco Allegretto.* Second Voice.




A piacere.
A tempo.
lay, And my heart's in the song What has earth dear-er In pal - ace and grove, Than mu-sic at nightfall From
Colla voce.
A tempo.
Legato.
First Voice.
Second Voice.
Adagio,
lips that we love, Mu - sic at night-fall, Mu - sic at nightfall, Mu - sic at night-fall from lips that we love.
Adagio

DUETT.—I will be happy too.

Words by C. J. JEFFERYS. S. NELSON.



2 When cornfields wear their autumn garb,
To wake the reaper's glee—
And gladden all the sons of toil,
I, too, will happy be;
When winter chains the streamlet's course,
And snow-wreaths meet my view,
Old Christmas has his song and dance
And I'll be happy too.

3 In ev'ry season, ev'ry clime.
Tho' rich or poor our lot,
Contentment may new pleasures give,
To palace and to cot;
To friends let me my joys impart,
And they their joys to me;
And tho' a passing cloud be mine,
I still will happy be.

DUETT.—Ask me not why.

Words by C. JEFFREYS.

Arranged

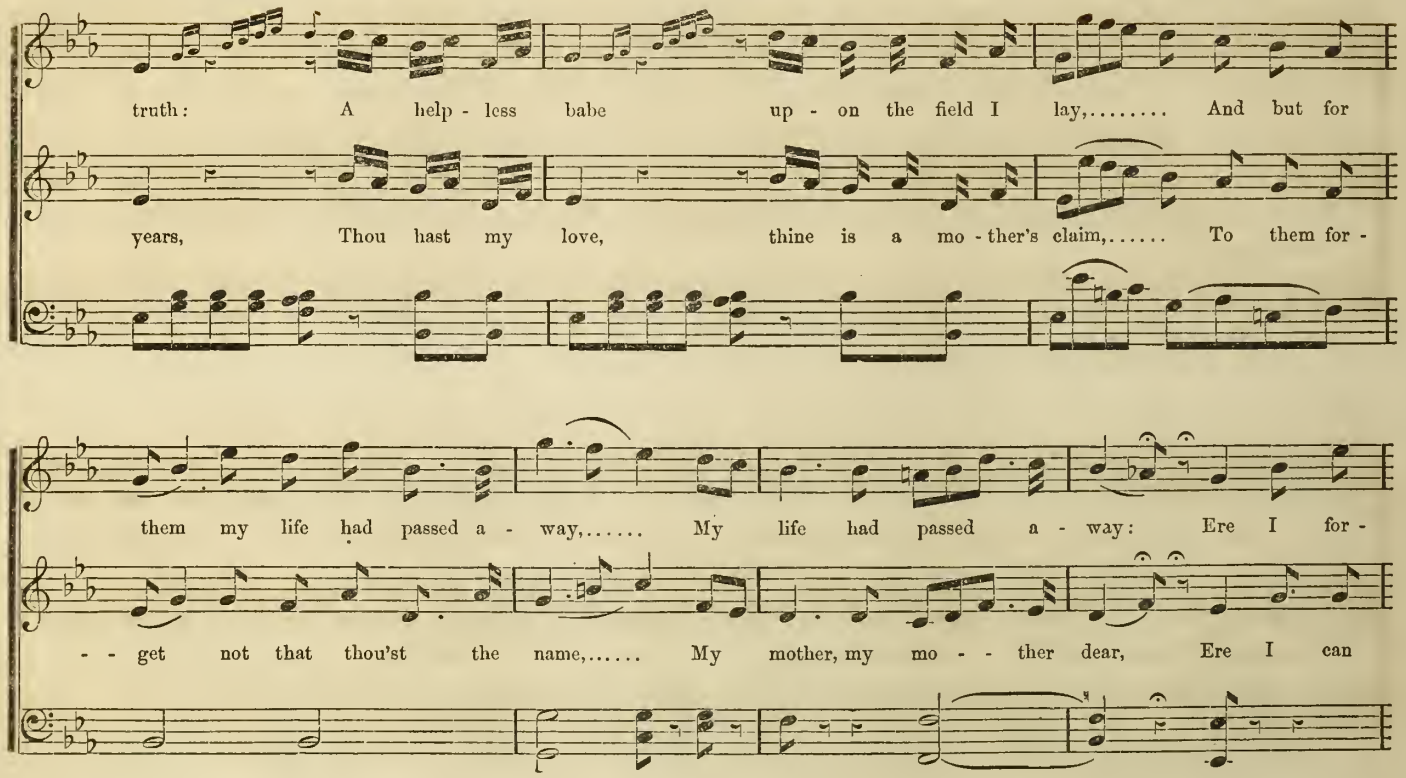
1. Ask me not why my heart with fond e - mo - tion Beats for the brave com - pan - ions of my

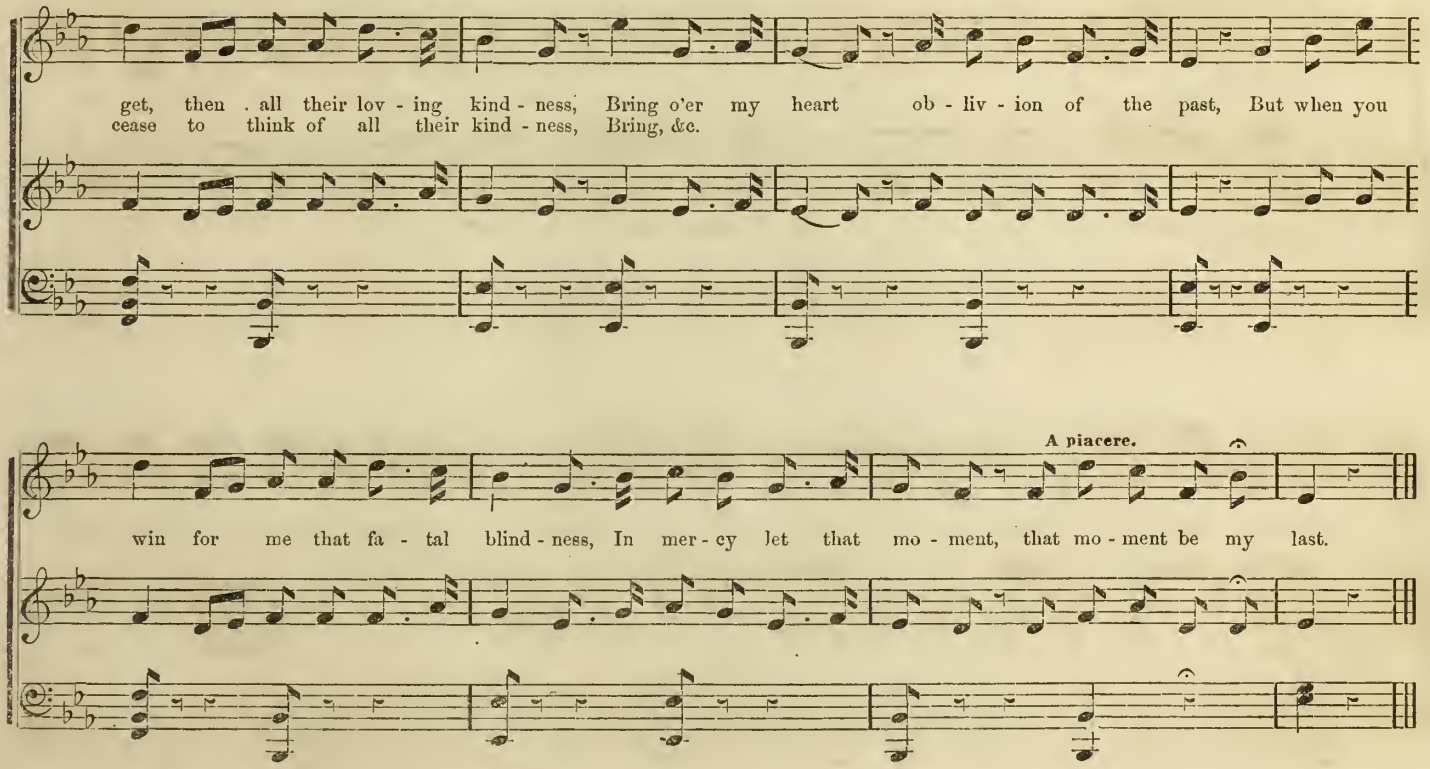
2. Chide me no more were I de - void of feel - ing, Would my in - grat - i - tude not wake thy

Accompaniment.

youth? Had they not tend - ed me with love's de - vo - tion, I had not lived, a - las, to prove my

fears, Worth-less would be this mo-ment's fond re - veal - ing, If I could cast a - side the ties of long, long


truth: A help - less babe up - on the field I lay,..... And but for
years, Thou hast my love, thine is a mo - ther's claim,..... To them for -
them my life had passed a - way,..... My life had passed a - way: Ere I for -
- - get not that thou'st the name,..... My mother, my mo - - ther dear, Ere I can

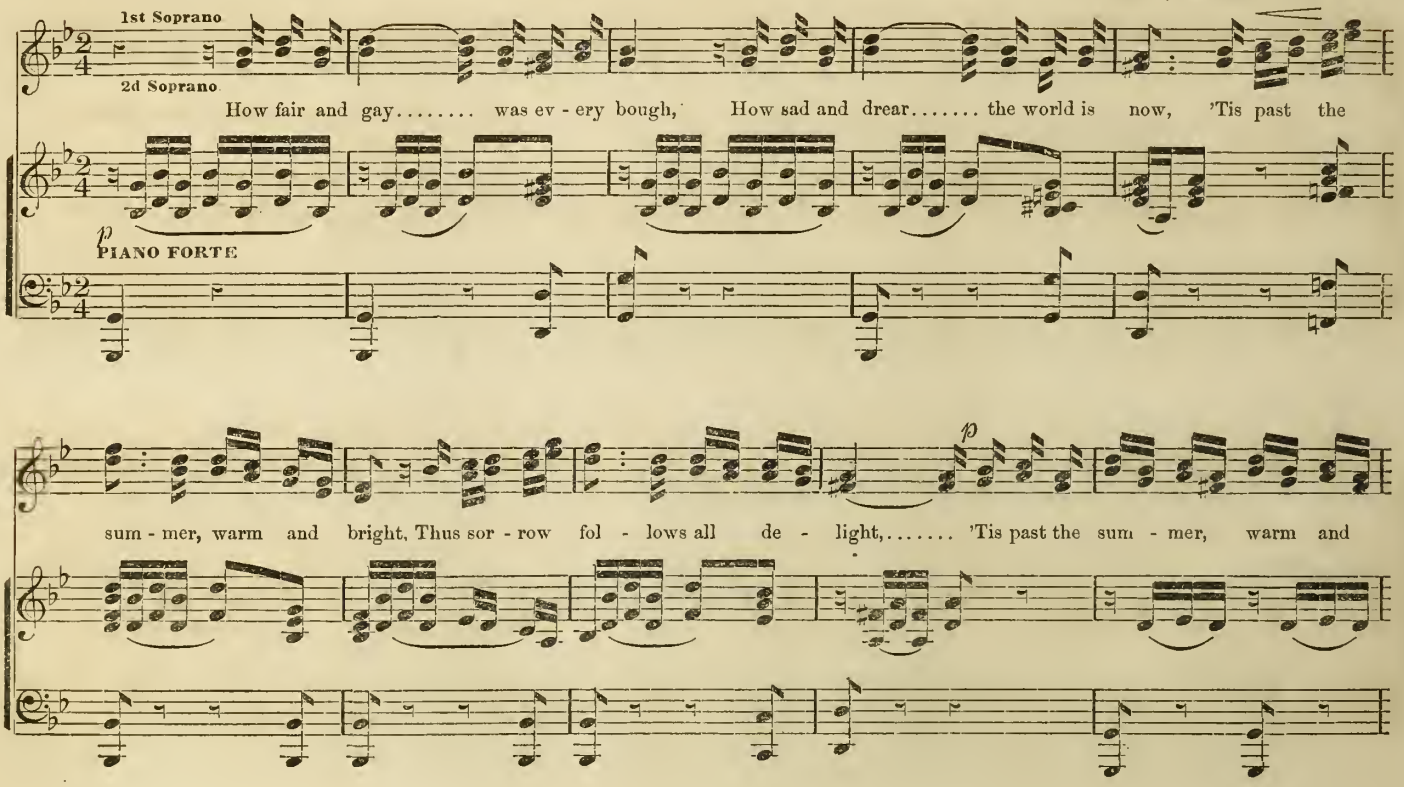

get, then all their lov - ing kind - ness, Bring o'er my heart ob - liv - ion of the past, But when you
cease to think of all their kind - ness, Bring, &c.
A piacere.
win for me that fa - tal blind - ness, In mer - cy let that mo - ment, that mo - ment be my last.

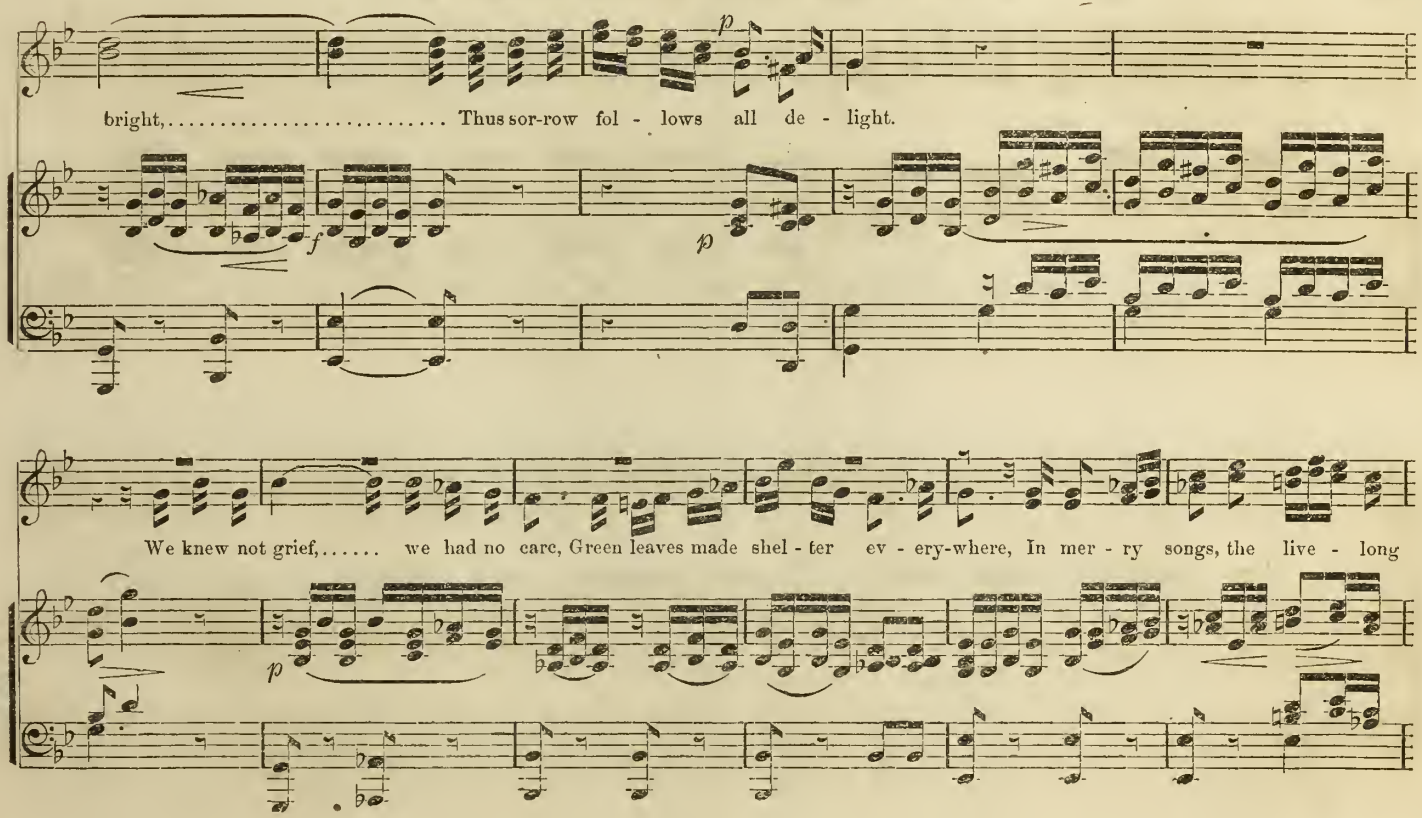
92 Words by FALLERSLEBEN.

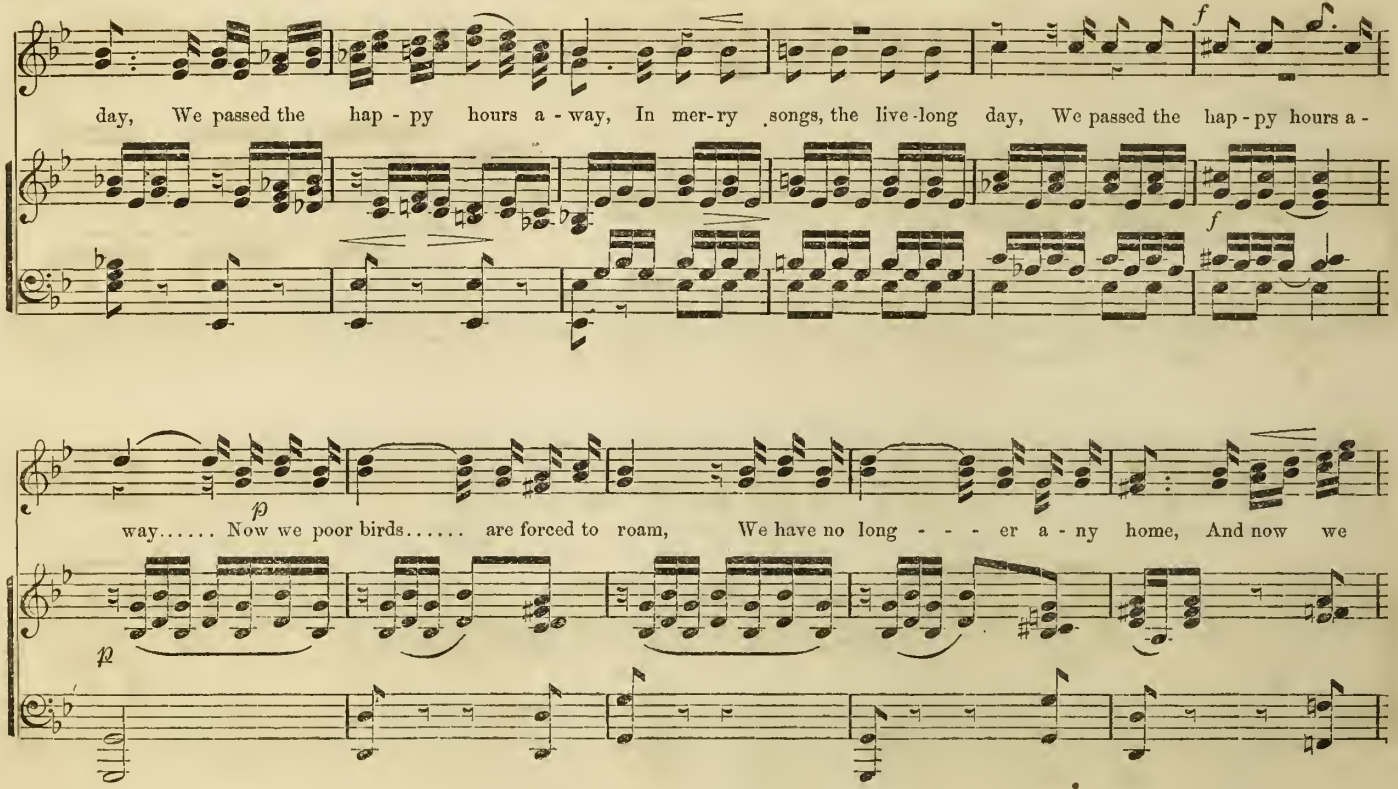
DUETT.—The Passage-Birds' Parting Song.

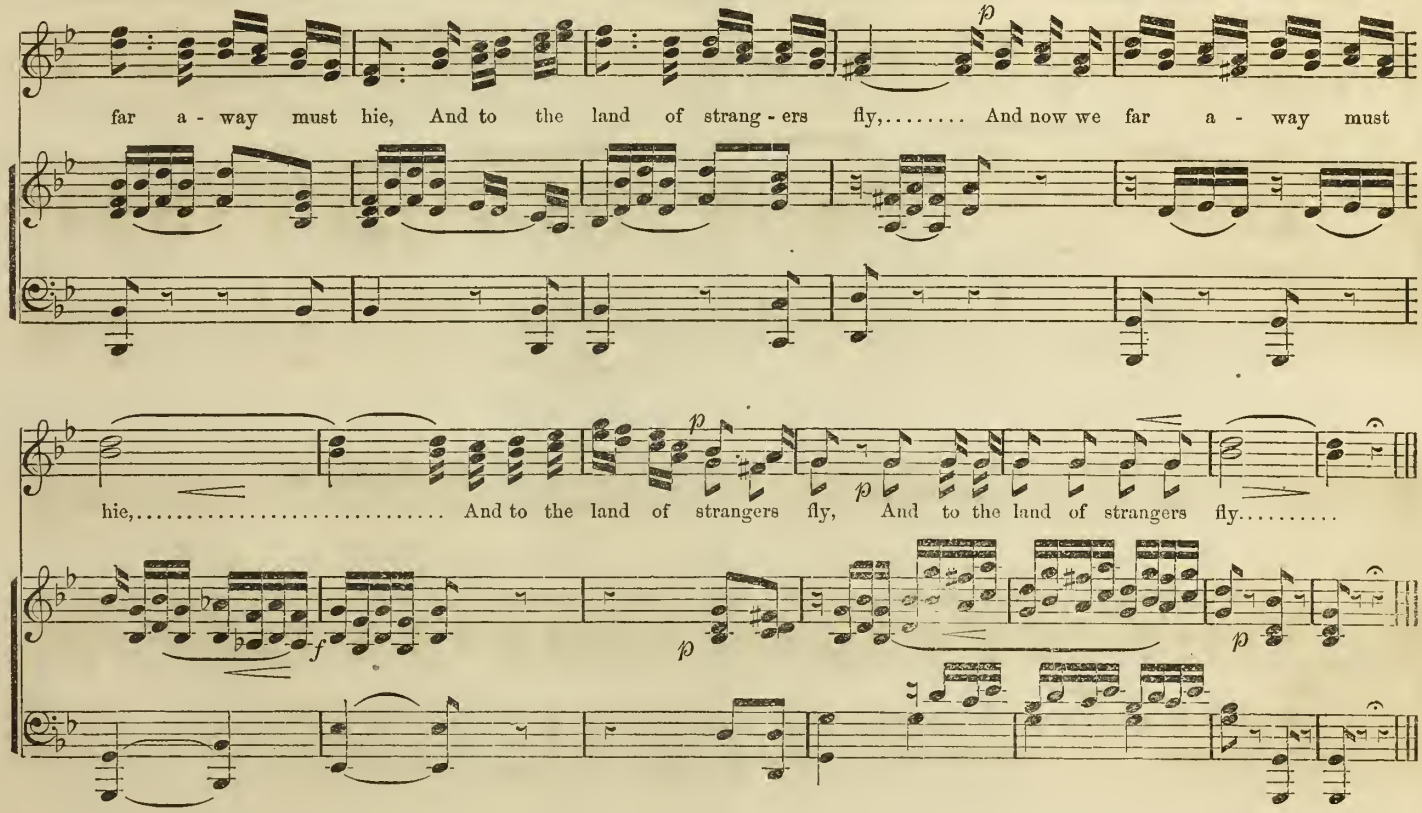
Music by MENDELSSOHN.

Andante Sostenuto




bright,..... Thus sor-row fol - lows all de - light.
We knew not grief,..... we had no care, Green leaves made shel - ter ev - ery-where, In mer - ry songs, the live - long

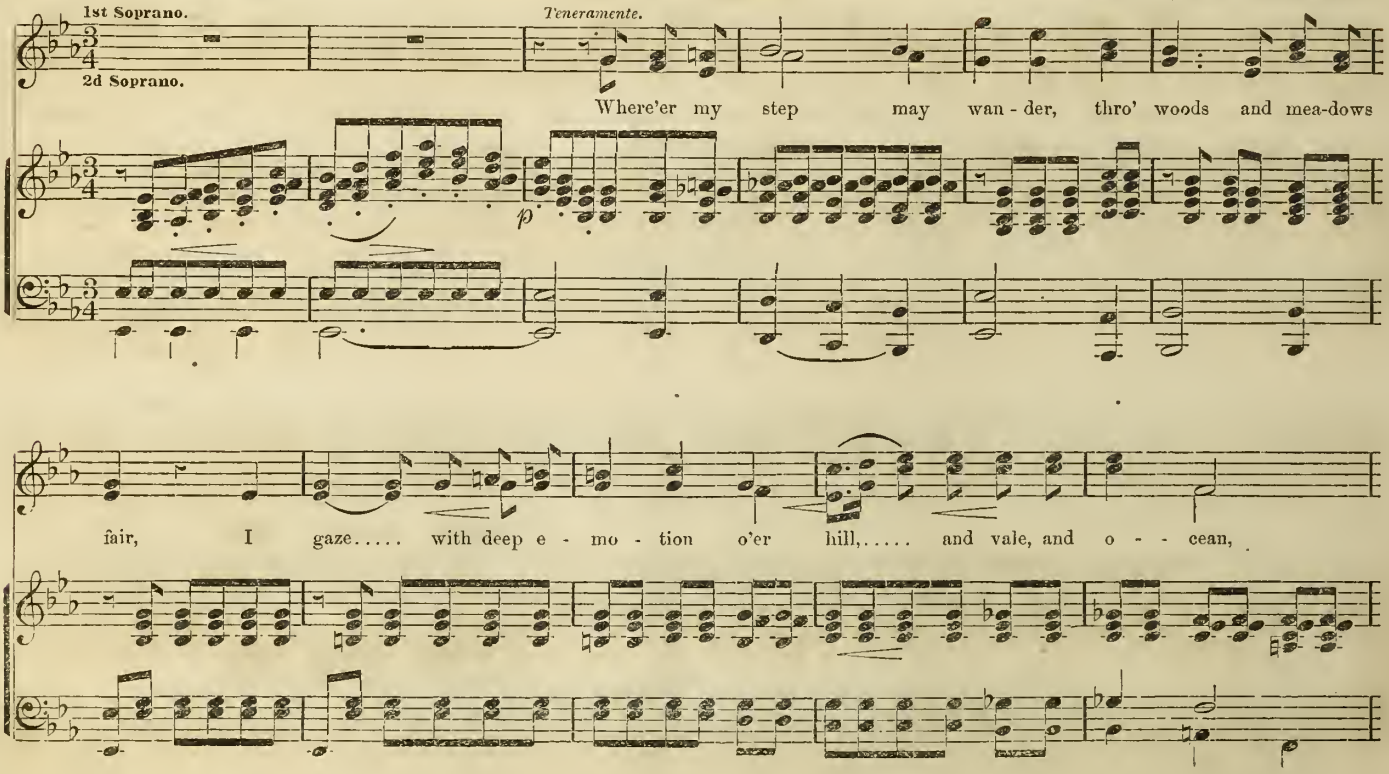

day, We passed the hap - py hours a - way, In mer-ry songs, the live-long day, We passed the hap - py hours a -
f
f
way..... Now we poor birds..... are forced to roam, We have no long - - - er a - ny home, And now we
p
p

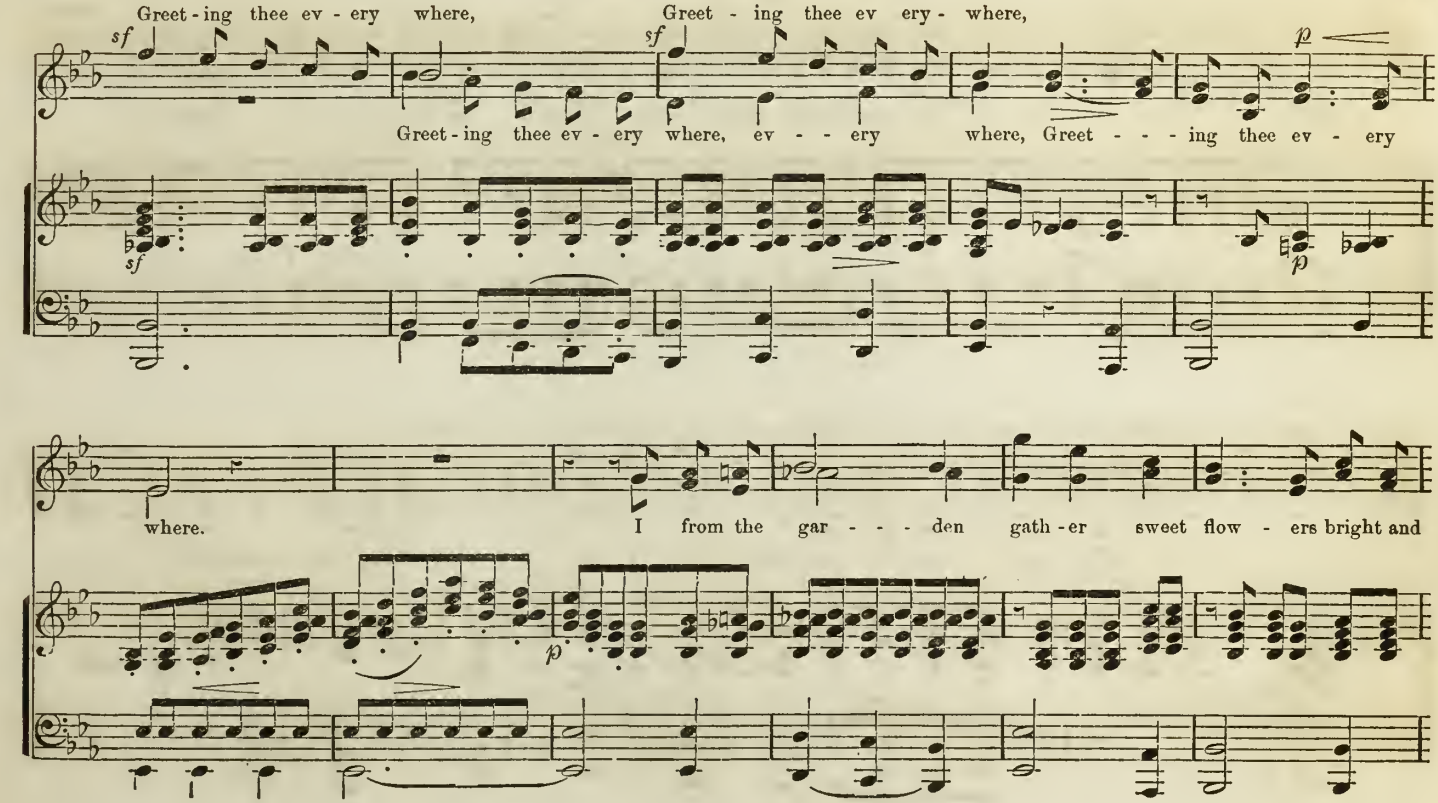

far a - way must hie, And to the land of strang - ers fly,..... And now we far a - way must
hie,..... And to the land of strangers fly, And to the land of strangers fly.....

DUETT.—Greeting.

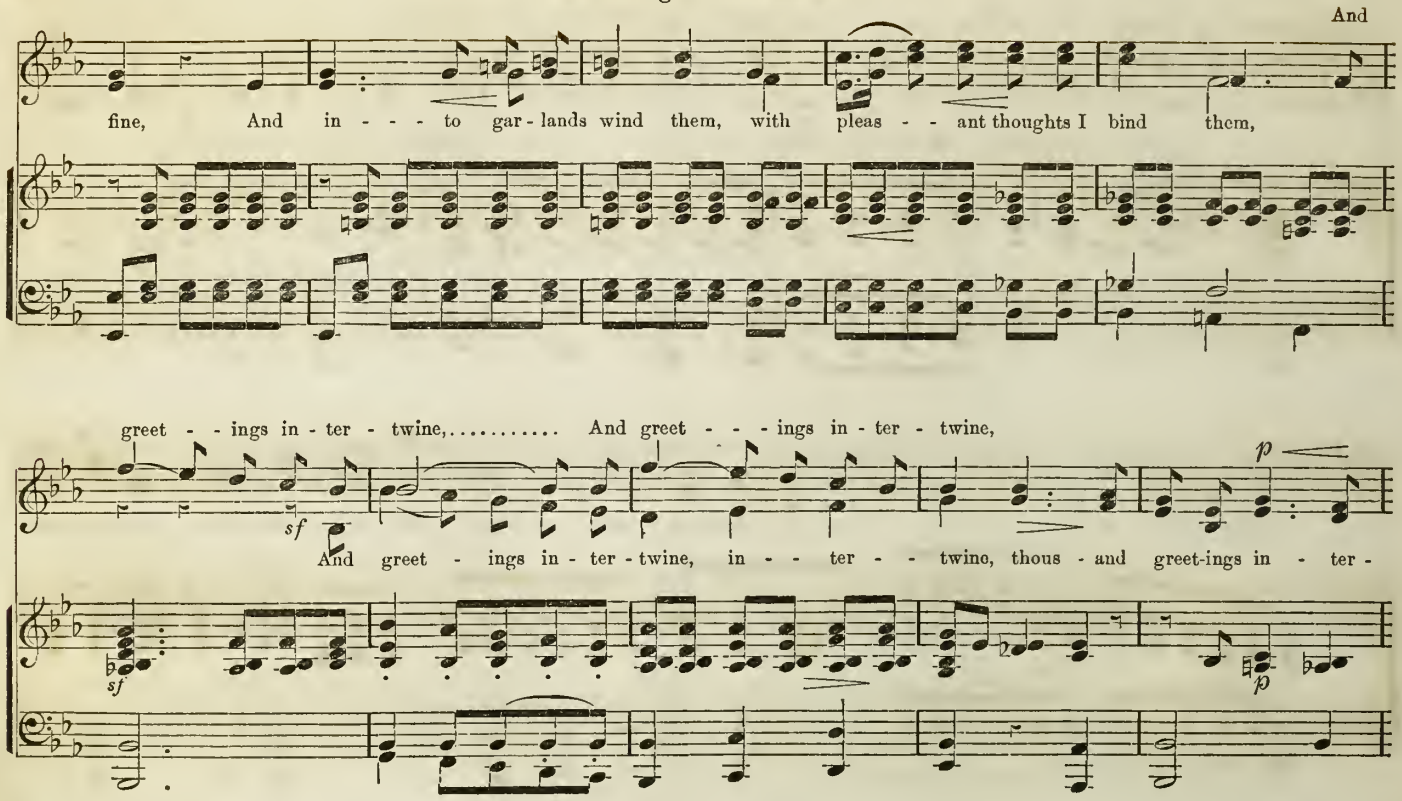
Words by G. v. EICHENDORFF.

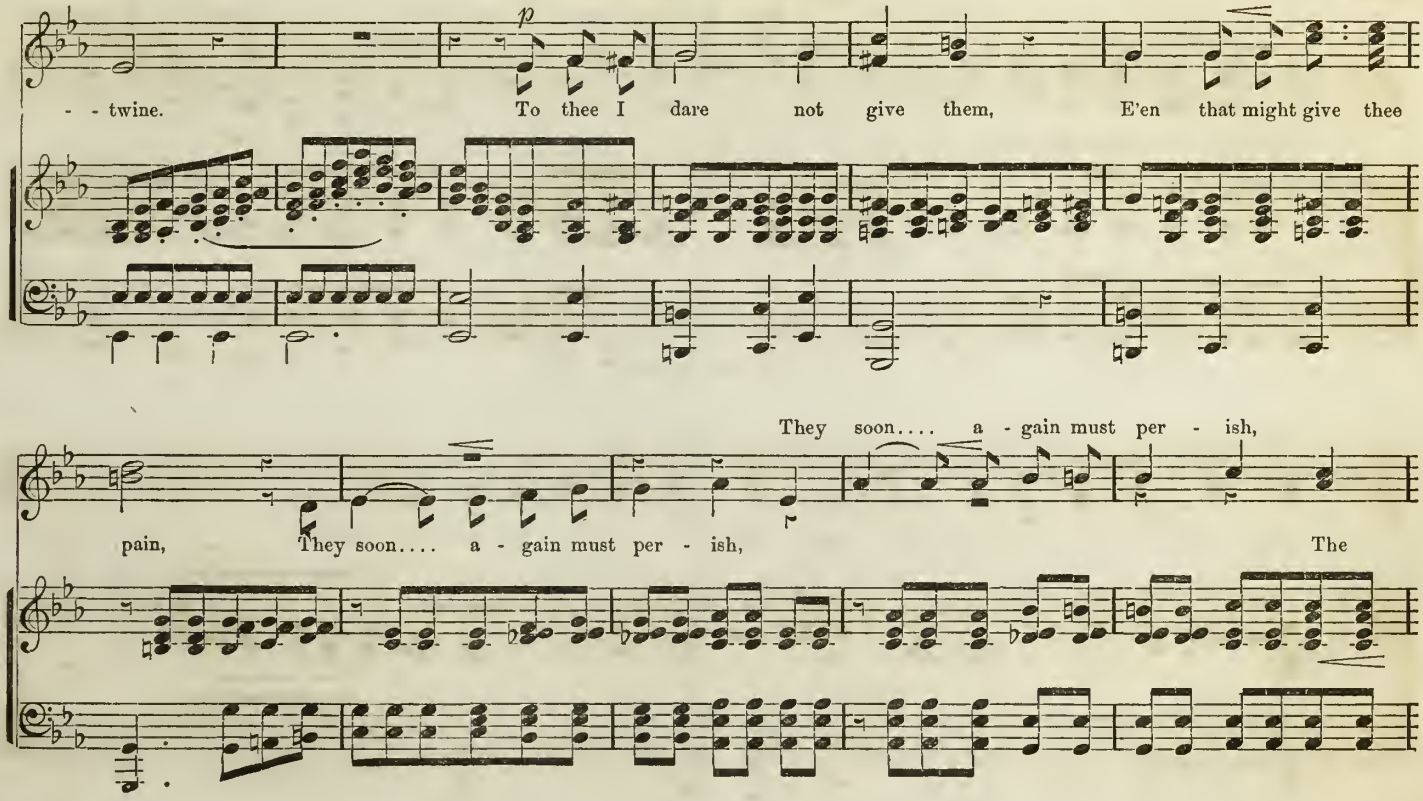
Music by MENDELSSOHN.



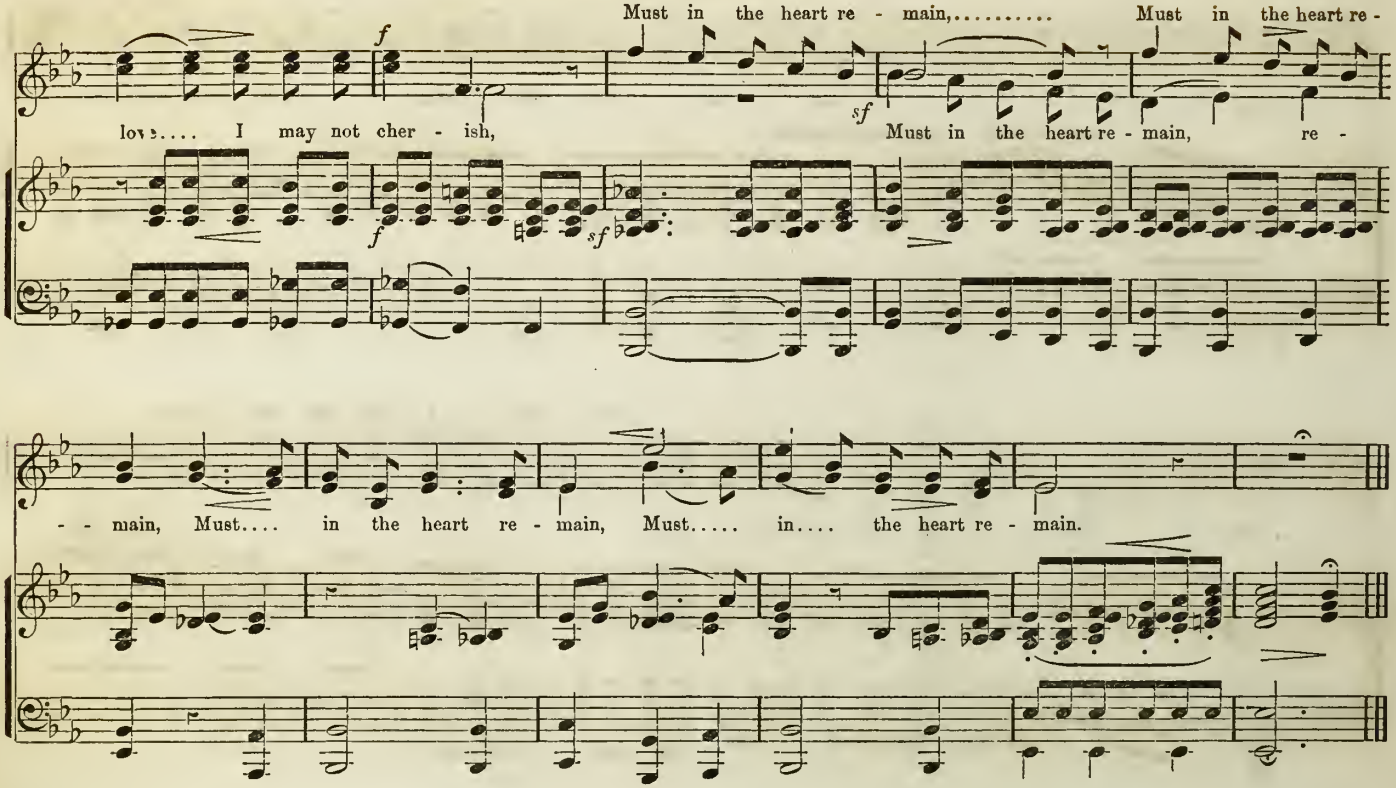

Greet - ing thee ev - ery where,
Greet - ing thee ev ery - where,
Greet - ing thee ev - ery where, ev - - - ery where, Greet - - - ing thee ev - ery
where.
I from the gar - - - den gath - er sweet flow - ers bright and

Greeting.—Continued.



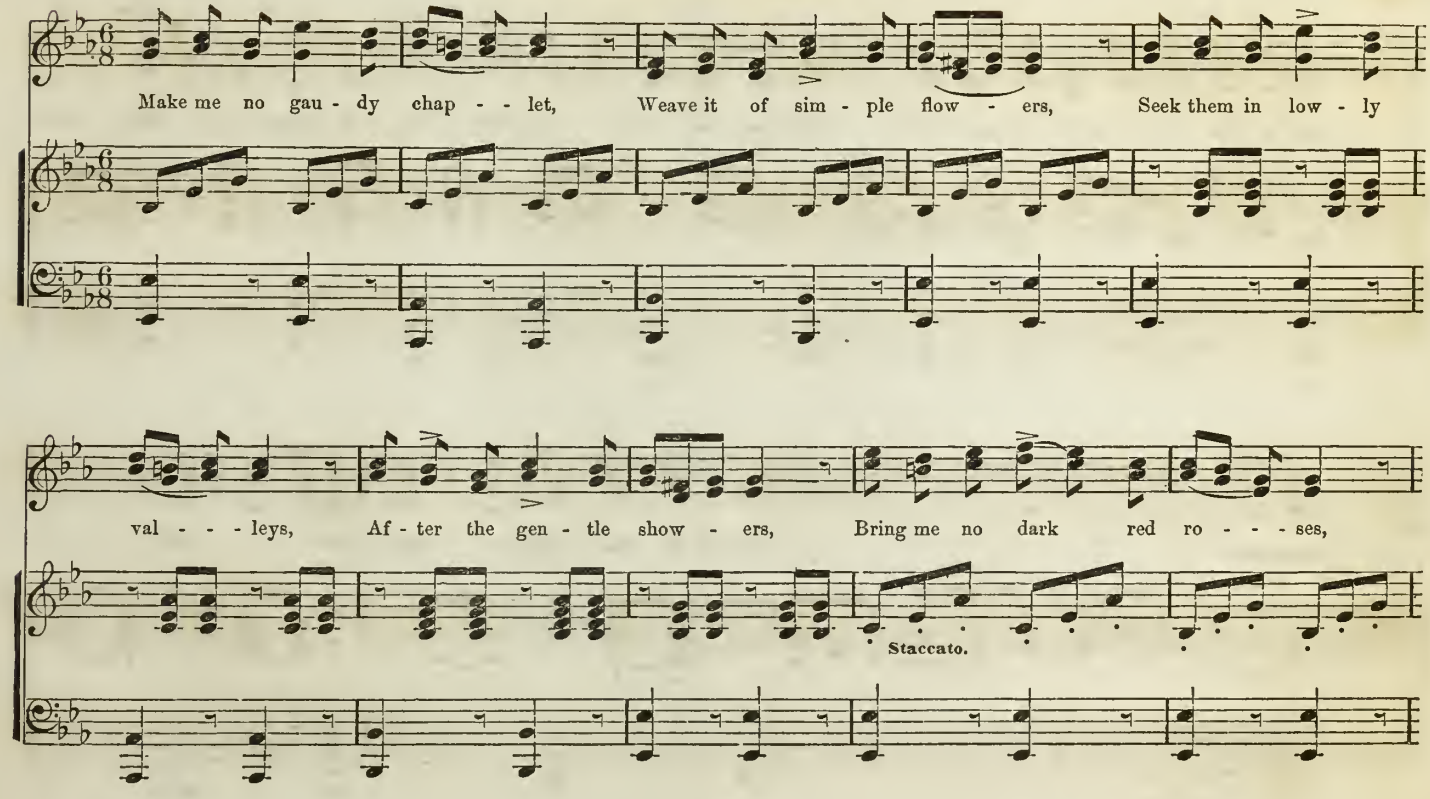

p
- - twine.
To thee I dare not give them,
E'en that might give thee
They soon.... a - gain must per - ish,
pain,
They soon.... a - gain must per - ish,
The

Greeting.—Concluded.

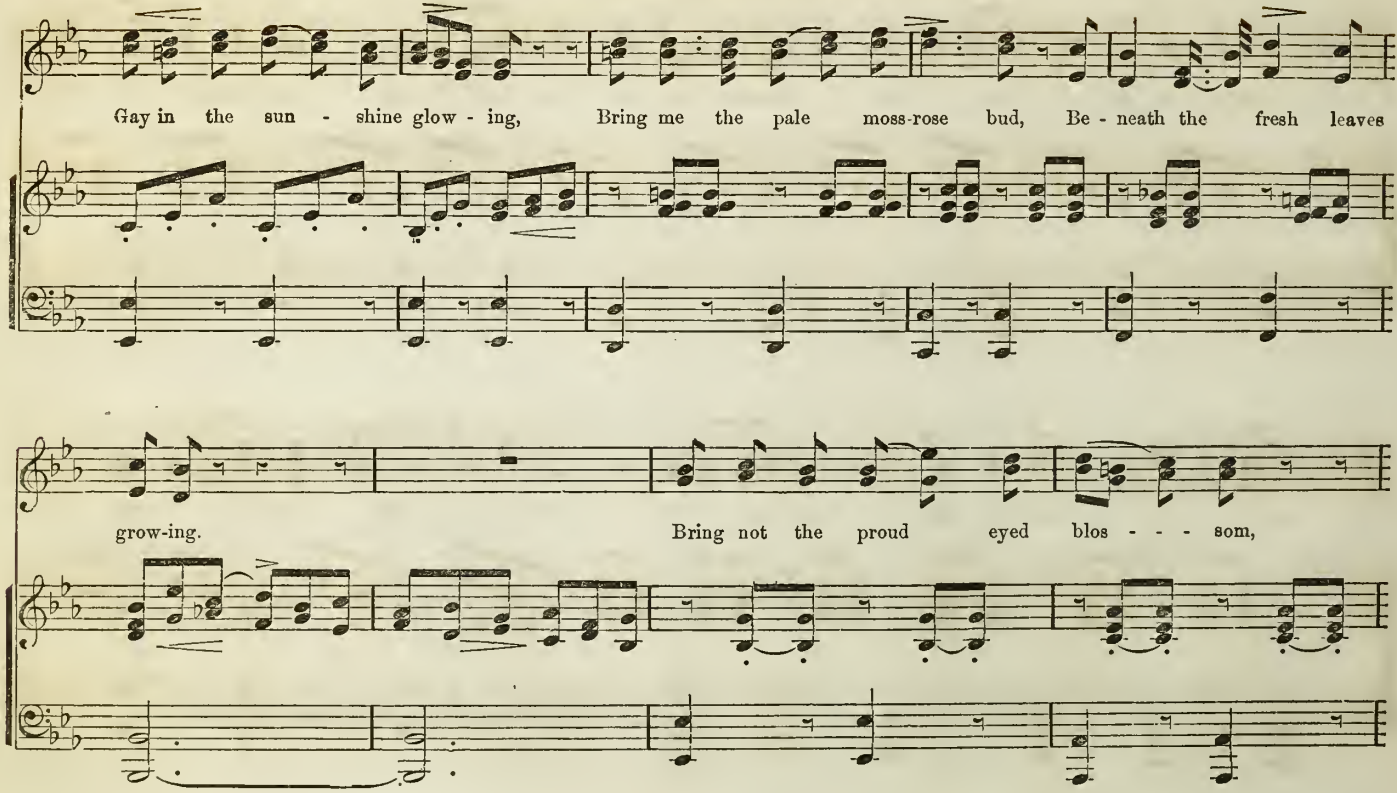


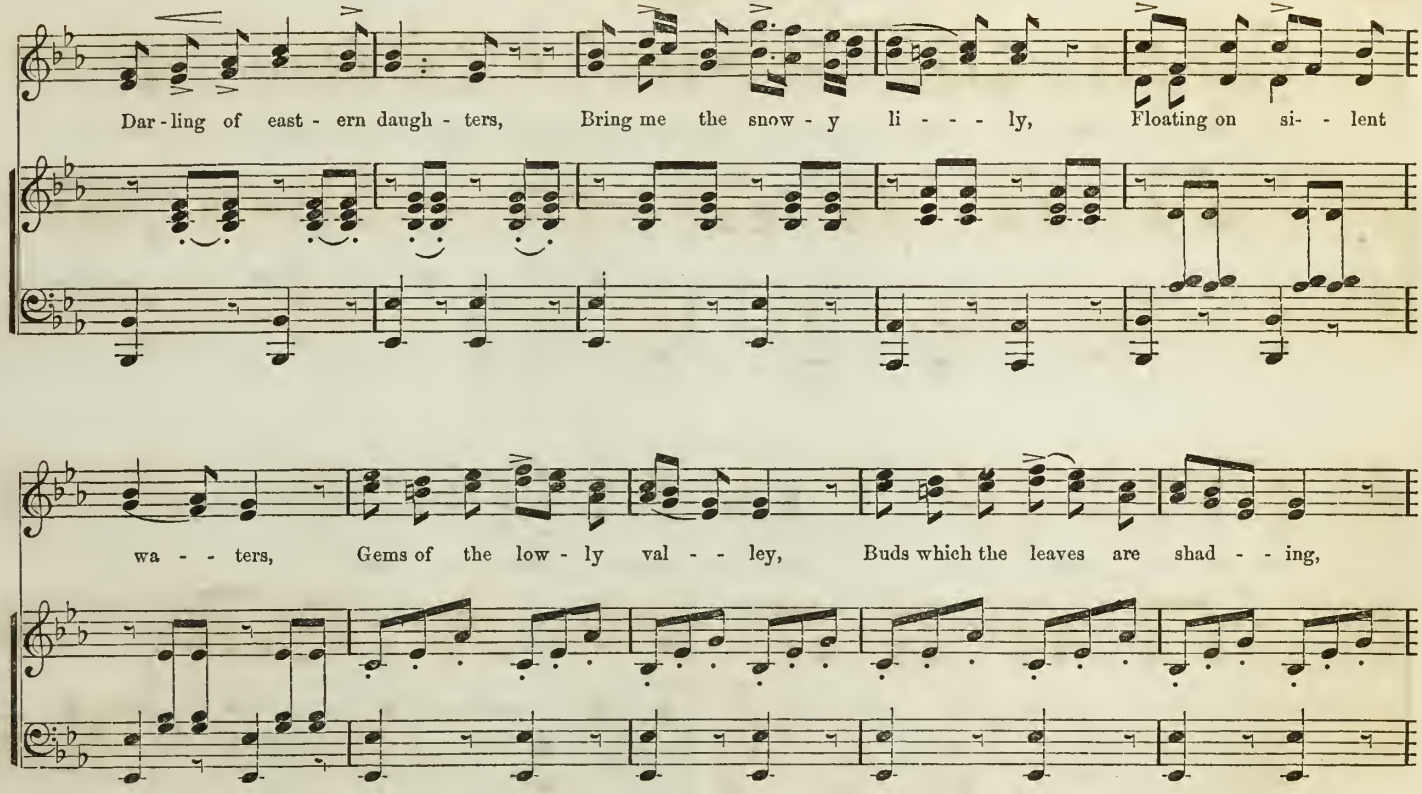
Larghetto.

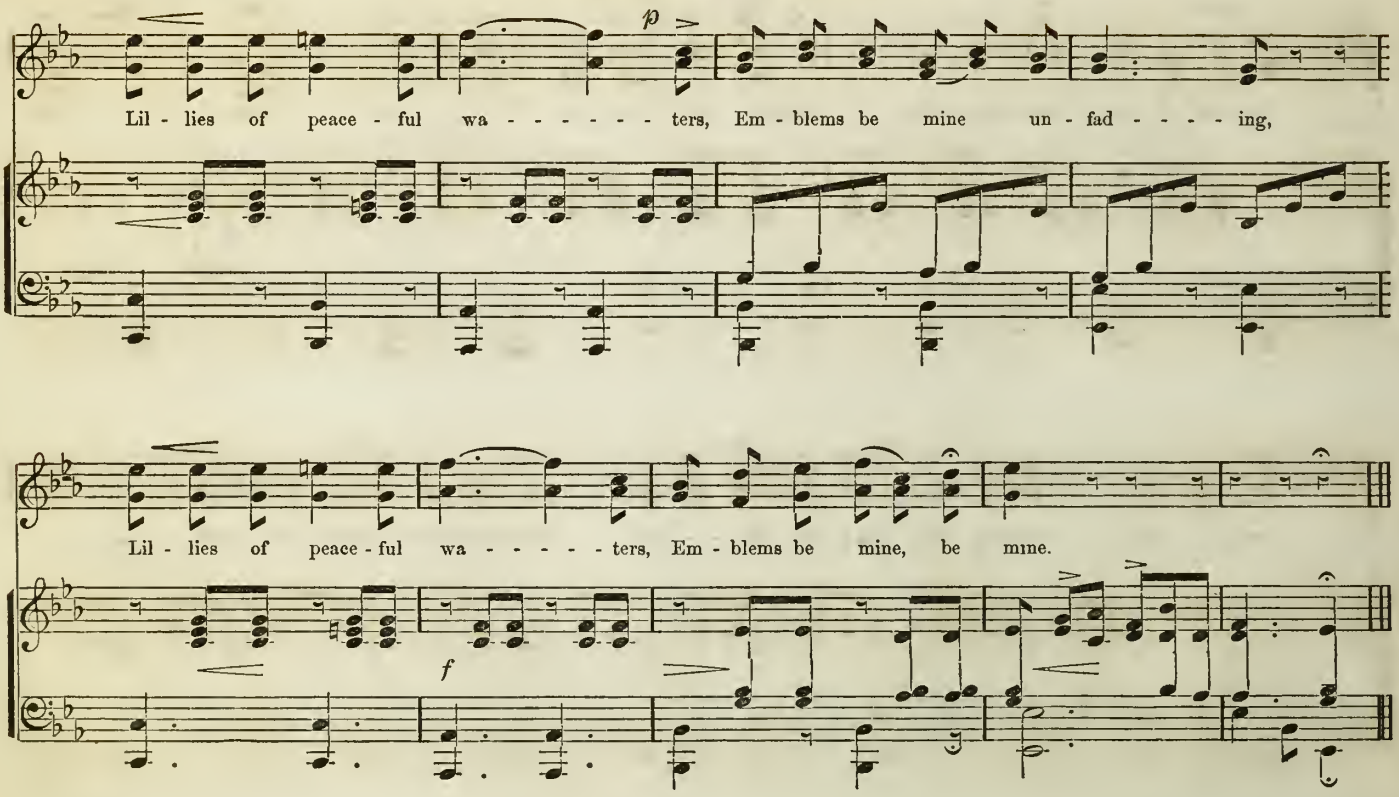
DONIZETTI.

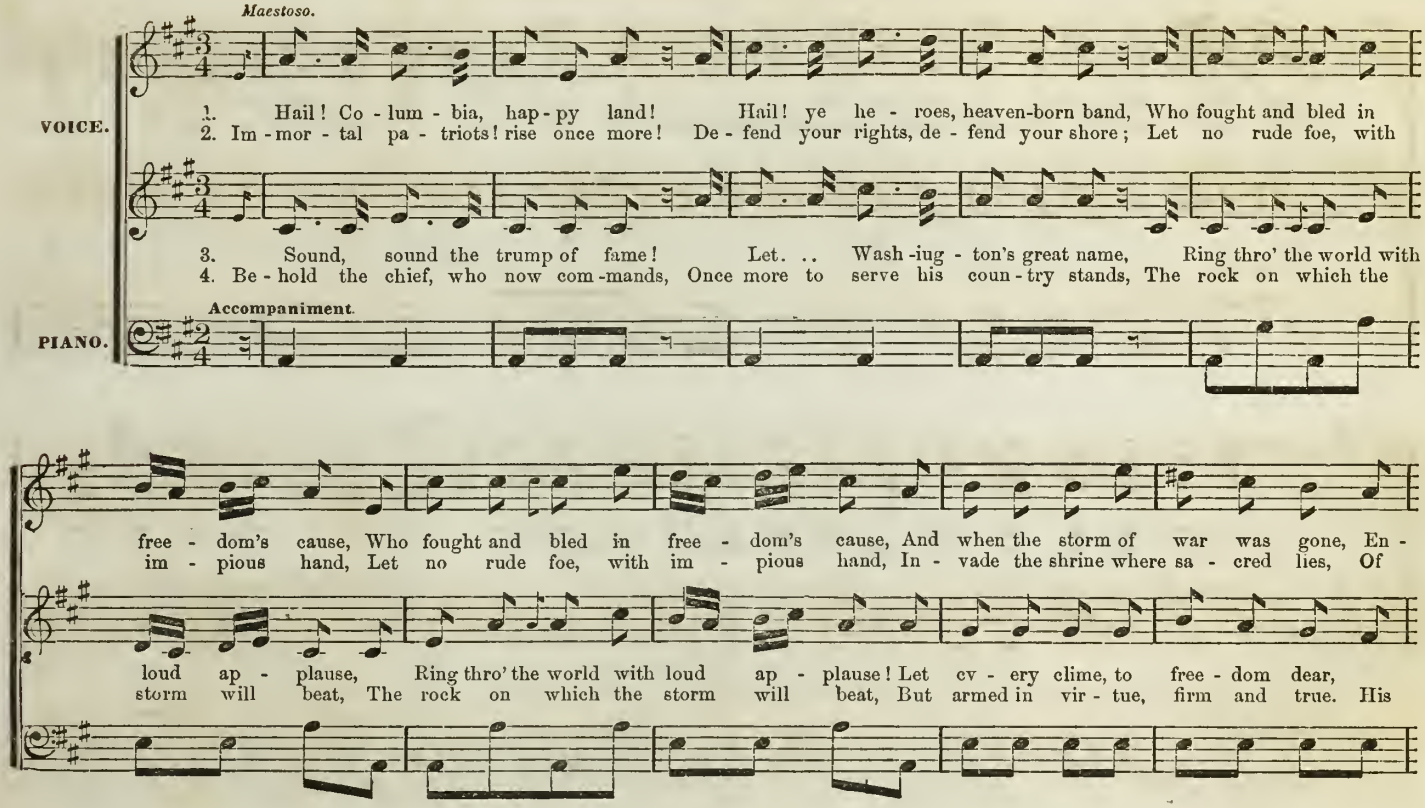


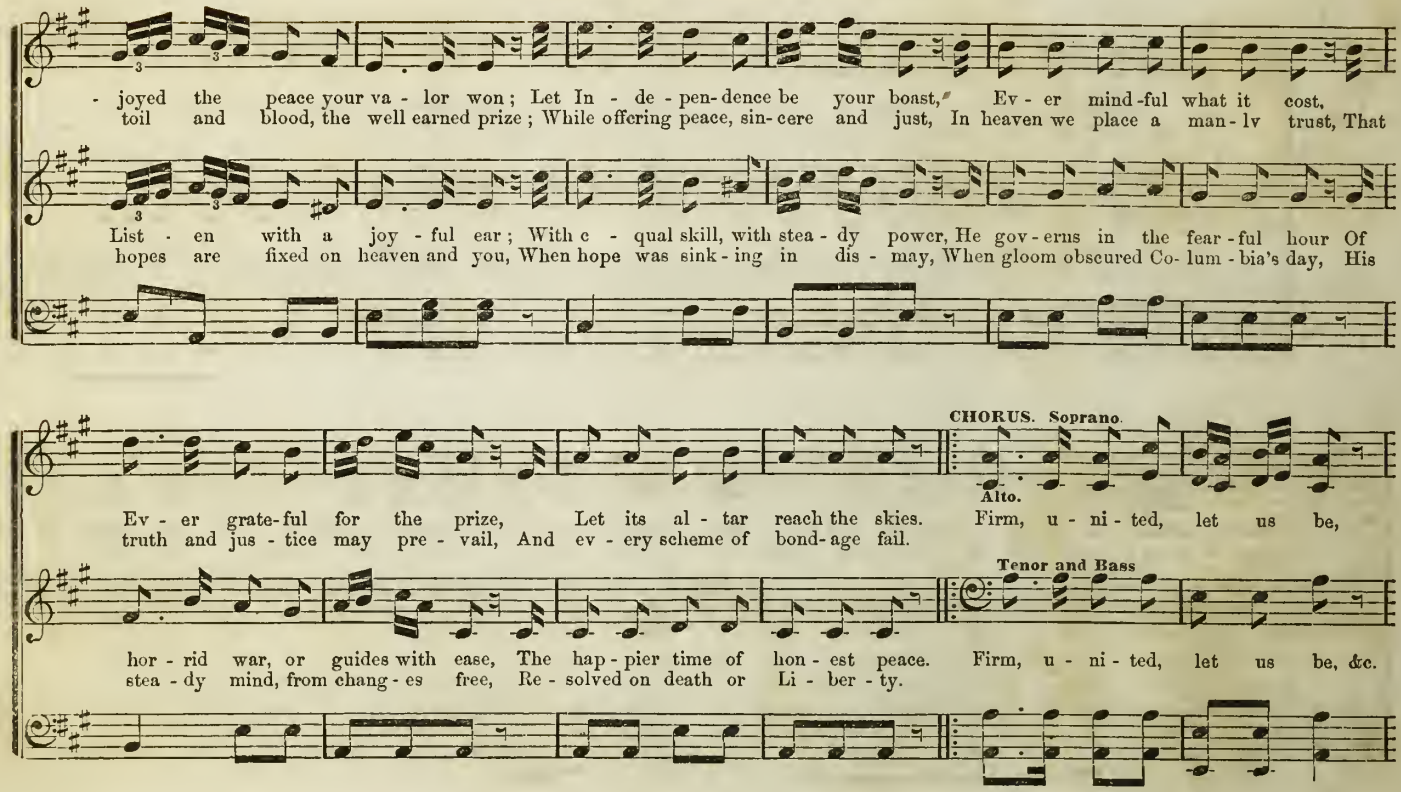
Make me no gaudy Chaplet.—Continued.

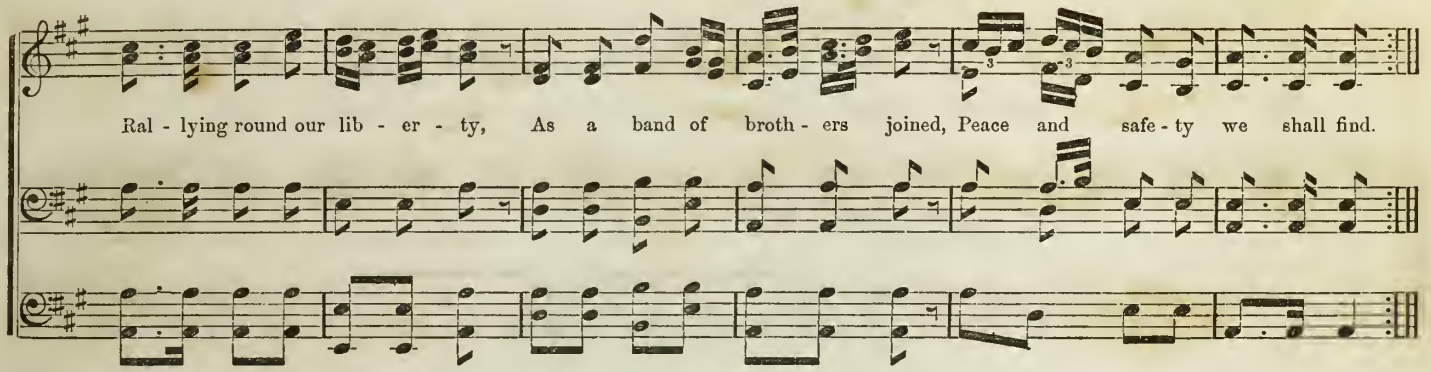



Dar - ling of east - ern daugh - ters, Bring me the snow - y li - - - ly, Floating on si- - lent
wa - - ters, Gems of the low - ly val - - ley, Buds which the leaves are shad - - ing,


p
Lil - lies of peace - ful wa - - - - - - ters, Em - blems be mine un - fad - - - - ing,
Lil - lies of peace - ful wa - - - - - ters, Em - blems be mine, be mine.
f

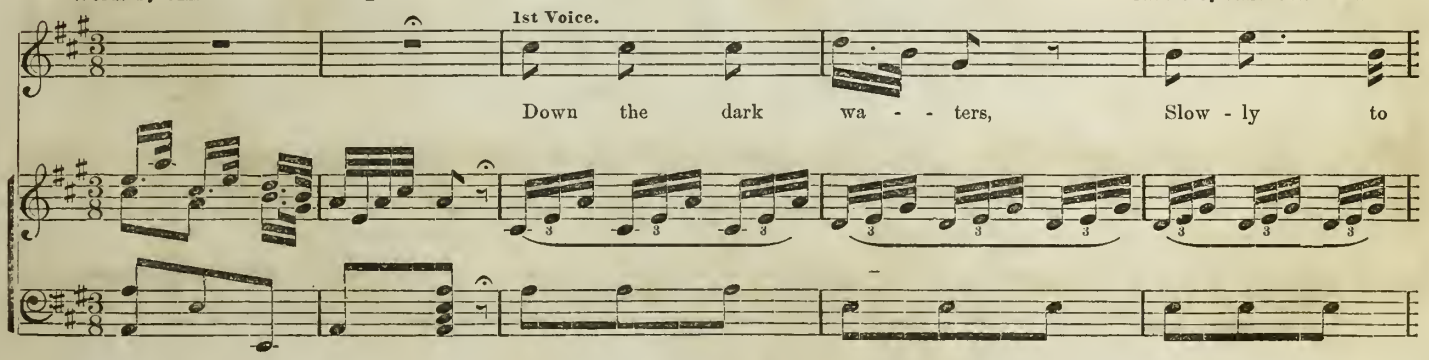

Maestoso.
VOICE.
1. Hail! Co - lum - bia, hap - py land! Hail! ye he - roes, heaven-born band, Who fought and bled in
2. Im - mor - tal pa - triots! rise once more! De - fend your rights, de - fend your shore; Let no rude foe, with
3. Sound, sound the trump of fame! Let. .. Wash - ing - ton's great name, Ring thro' the world with
4. Be - hold the chief, who now com - mands, Once more to serve his coun - try stands, The rock on which the
Accompaniment.
PIANO.
free - dom's cause, Who fought and bled in free - dom's cause, And when the storm of war was gone, En -
im - pious hand, Let no rude foe, with im - pious hand, In - vade the shrine where sa - cred lies, Of
loud ap - plause, Ring thro' the world with loud ap - plause! Let ev - ery clime, to free - dom dear,
storm will beat, The rock on which the storm will beat, But armed in vir - tue, firm and true. His


- joyed the peace your va - lor won; Let In - de - pen-dence be your boast, Ev - er mind-ful what it cost,
toil and blood, the well earned prize; While offering peace, sin-cere and just, In heaven we place a man-ly trust, That
List - en with a joy - ful ear; With e - qual skill, with stea - dy power, He gov-erns in the fear-ful hour Of
hopes are fixed on heaven and you, When hope was sink-ing in dis - may, When gloom obscured Co-lum-bia's day, His
CHORUS. Soprano.
Alto.
Ev - er grate-ful for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies. Firm, u - ni - ted, let us be,
truth and jus - tice may pre - vail, And ev - ery scheme of bond-age fail.
Tenor and Bass
hor - rid war, or guides with ease, The hap - pier time of hon - est peace. Firm, u - ni - ted, let us be, &c.
stea - dy mind, from chang - es free, Re - solved on death or Li - ber - ty.

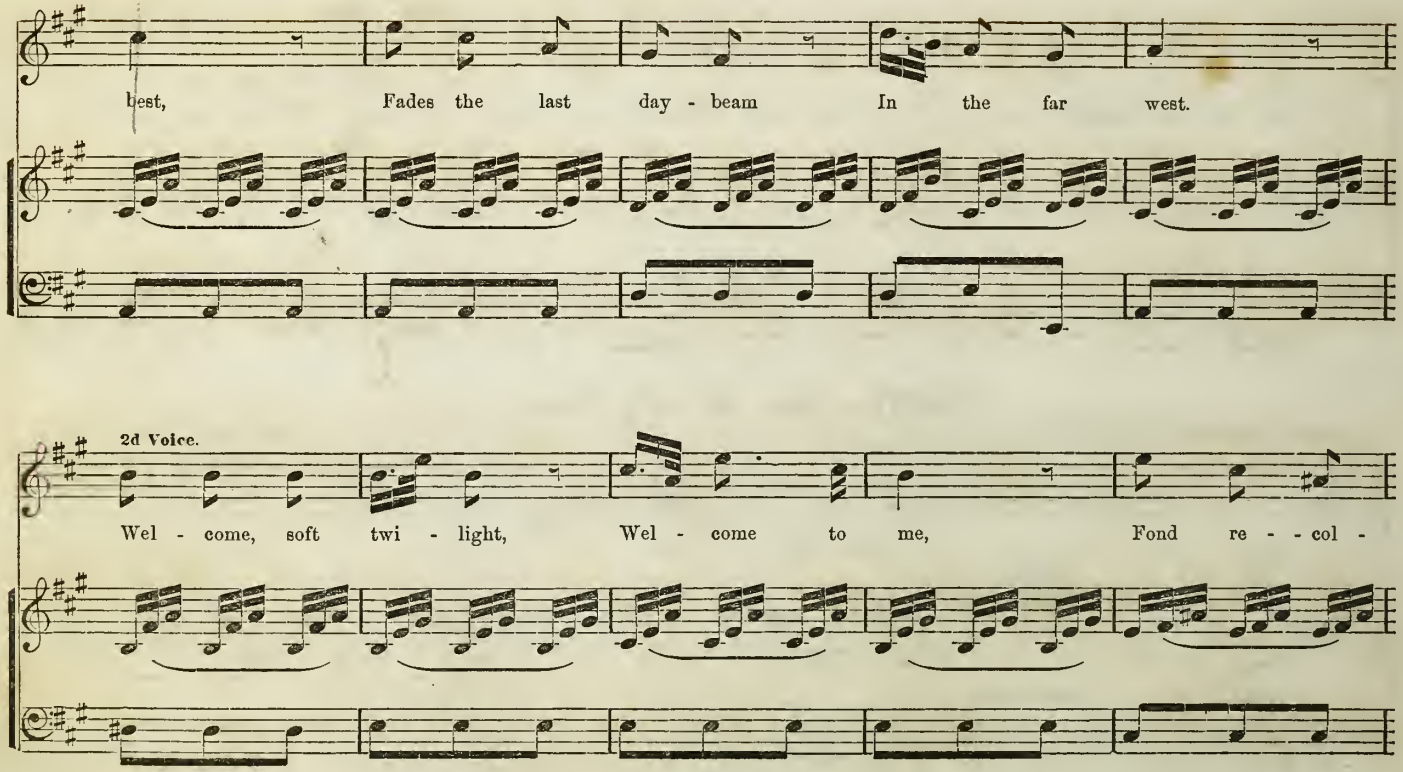


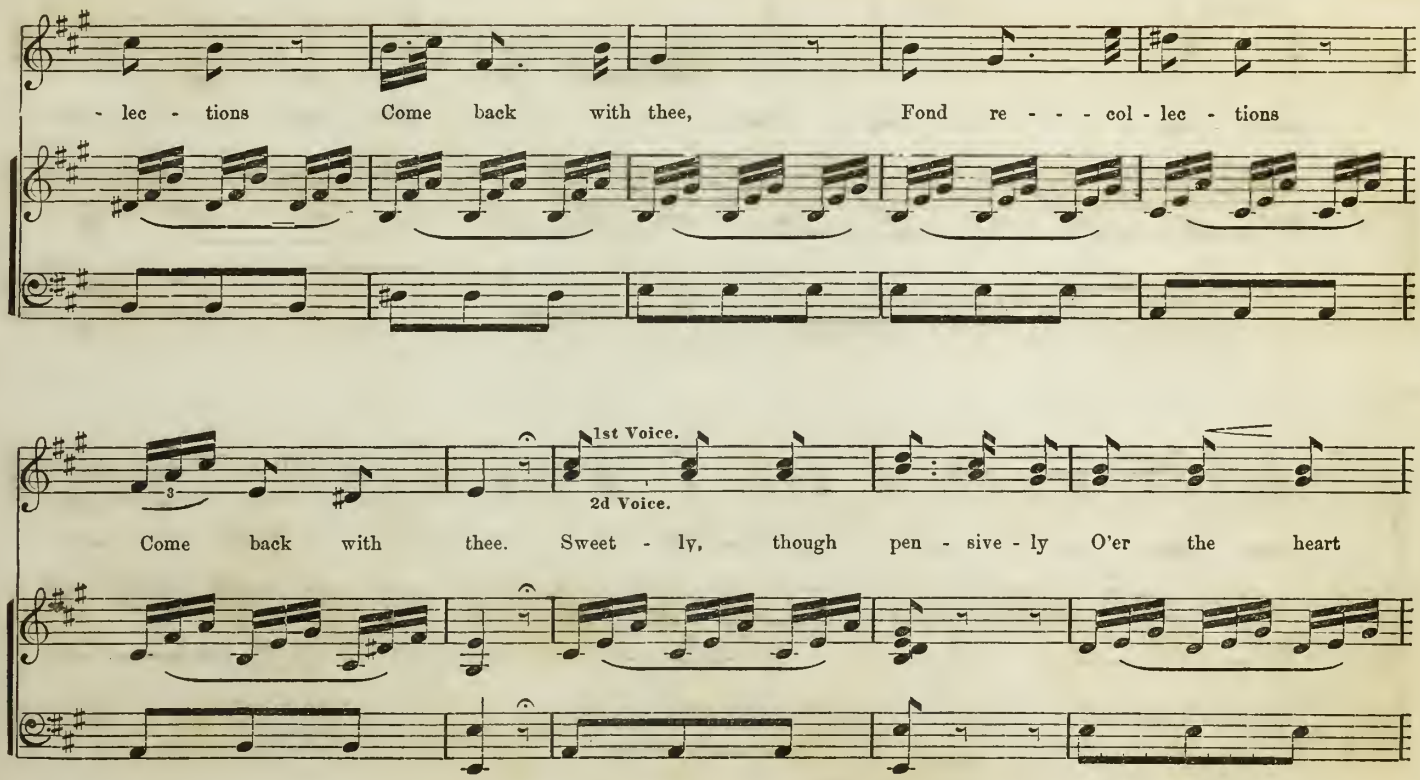
DUETT.—Down the dark Waters.

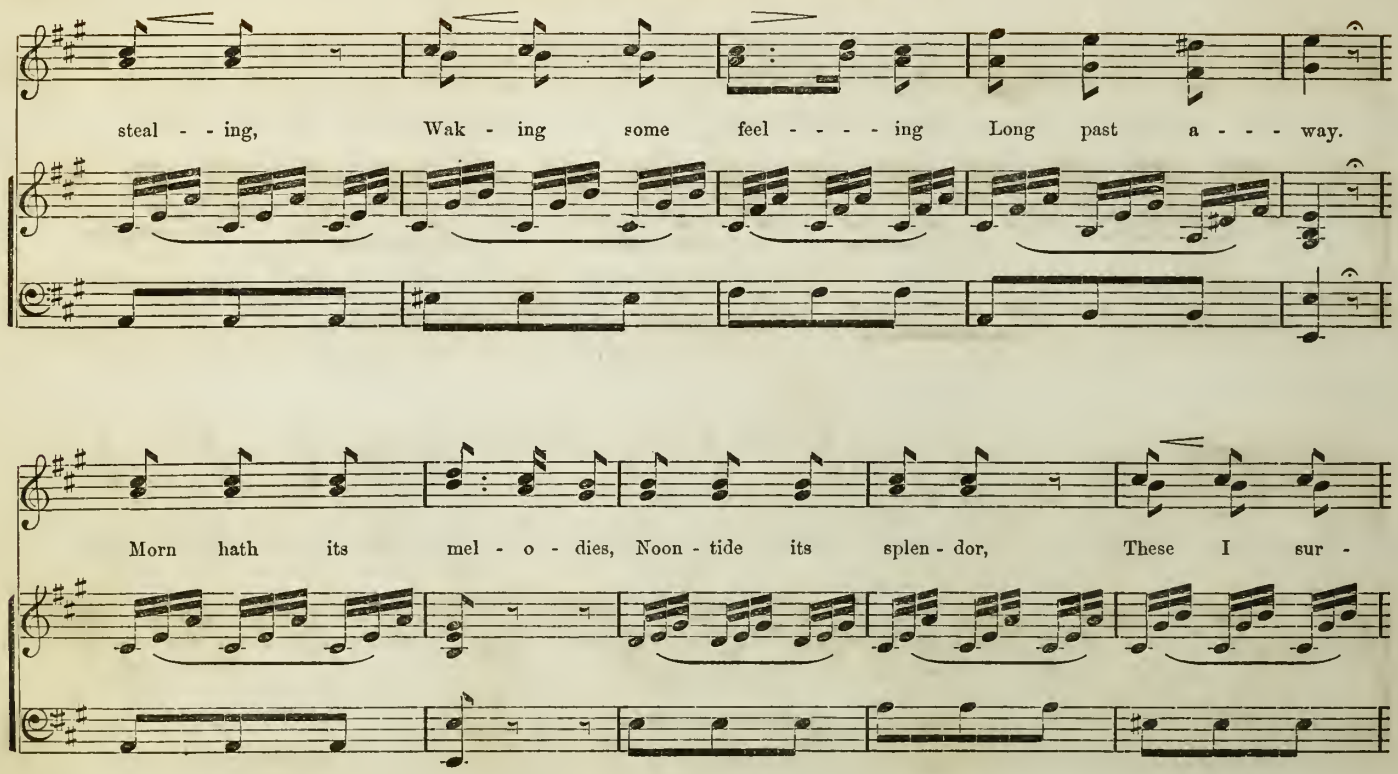
Words by CHARLES JEFFREYS. Music by ZINGARELLI.

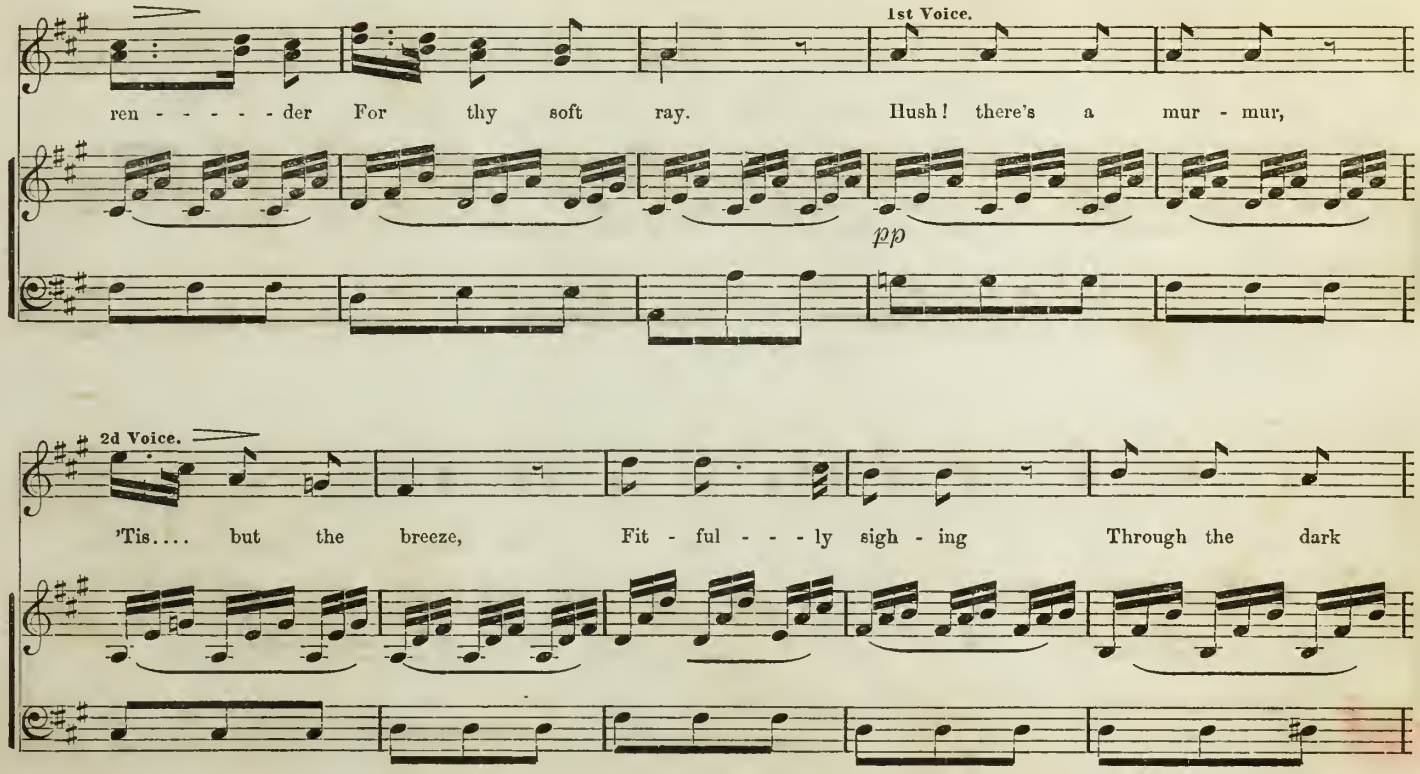


Down the dark Waters.—Continued.

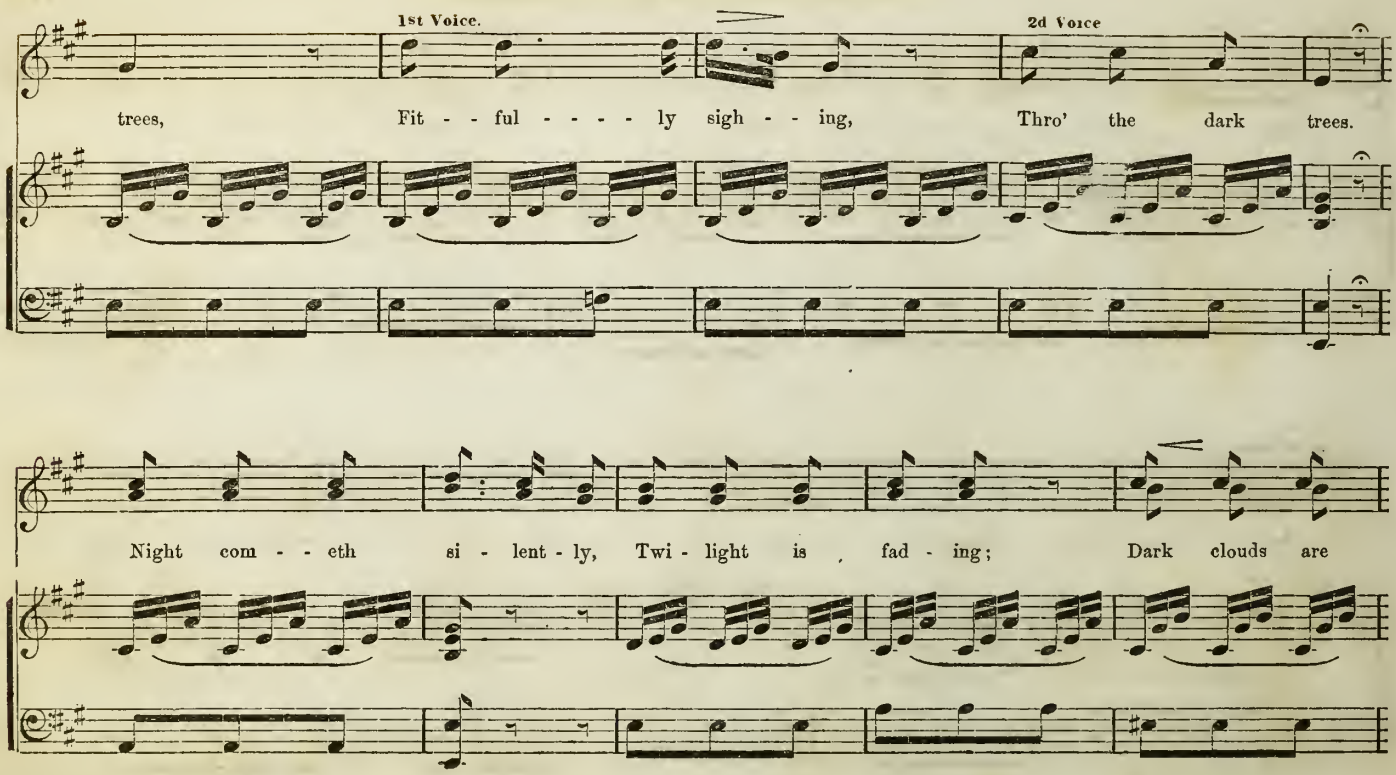


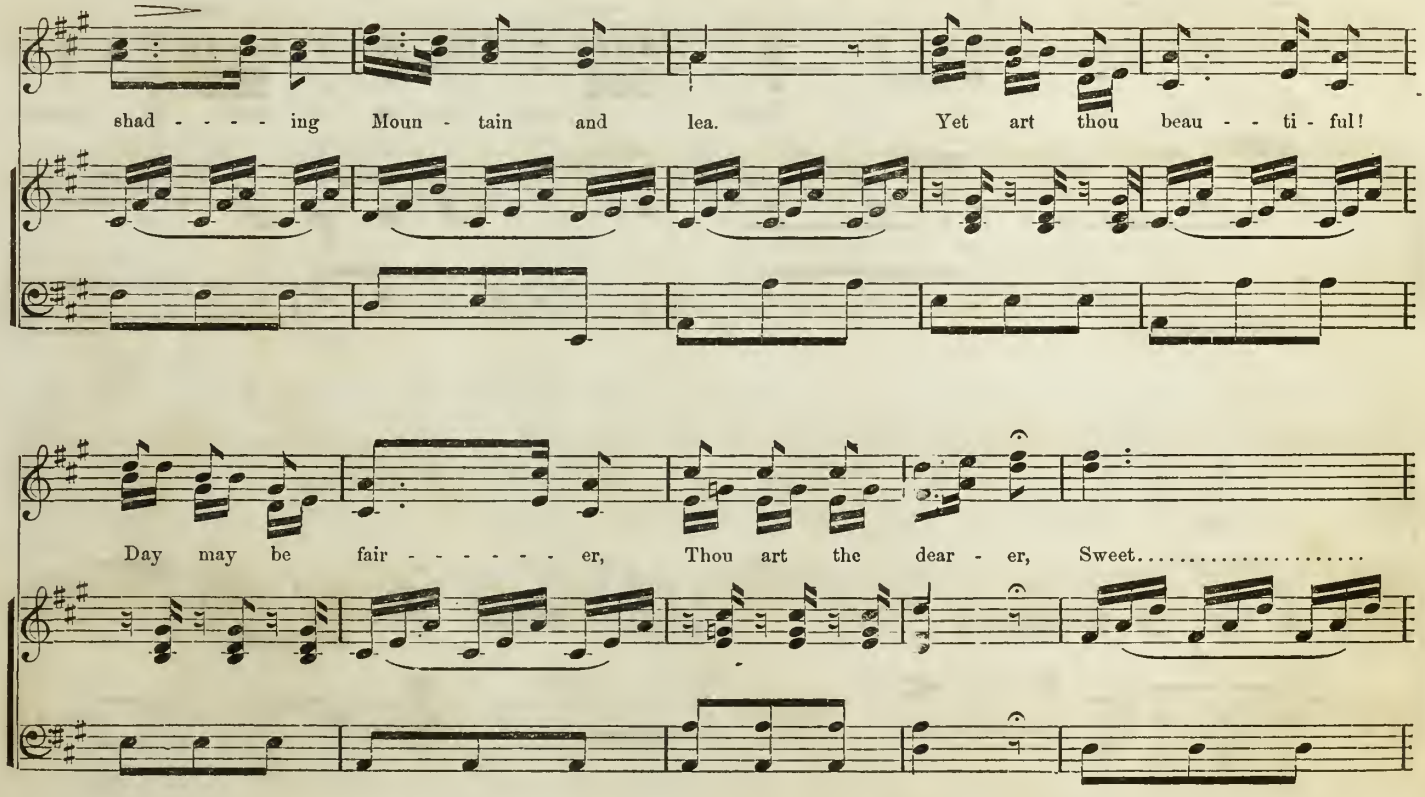

- lec - tions Come back with thee, Fond re - - - - col - lec - tions
1st Voice.
2d Voice.
Come back with thee. Sweet - ly, though pen - sive - ly O'er the heart


steal - - ing, Wak - ing some feel - - - - ing Long past a - - - way.
Morn hath its mel - o - dies, Noon - tide its splen - dor, These I sur -

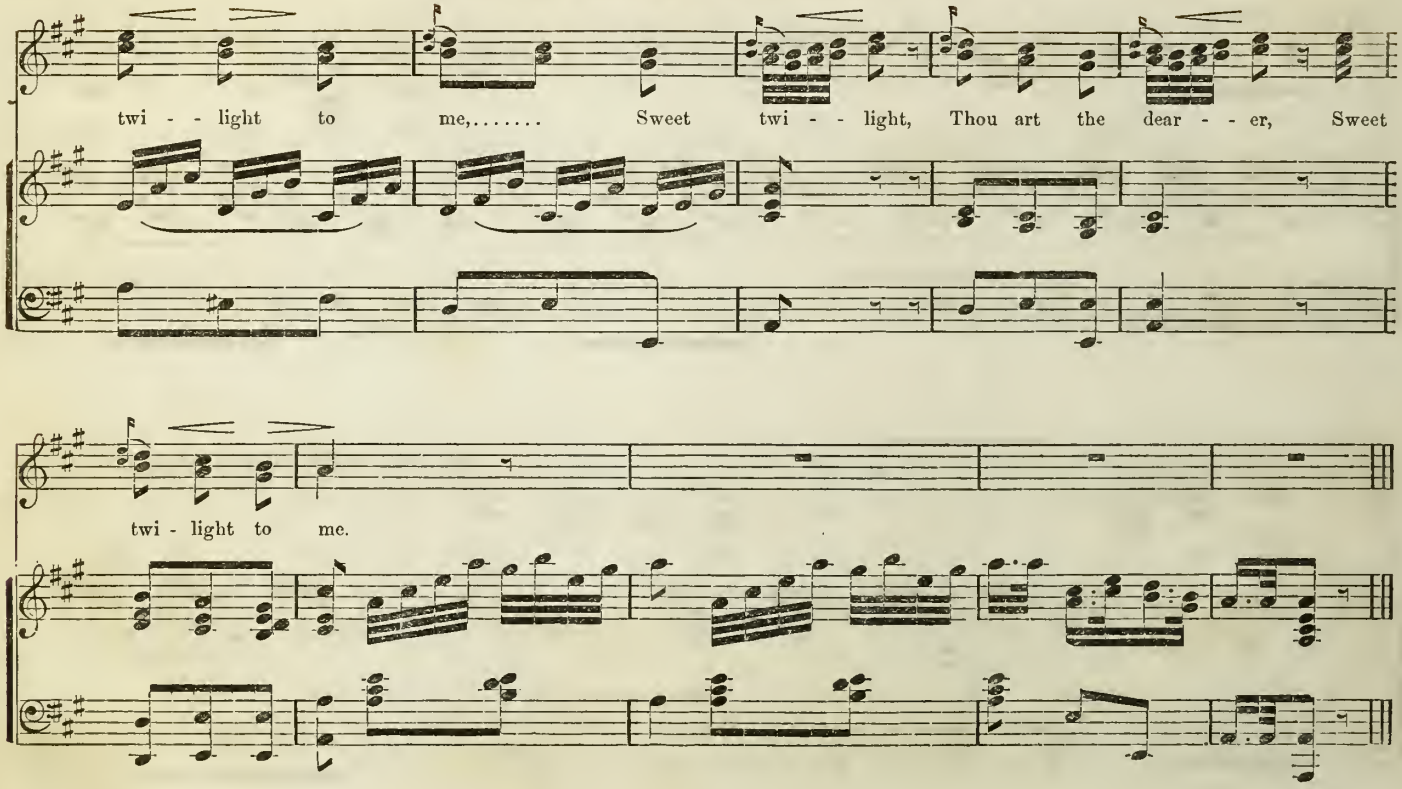

1st Voice.
ren - - - - - der For thy soft ray. Hush! there's a mur - mur,
pp
2d Voice.
'Tis.... but the breeze, Fit - ful - - - ly sigh - ing Through the dark

Down the dark Waters.—Continued.

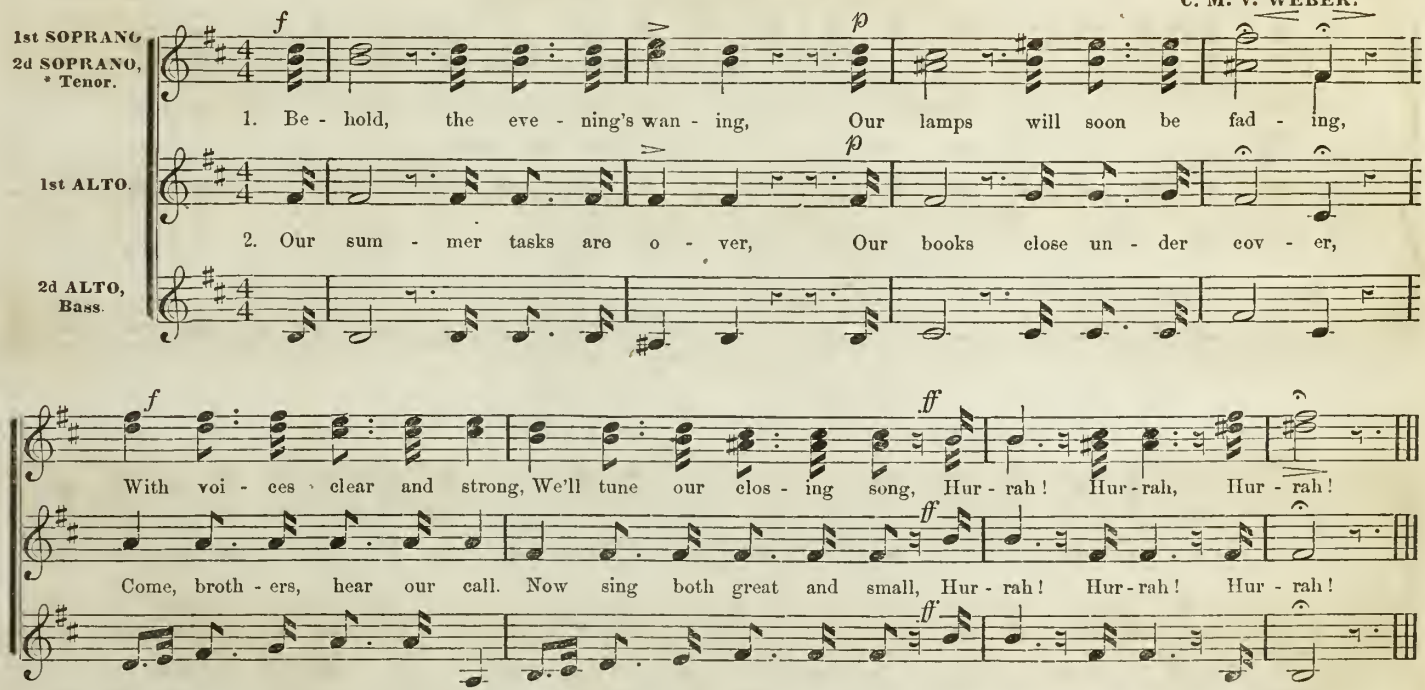



shad - - - - ing Moun - tain and lea. Yet art thou beau - - ti - ful!
Day may be fair - - - - - - er, Thou art the dear - er, Sweet.....

Down the dark Waters.—Concluded.



C. M. v. WEBER.



3 The morn will soon be gleaming,
The sun with brightness beaming,
Wake, brothers, one and all,
Shall be our morning call,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

4 We'll climb the lofty mountains,
We'll drink from cooling fountains,
Free as the mountain bird,
We'll make our voices heard,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

1 Behold the morning gleaming,
Behold the sun is beaming;
Wake, brothers, one and all,
Wake to the morning call!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

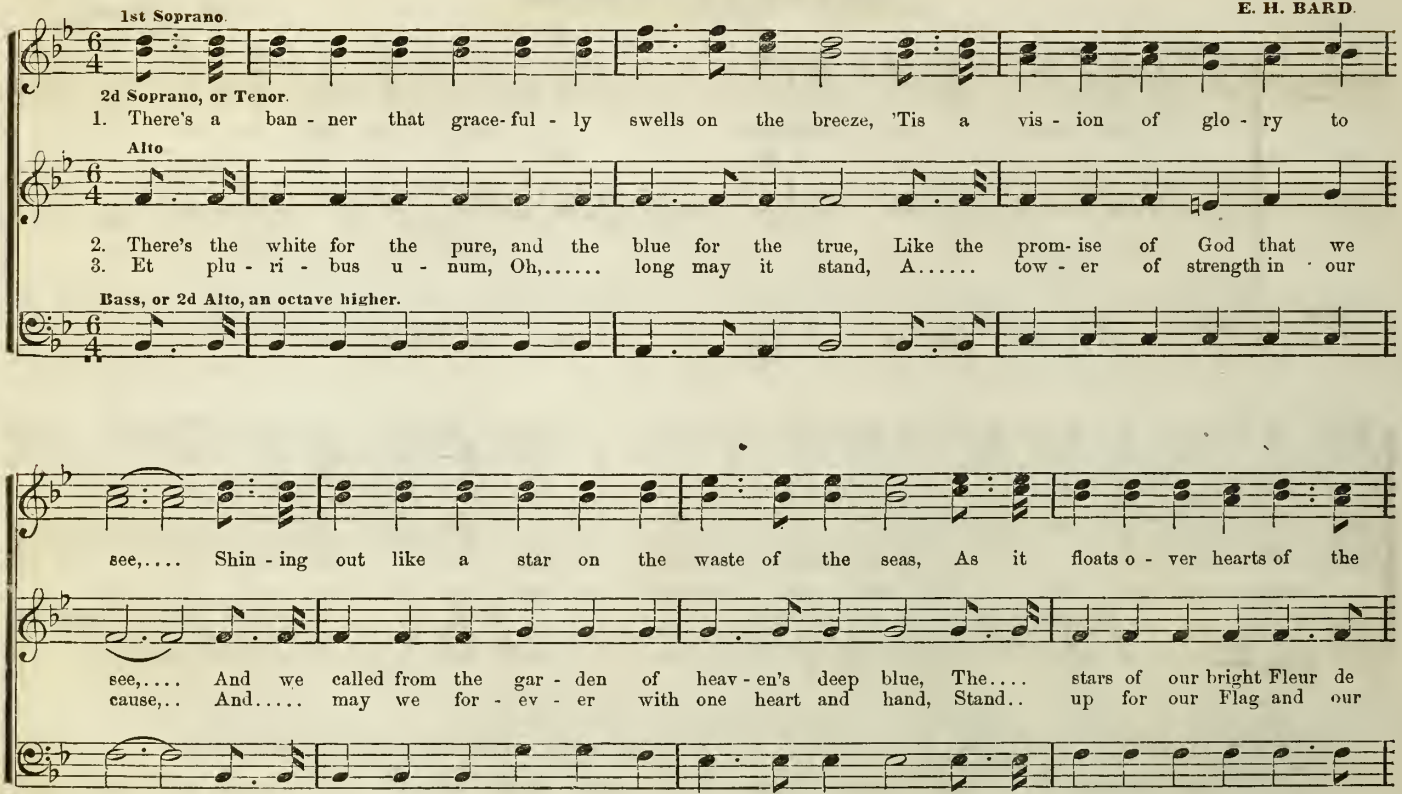
2 Away to fertile meadows,
Away to active labors;
Wake, brothers, one and all, &c.

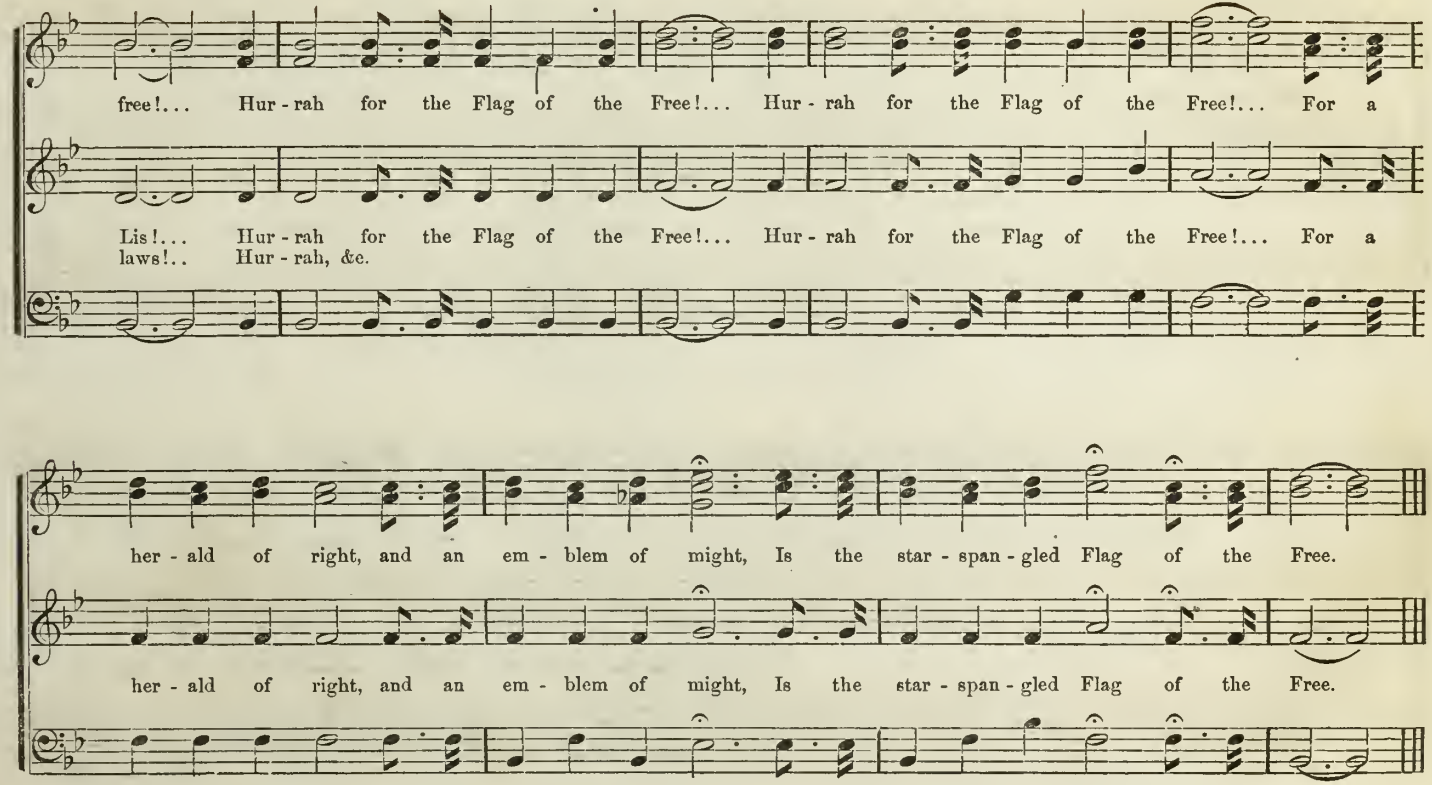
REPEAT FIRST VERSE.

* When sung by mixed voices.

THE FLAG OF THE FREE.

E. H. BARD.




free!... Hur - rah for the Flag of the Free!... Hur - rah for the Flag of the Free!... For a
Lis!... Hur - rah for the Flag of the Free!... Hur - rah for the Flag of the Free!... For a
laws!.. Hur - rah, &c.
her - ald of right, and an em - blem of might, Is the star - span - gled Flag of the Free.
her - ald of right, and an em - blem of might, Is the star - span - gled Flag of the Free.

RISE, CYNTHIA, RISE!

HOOK.

Andante.

1st Soprano.

Rise, Cyn - thia, rise!.. Rise, Cyn - thia, rise!... The rud - dy morn on tip - toe stands, To view thy smil - ing

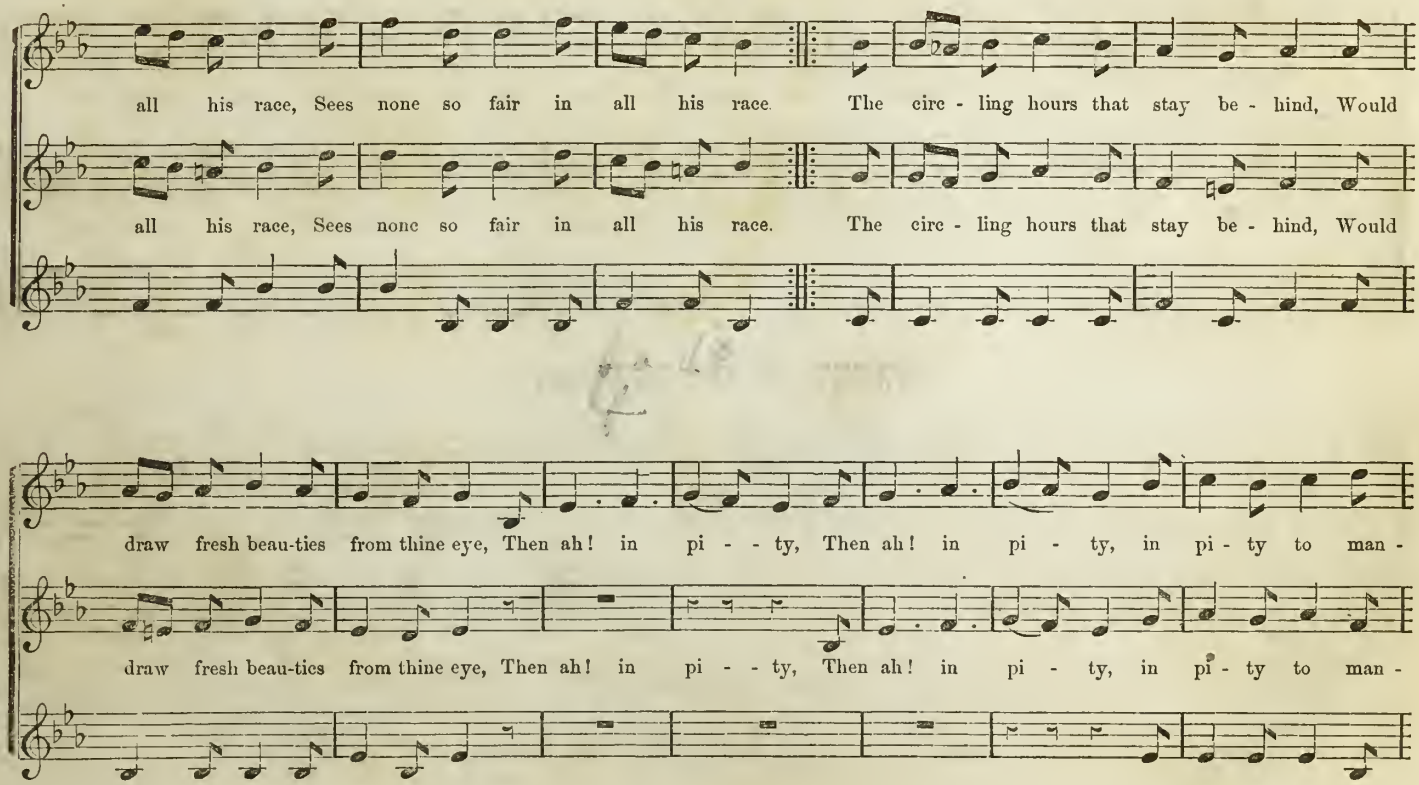
2d Soprano.

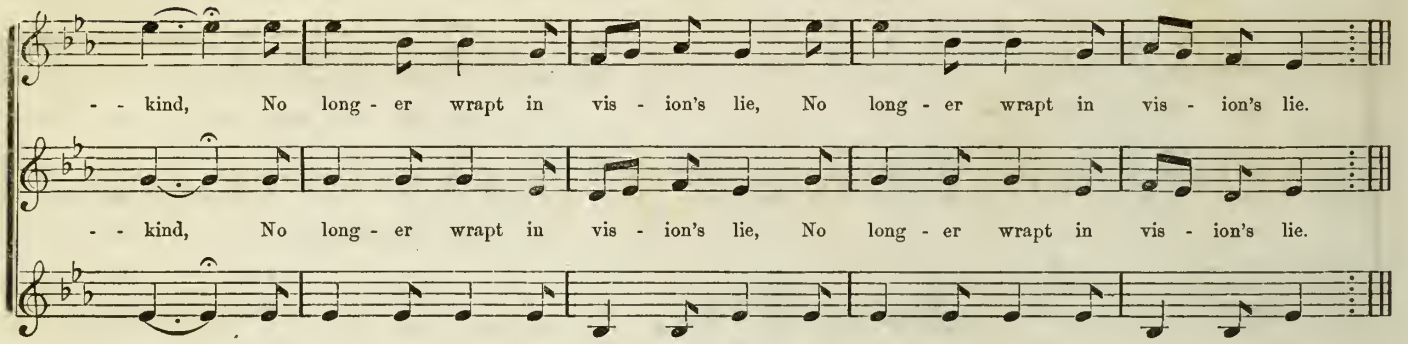
Rise, Cyn - thia, rise!... The rud - dy morn on tip - toe stands, To view thy smil - ing

Alto

face. Phœ - bus, on fleet - est cours-ers borne, Phœ - bus, on fleet - est cours-ers borne, Sees none so fair in

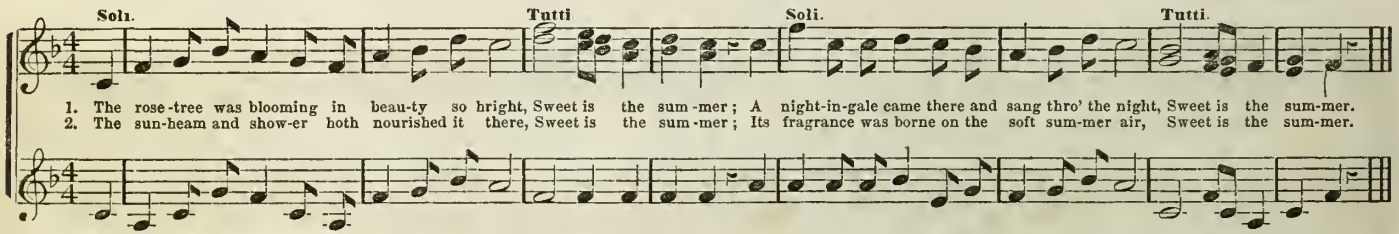
face. Phœ - bus, on fleet - est cours-ers borne, Sees none so fair in


all his race, Sees none so fair in all his race. The circ - ling hours that stay be - hind, Would
all his race, Sees none so fair in all his race. The circ - ling hours that stay be - hind, Would
draw fresh beau-ties from thine eye, Then ah! in pi - - ty, Then ah! in pi - ty, in pi - ty to man -
draw fresh beau-ties from thine eye, Then ah! in pi - - ty, Then ah! in pi - ty, in pi - ty to man -



SWEET IS THE SUMMER.

R. BELFSLEID.

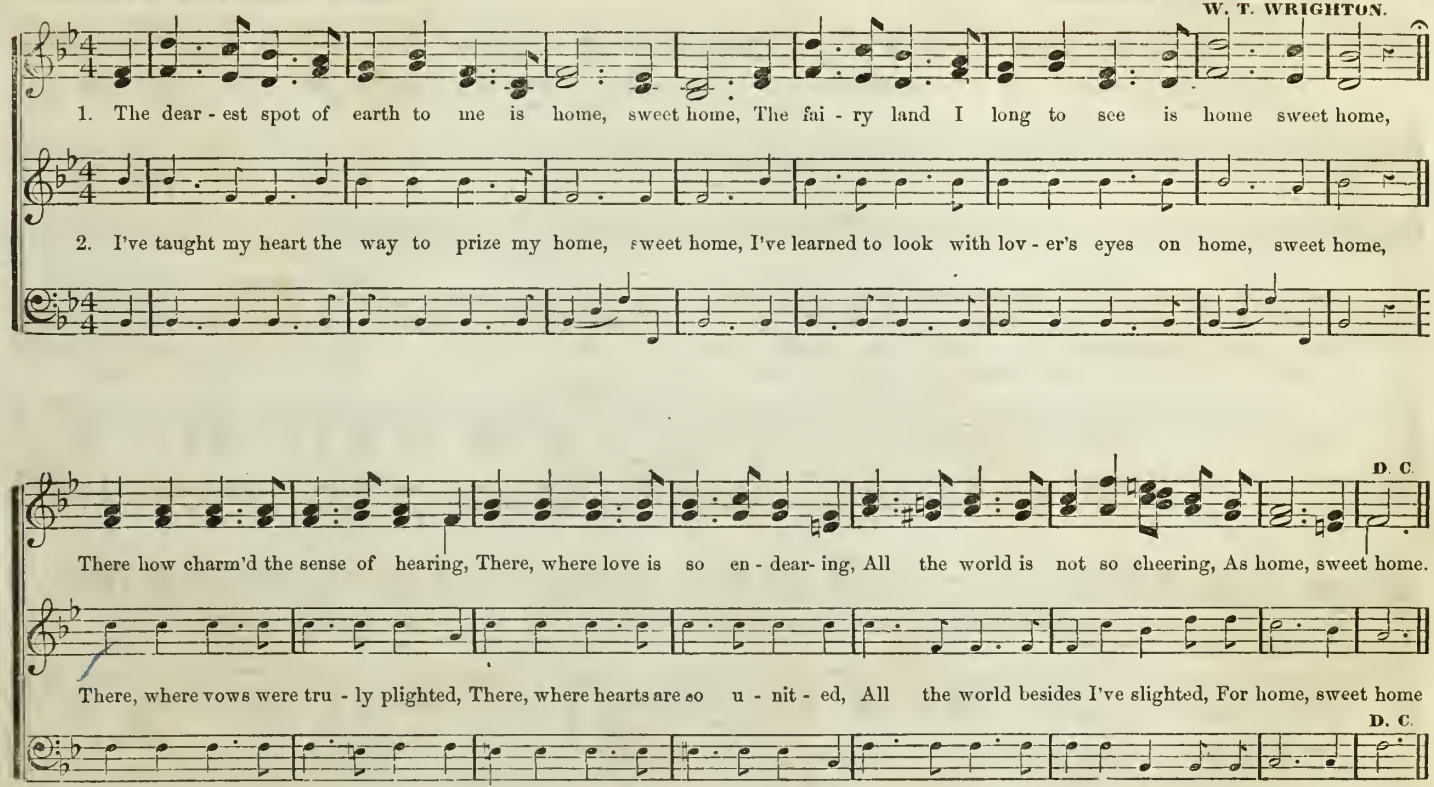


3 The roses are scattered, the warbler is flown,
Sweet is the summer,
The tree now stands leafless and sadly alone,
Sweet is the summer.

4 But strong in its root does the life-spring remain,
Sweet is the summer,
The leaf and the flower will spring forth again,
Sweet is the summer.

5 Again will the summer in gladness appear,
Sweet is the summer,
The rose and the songster will soon charm us here,
Sweet is the summer.

6 Then ever be hopeful, and guard well thy heart,
Sweet is the summer,
That pleasures immortal may be thy blest part,
Sweet is the summer.


W. T. WRIGHTON.
1. The dear - est spot of earth to me is home, sweet home, The fai - ry land I long to see is home sweet home,
2. I've taught my heart the way to prize my home, sweet home, I've learned to look with lov - er's eyes on home, sweet home,
D. C.
There how charm'd the sense of hearing, There, where love is so en - dear- ing, All the world is not so cheering, As home, sweet home.
There, where vows were tru - ly plighted, There, where hearts are so u - nit - ed, All the world besides I've slighted, For home, sweet home
D. C.

DUETT.—Home to our Mountains.

Words by CHARLES JEFFREYS.
Tenor or Soprano.

Music by VERDI. From "Il Trovatore."

If yet thou lov'st me, If yet my voice can move thee, Oh mo-ther, it's thy son who now implores thee : For - get those dark
Se m'ami an - cor, se vo - - ce di fi - glio Che pos - sa d'u - na ma - dre in se - no al ter - ro - ri dell'

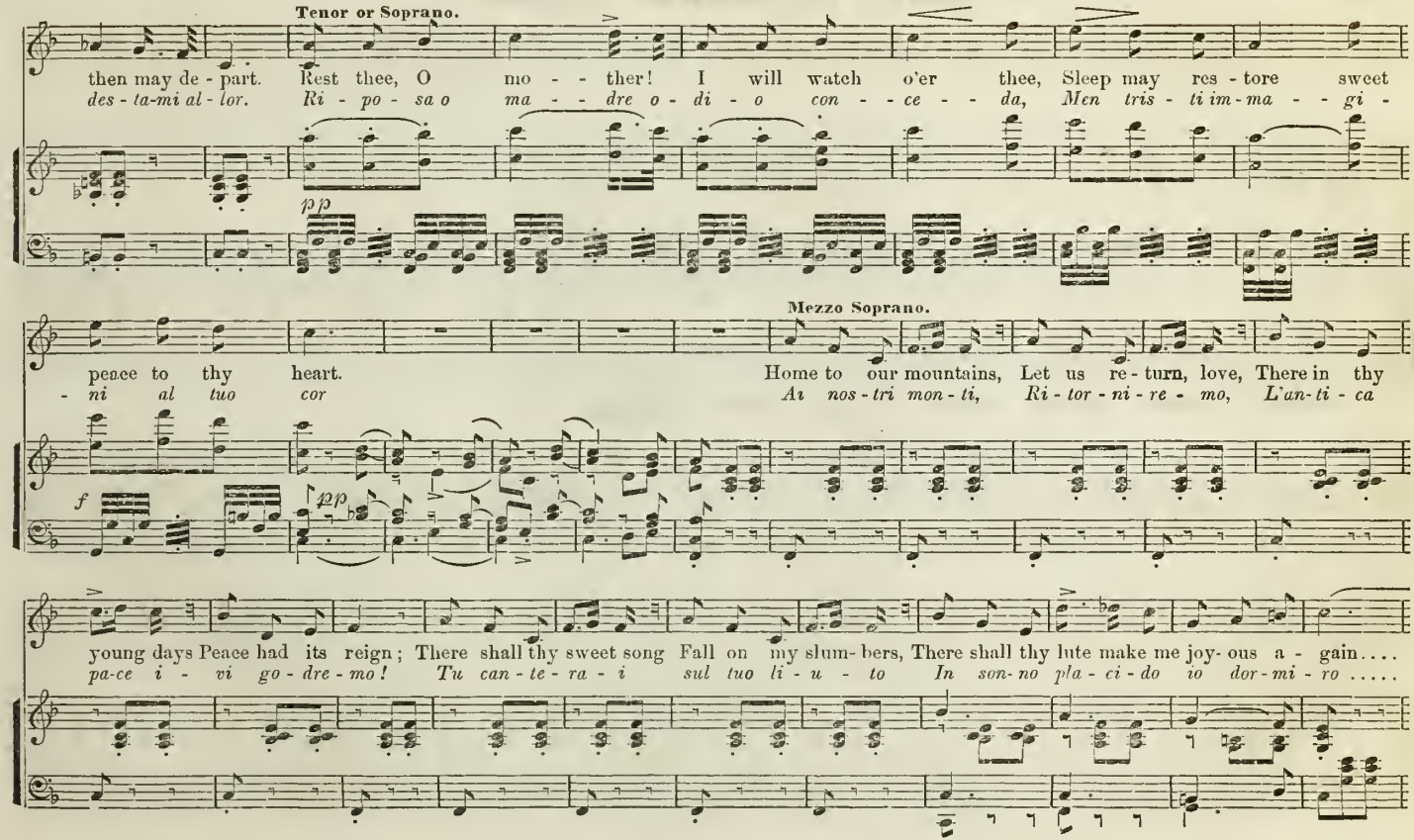
Allarg.

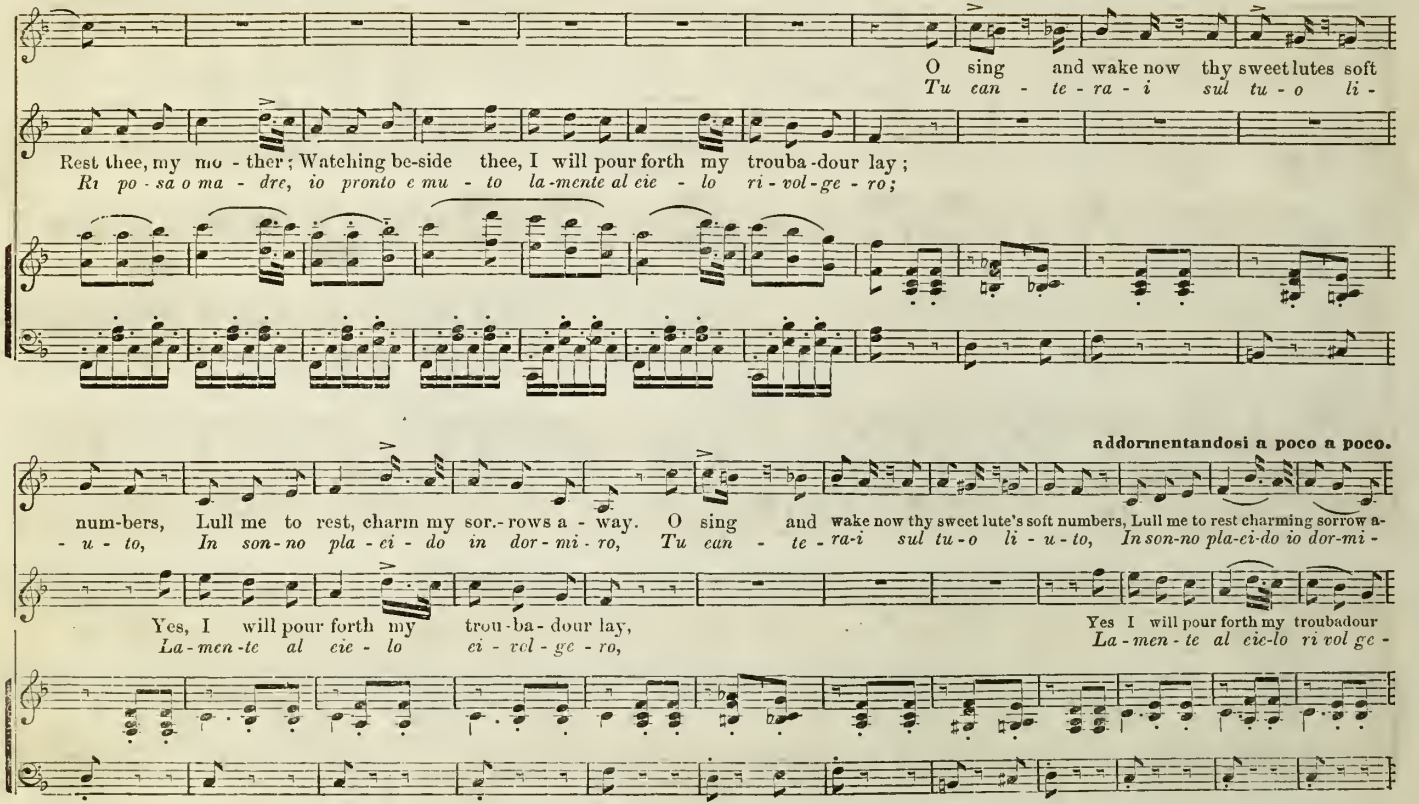
Mezzo Soprano, *Tutta a mezza voce.*

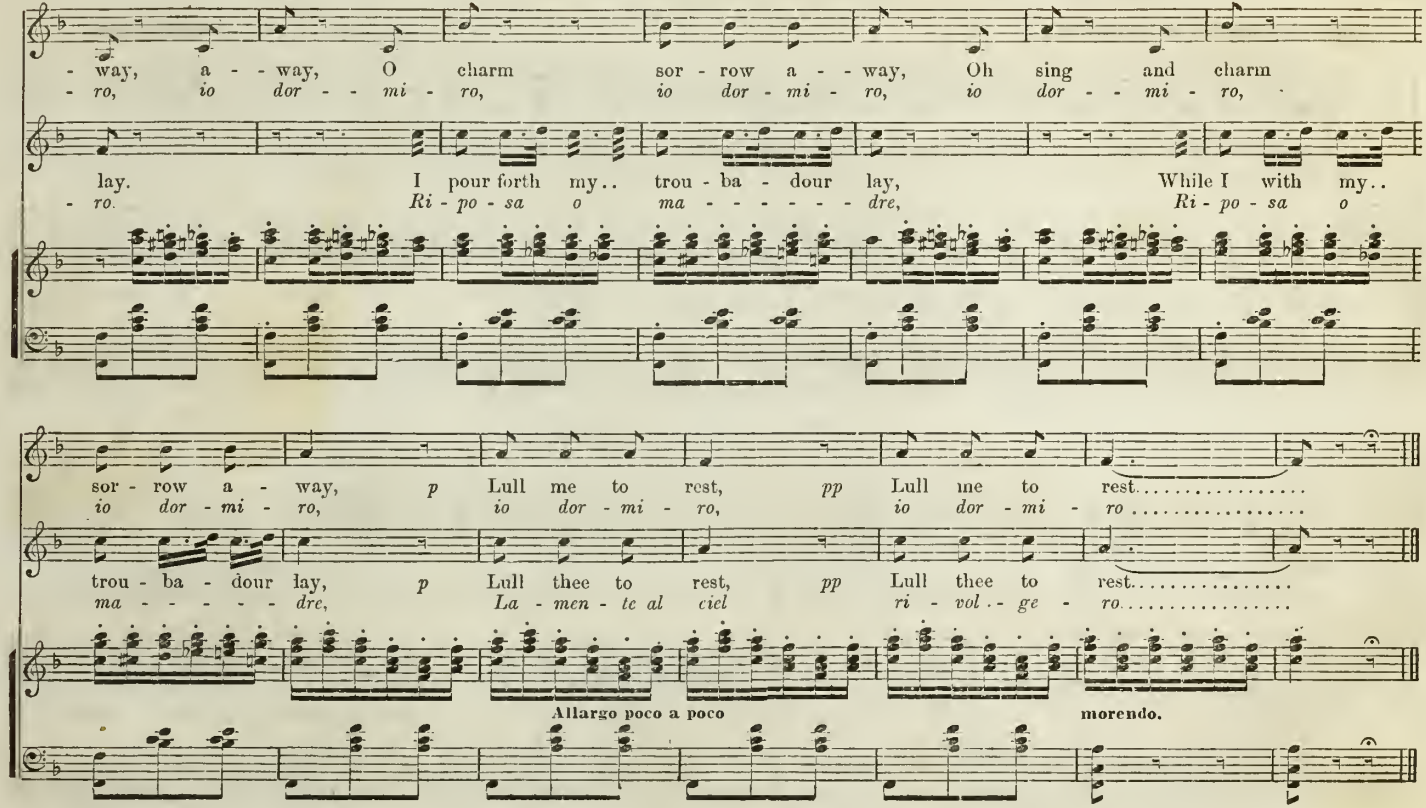
hor - rors, and let sweet sleep now calm... thy soul to re - - pose. Yes, I am grief-worn, and fain would
al - ma o - bli - o cer - ca nel son - - no, e po - sa e cal - - ma. Si, la stan-chez-za m'op-prime o

Andantino.

rest me, But more than grief, have sad dreams oppressed me ; Should that dread vis - ion rise in my slumbers—Rouse me ! its hor - rors
fi - glio, Al - la qui - e - te io chiudo il ci - glio, Ma se del ro - go ar - der - si ve - da L'or - ri - da fiam - ma,


Tenor or Soprano.
then may de - part. Rest thee, O mo - - ther! I will watch o'er thee, Sleep may res - tore sweet
des - ta-mi al - lor. Ri - po - sa o ma - - dre o - di - o con - - ce - - da, Men tris - ti im-ma - - gi -
pp
Mezzo Soprano.
peace to thy heart. Home to our mountains, Let us re - turn, love, There in thy
- ni al tuo cor Ai nos - tri mon - ti, Ri - tor - ni - re - mo, L'an-ti - ca
f
pp
young days Peace had its reign; There shall thy sweet song Fall on my slum-bers, There shall thy lute make me joy- ous a - gain....
pa-ce i - vi go - dre - mo! Tu can - te - ra - i sul tuo li - u - to In son- no pla - ci - do io dor - mi - ro .....

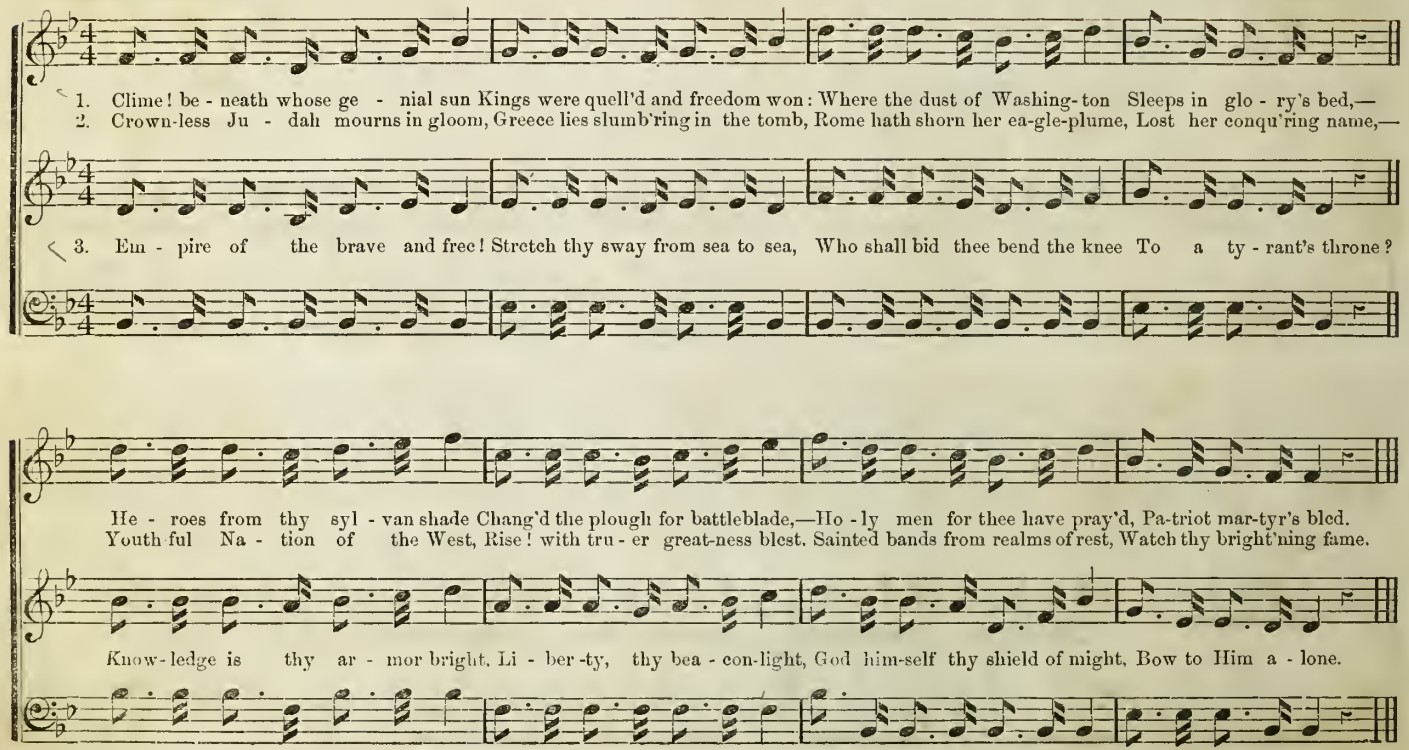

O sing and wake now thy sweet lutes soft
Tu can - te - ra - i sul tu - o li -
Rest thee, my mo - ther; Watching be-side thee, I will pour forth my trouba-dour lay;
Ri po - sa o ma - dre, io pronto e mu - to la-mente al eie - lo ri - vol-ge - ro;
addormentandosi a poco a poco.
num-bers, Lull me to rest, charm my sor.- rows a - way. O sing and wake now thy sweet lute's soft numbers, Lull me to rest charming sorrow a-
- u - to, In son-no pla - ci - do in dor - mi - ro, Tu can - te - ra-i sul tu - o li - u - to, In son-no pla-ci-do io dor-mi -
Yes, I will pour forth my trou-ba- dour lay,
La - men - te al eie - lo ei - vol - ge - ro,
Yes I will pour forth my troubadour
La - men - te al eie-lo ri vol ge -


way, a - way, O charm sor - row a - way, Oh sing and charm
ro, io dor - - mi - ro, io dor - mi - ro, io dor - - mi - ro,
lay. I pour forth my.. trou - ba - dour lay, While I with my..
ro. Ri - po - sa o ma - - - - - - dre, Ri - po - sa o
sor - row a - way, p Lull me to rest, pp Lull me to rest.....
io dor - mi - ro, io dor - mi - ro, io dor - mi - ro .....
trou - ba - dour lay, p Lull thee to rest, pp Lull thee to rest.....
ma - - - - - dre, La - men - te al ciel ri - vol - ge - ro.....
Allargo poco a poco
morendo.

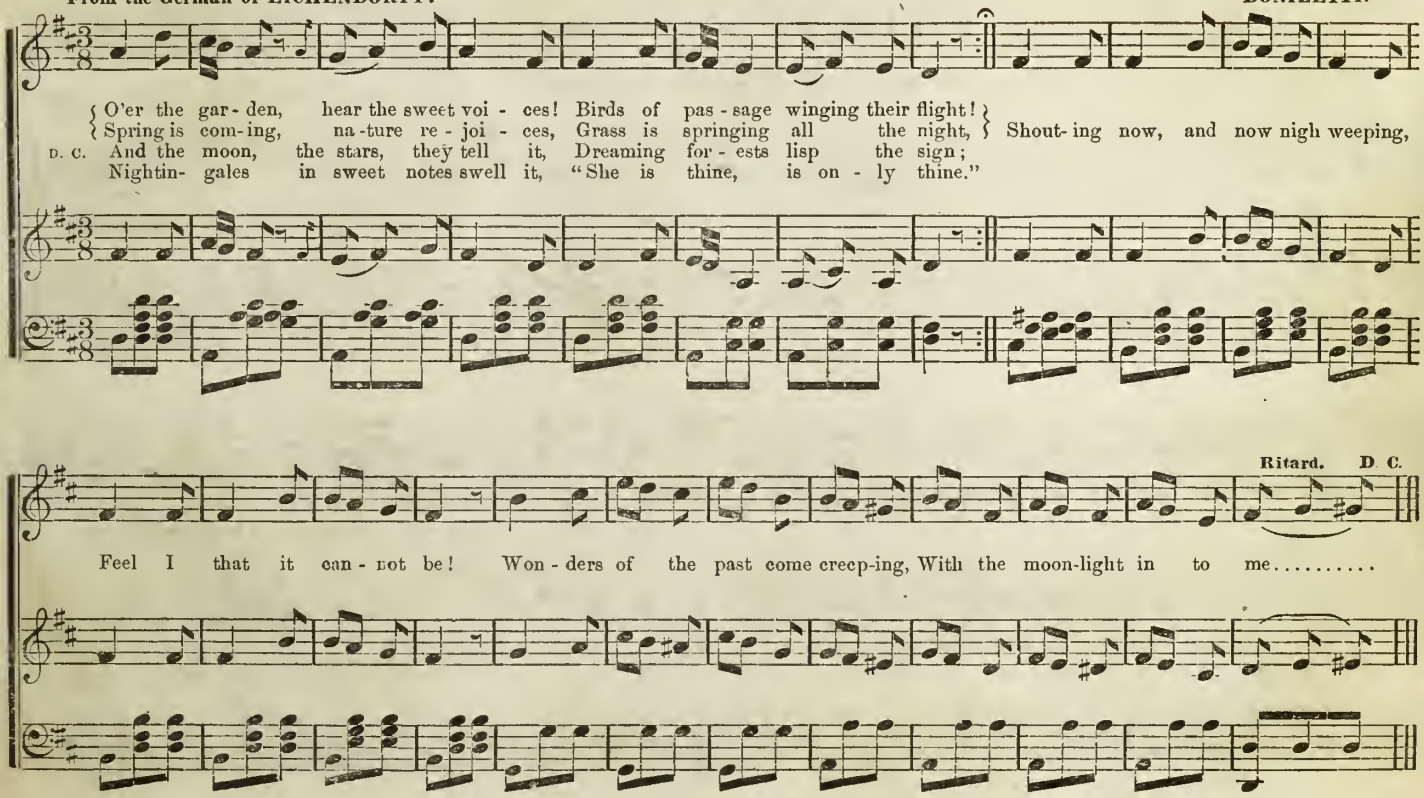
CLIME! BENEATH WHOSE GENIAL SUN.—Fourth of July Song.

Words by Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Scotch Melody

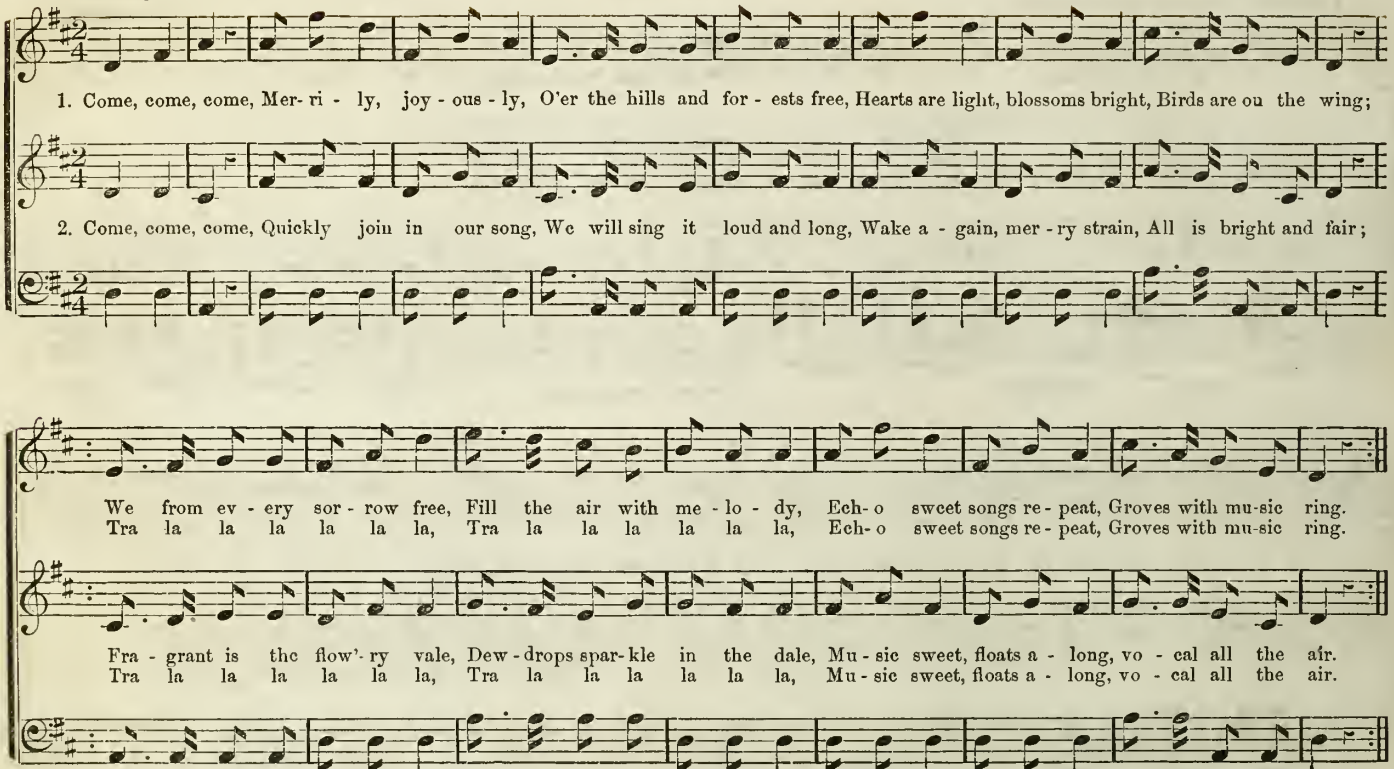


From the German of EICHENDORFF. DONIZETTI.

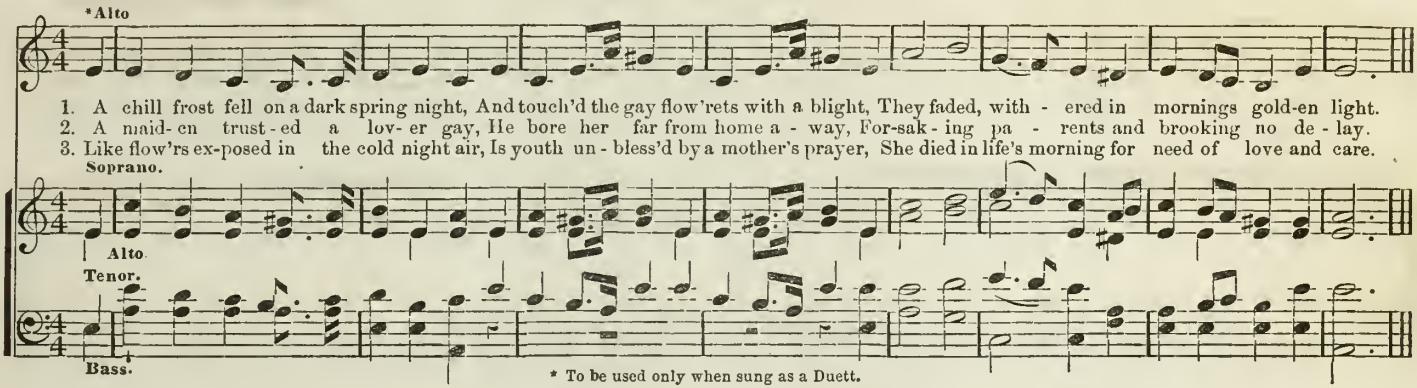


HOLIDAY.

Allegro. Popular Melody.



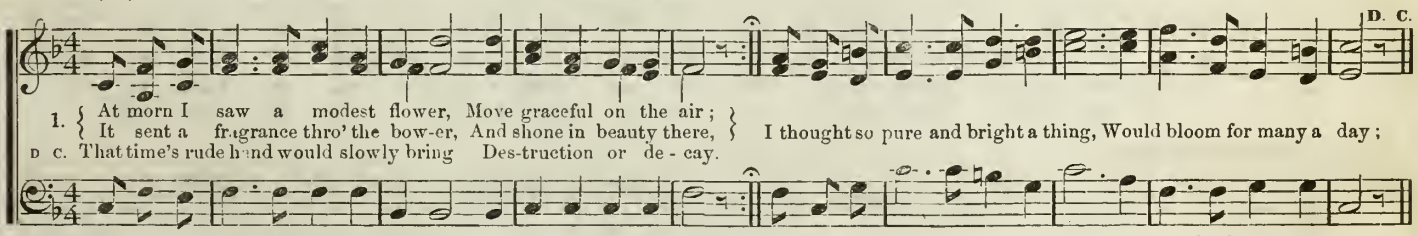
Un poco Allegro. FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.



* To be used only when sung as a Duett.

THE WITHERED ROSE.—A Simile.

Poetry by ISAAC F. SHEPARD. J. C. W.

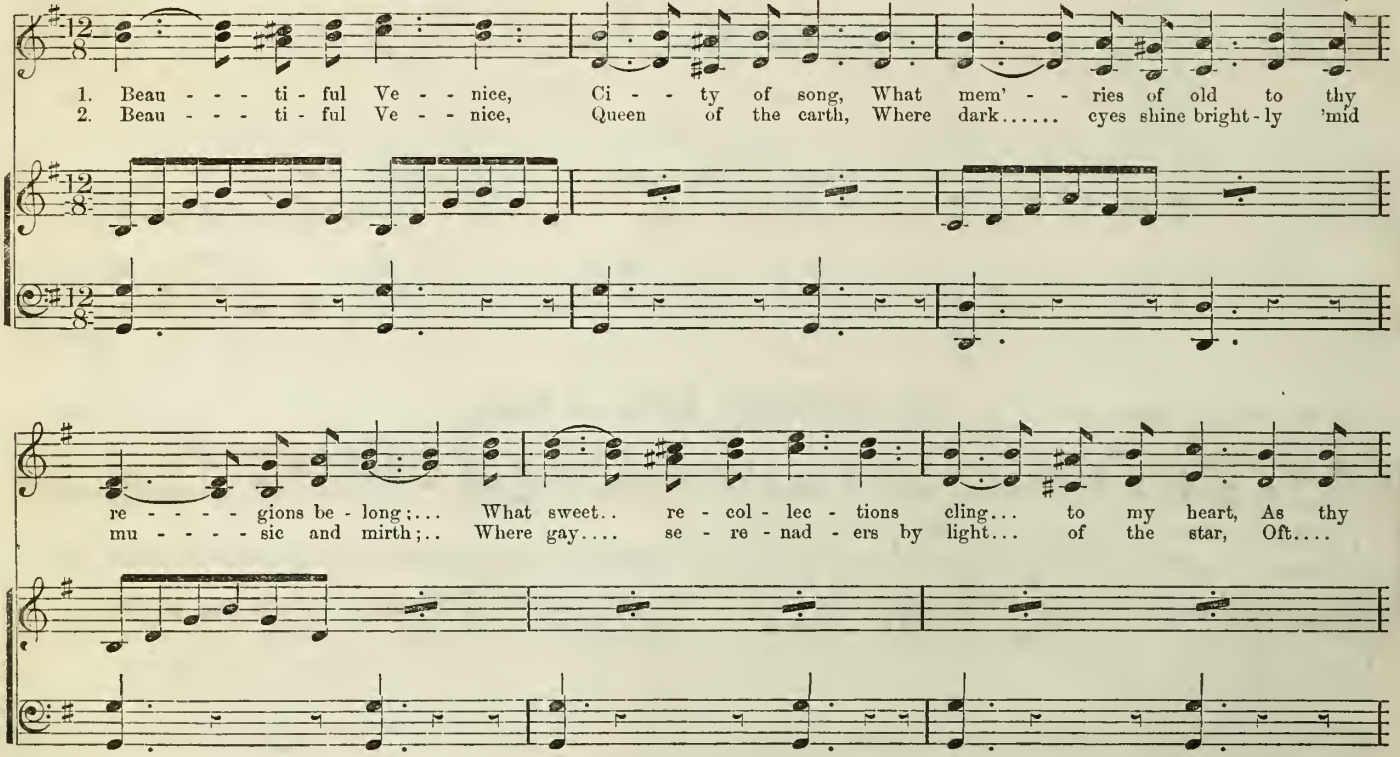


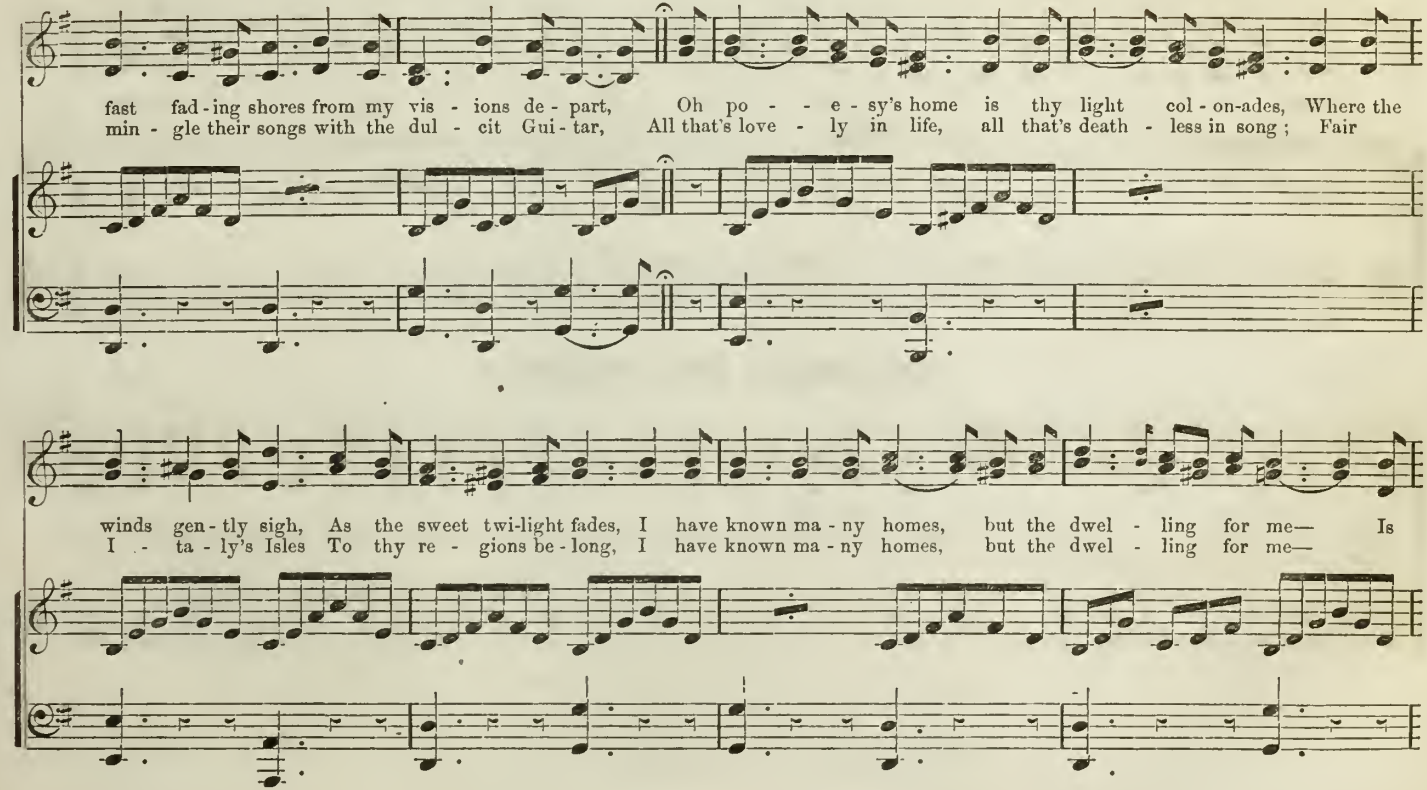
2 I passed that spot at day-light's close,
When setting sunbeams shone ;
I sought again that blushing rose,
But found its stem alone ;
Its leaves were withered on the ground,—
Its fragrance all was gone ;
Yet odors still were wafted round,
Through all the spreading lawn.

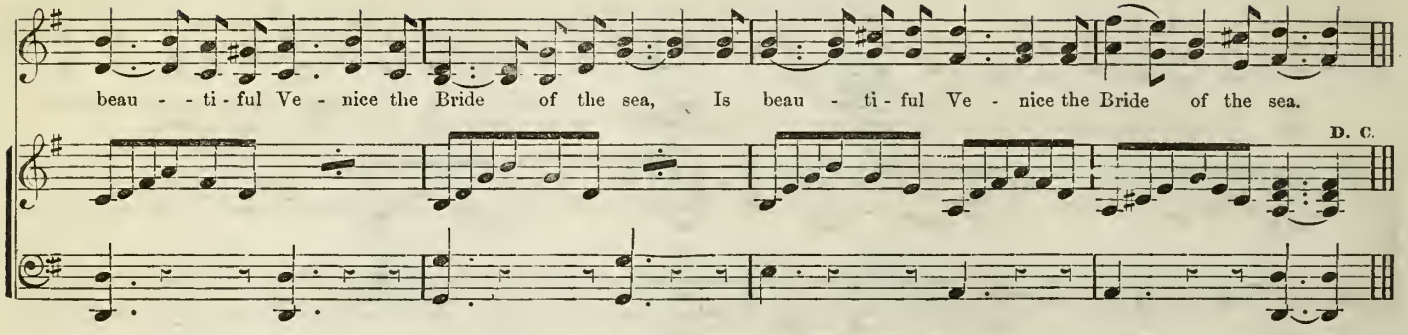
3 In silent thought away I turned,
To leave the tranquil spot ;
And as I mused this lesson learned.
Which may not be forgot :—
As fragrance on the breeze will live,
When beauty finds decay,
So will religion pleasure give,
'Mid fortune's darkest day.

DUETT.—Beautiful Venice.

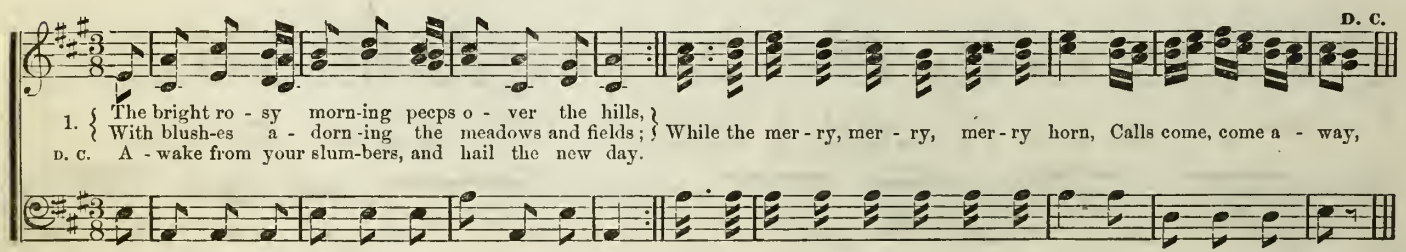
Arranged from J. P. KNIGHT,




fast fad-ing shores from my vis - ions de - part, Oh po - - e - sy's home is thy light col - on-ades, Where the
min - gle their songs with the dul - cit Gui - tar, All that's love - ly in life, all that's death - less in song; Fair
winds gen - tly sigh, As the sweet twi-light fades, I have known ma - ny homes, but the dwel - ling for me— Is
I - ta - ly's Isles To thy re - gions be - long, I have known ma - ny homes, but the dwel - ling for me—



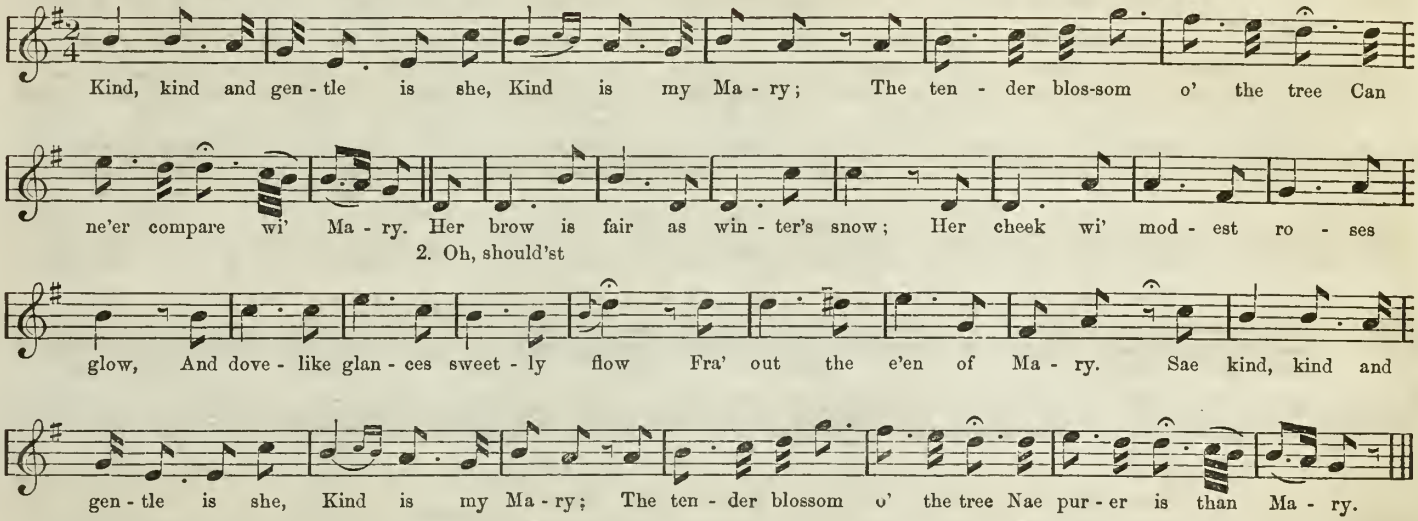
THE BRIGHT ROSY MORNING.



2 The deer roused before us, away seems to fly,
And pants to the chorus of hounds in full cry;
Then follow, follow, follow, follow
The musical chase,
Where pleasure, and vigor, and health all embrace

KIND, KIND AND GENTLE IS SHE.

Poetry by CHARLES H. BARBOUR. Music by WILLIAM C. PETERS.



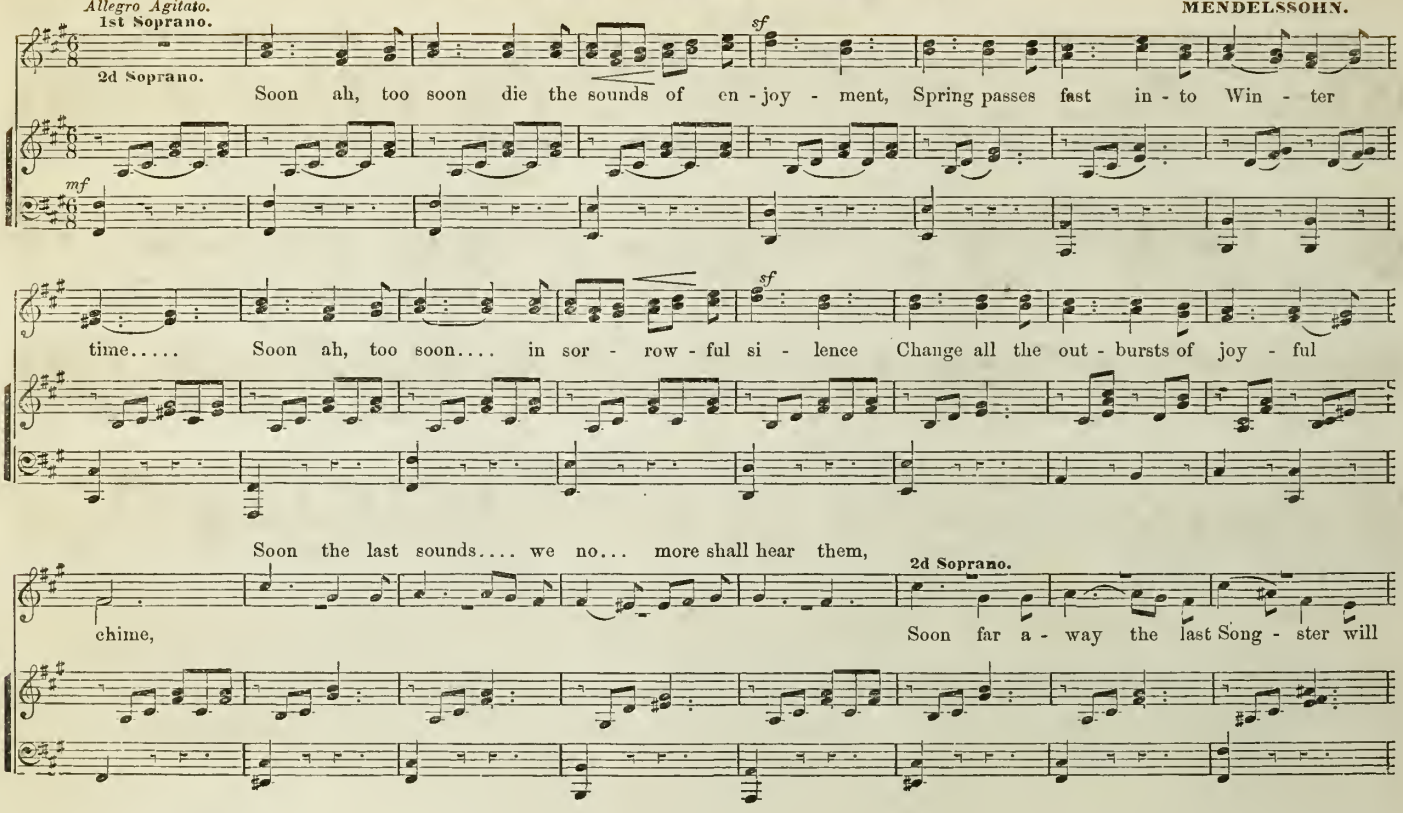
2 Oh, should'st thou meet some haughty lass
Her head wi' pride and folly toss;
Ne'er look on her, but let her pass,
For, oh, she's not my Mary.
Sae kind, kind and gentle is she,
Kind is my Mary;
The tender blossom o' the tree
Nae purer is than Mary.

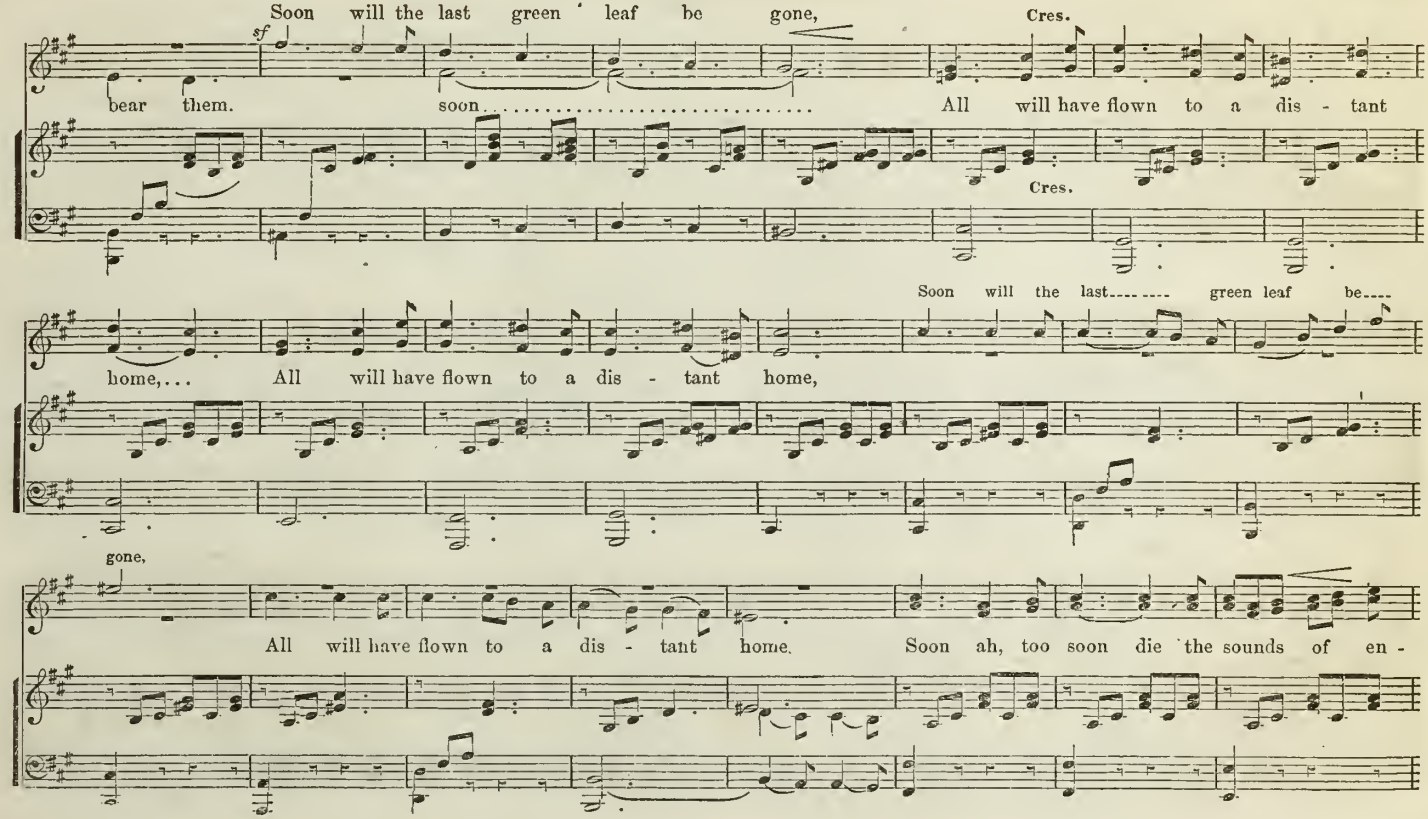
3 But see you onc, wi' modest air,
Bedeck'd wi' beauties soft and rare;
That makes your heart feel sweetly sair,
Oh, weel ye ken 'tis Mary.
Sae kind, kind and gentle is she,
Kind is my Mary;
The tender blossom o' the tree
Nae purer is than Mary.

4 And when you come to know her mind,
In nature's purest lore enshrined:
Gang through the world, ye'll never find
Anither like my Mary.
Sae kind, kind and gentle is she,
Kind is my Mary;
The tender blossom o' the tree
Nae purer is than Mary.

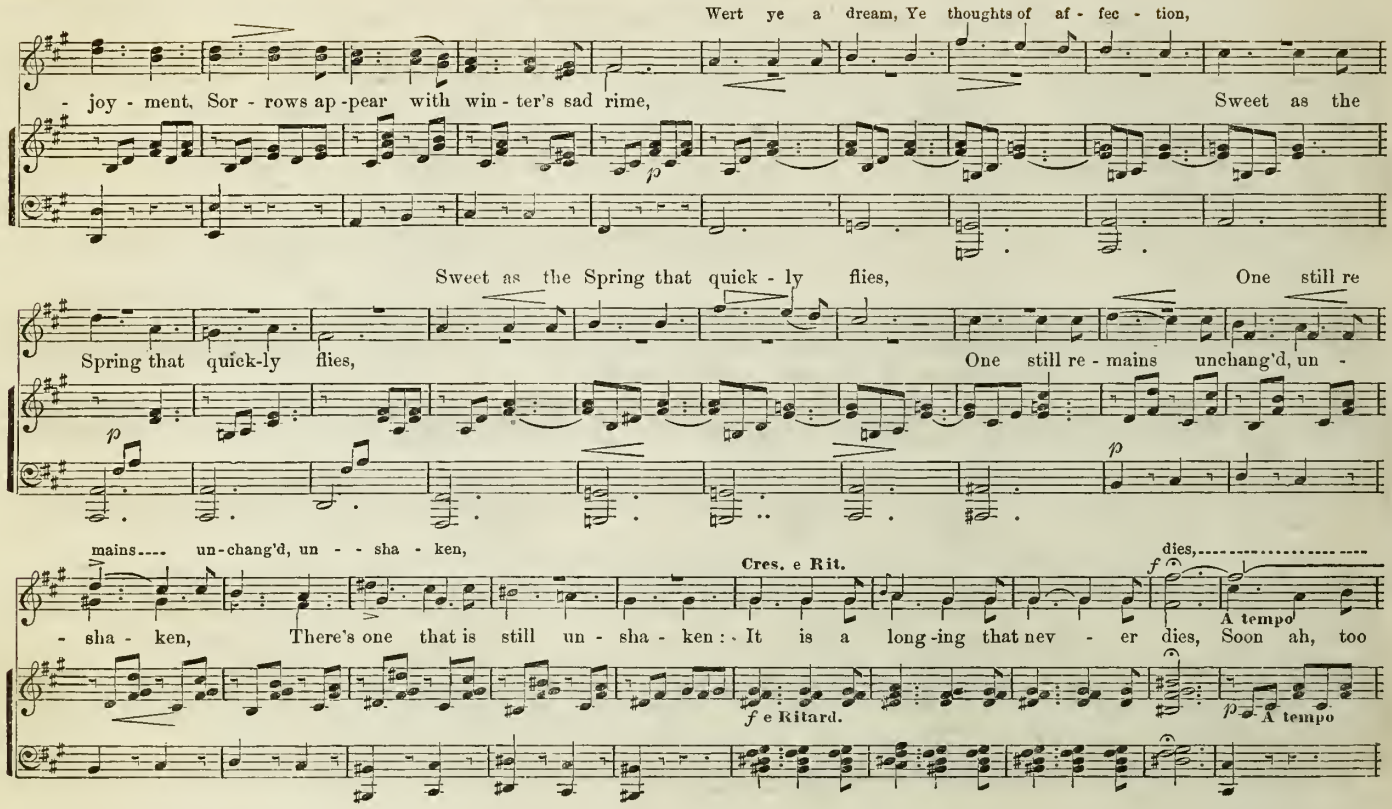
DUETT.—Autumn Song.

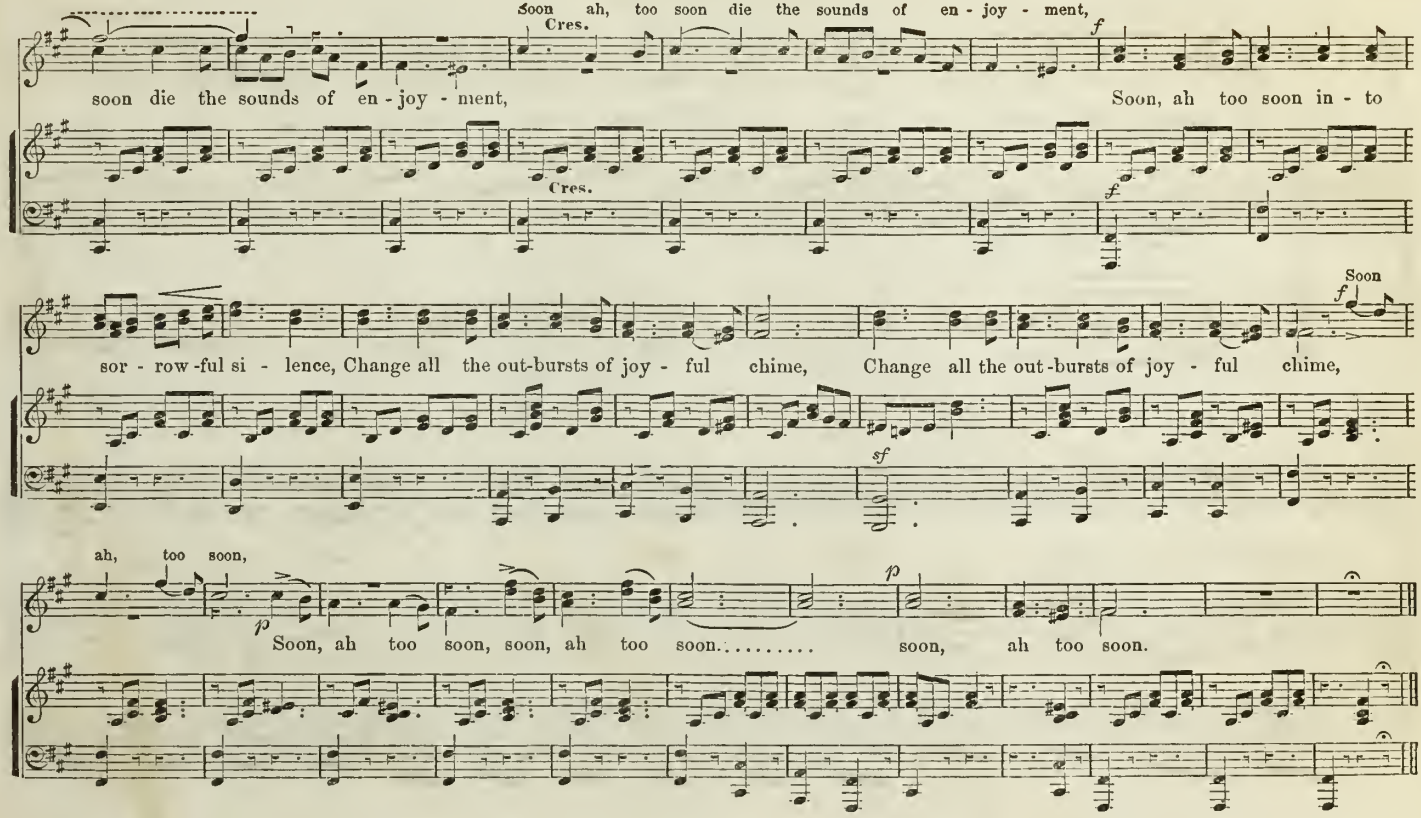
MENDELSSOHN.




Soon will the last green leaf be gone,
Cres.
bear them. soon All will have flown to a dis - tant
Cres.
Soon will the last green leaf be
home, All will have flown to a dis - tant home,
gone,
All will have flown to a dis - tant home. Soon ah, too soon die the sounds of en -

Autumn Song.—Continued.

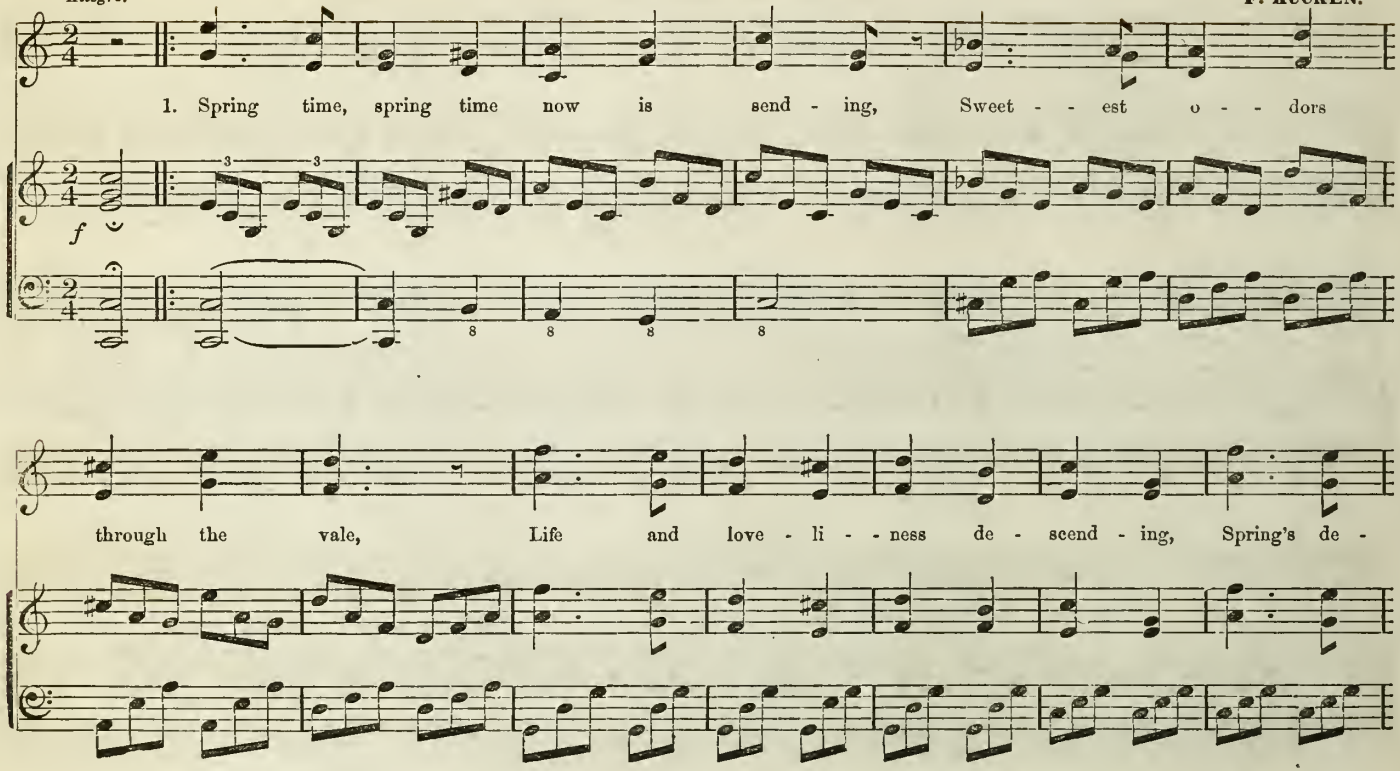


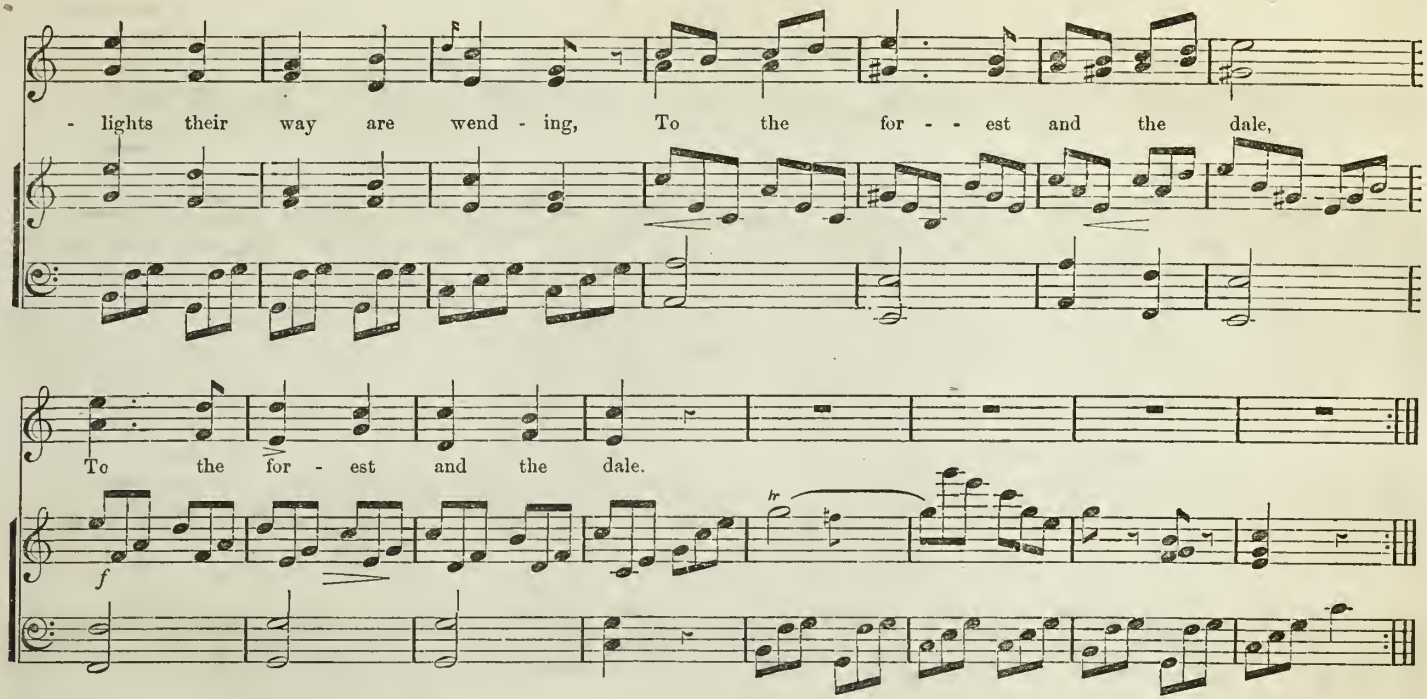

Soon ah, too soon die the sounds of en - joy - ment,
Cres.
soon die the sounds of en - joy - ment,
Soon, ah too soon in - to
Cres.
f
f
Soon
f
sor - row-ful si - lence, Change all the out-bursts of joy - ful chime,
Change all the out-bursts of joy - ful chime,
sf
ah, too soon,
p
Soon, ah too soon, soon, ah too soon.....
soon, ah too soon.

DUETT.—Spring.

Allegro.

F. KUCKEN.



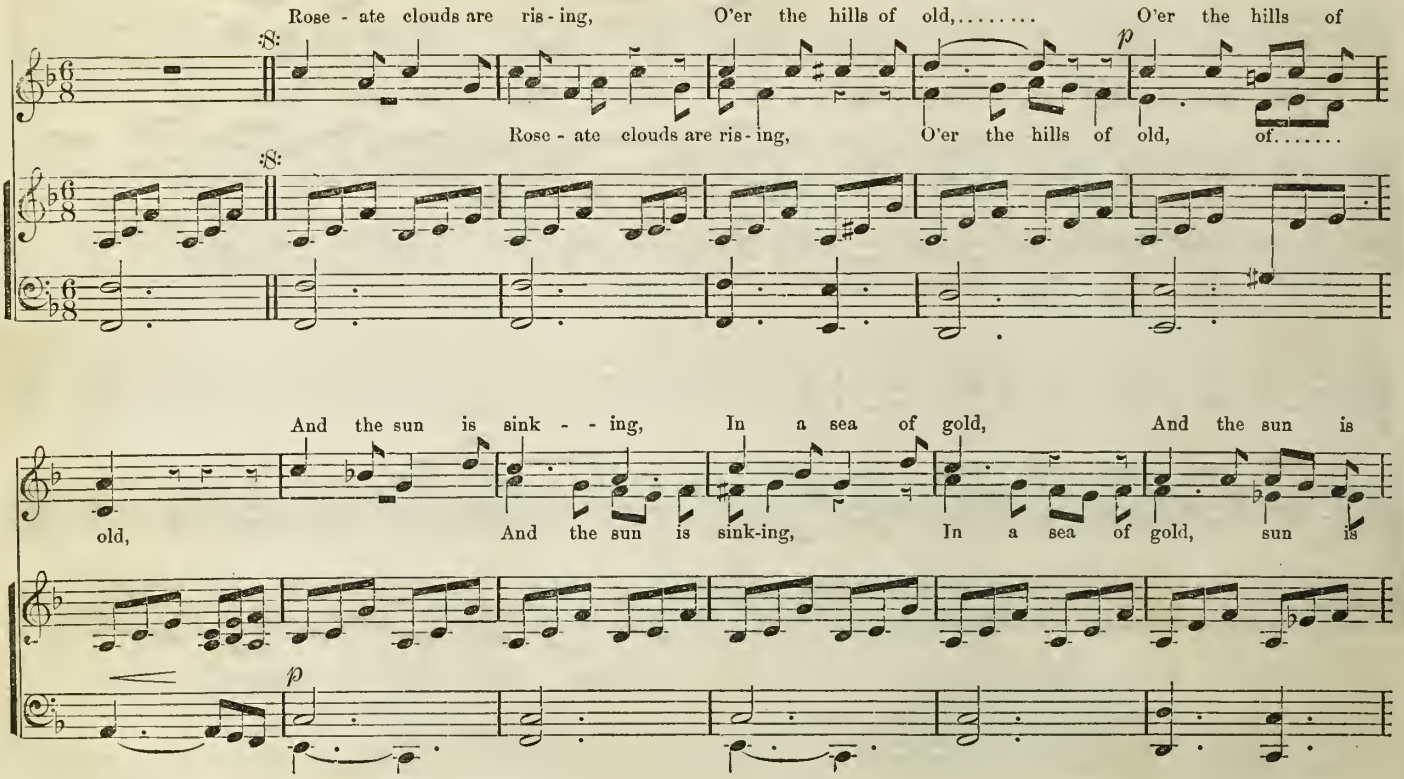


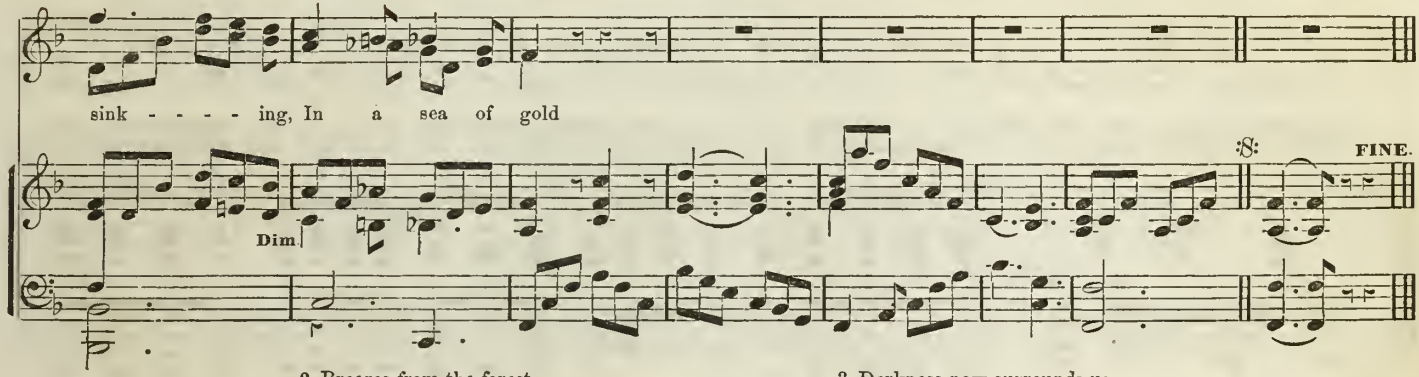
2 Chase away all anxious sorrow,
Bury it in Lethe's flood,
Hope and joy from spring-time borrow
Seek the pleasures of the morrow,
Spring-time revels in the good.

3 Spring sheds gladness where it glances,
Frees the heart from winter's pain
Nature lives again in trances,
In the sun the atom dances,
Music swells the happy train.

DUETT.—Evening.

F. KUCKEN.



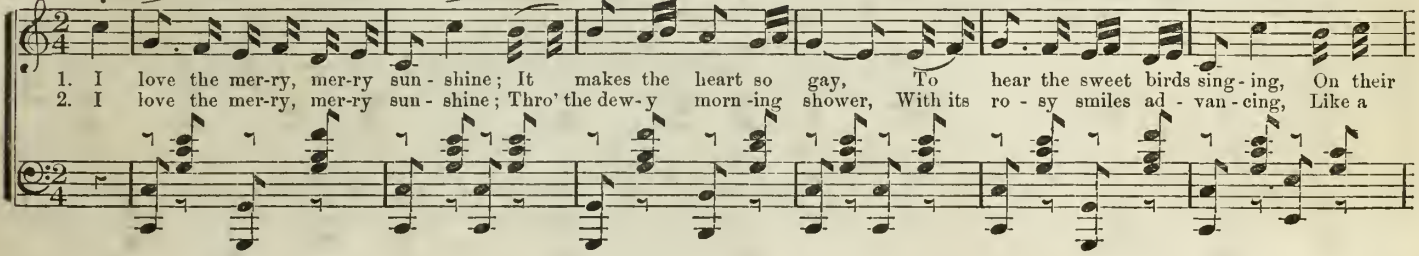


2 Breezes from the forest
Waft the evening song,
O'er the drowsy meadows,
And the cliffs along.

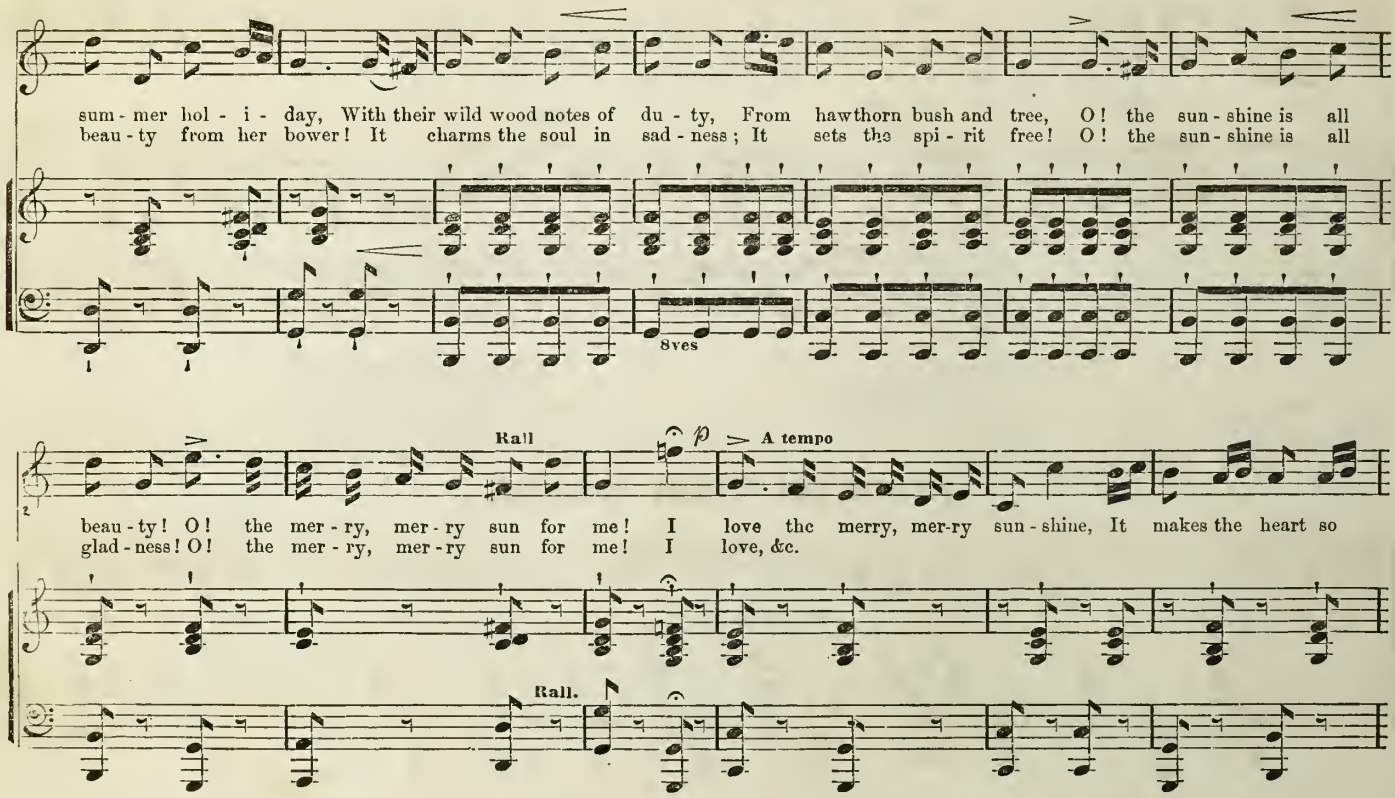
3 Darkness now surrounds us,
Small birds seek their nest,
And the pale moon shineth,
O'er the world at rest.

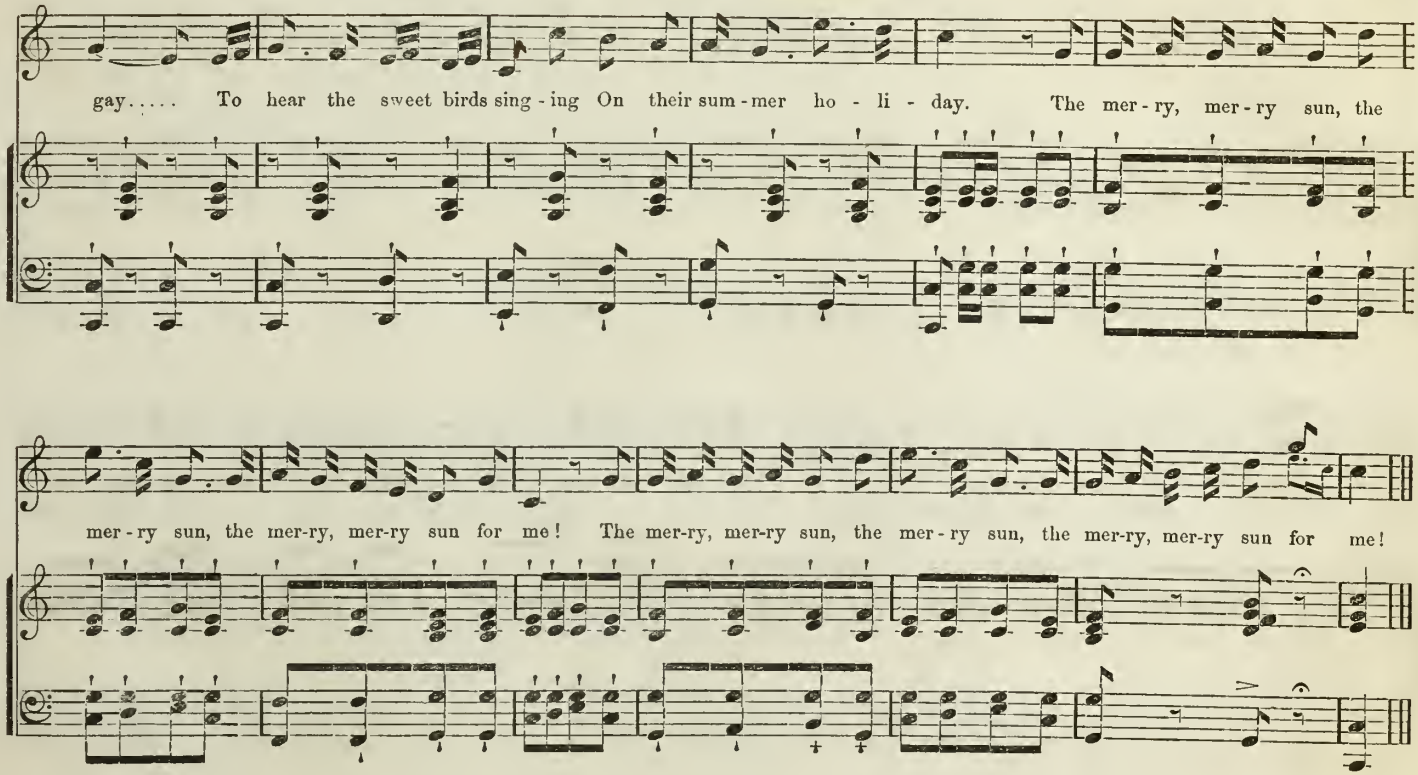
I LOVE THE MERRY SUNSHINE.

Allegro Vivace. STEPHEN GLOVER.



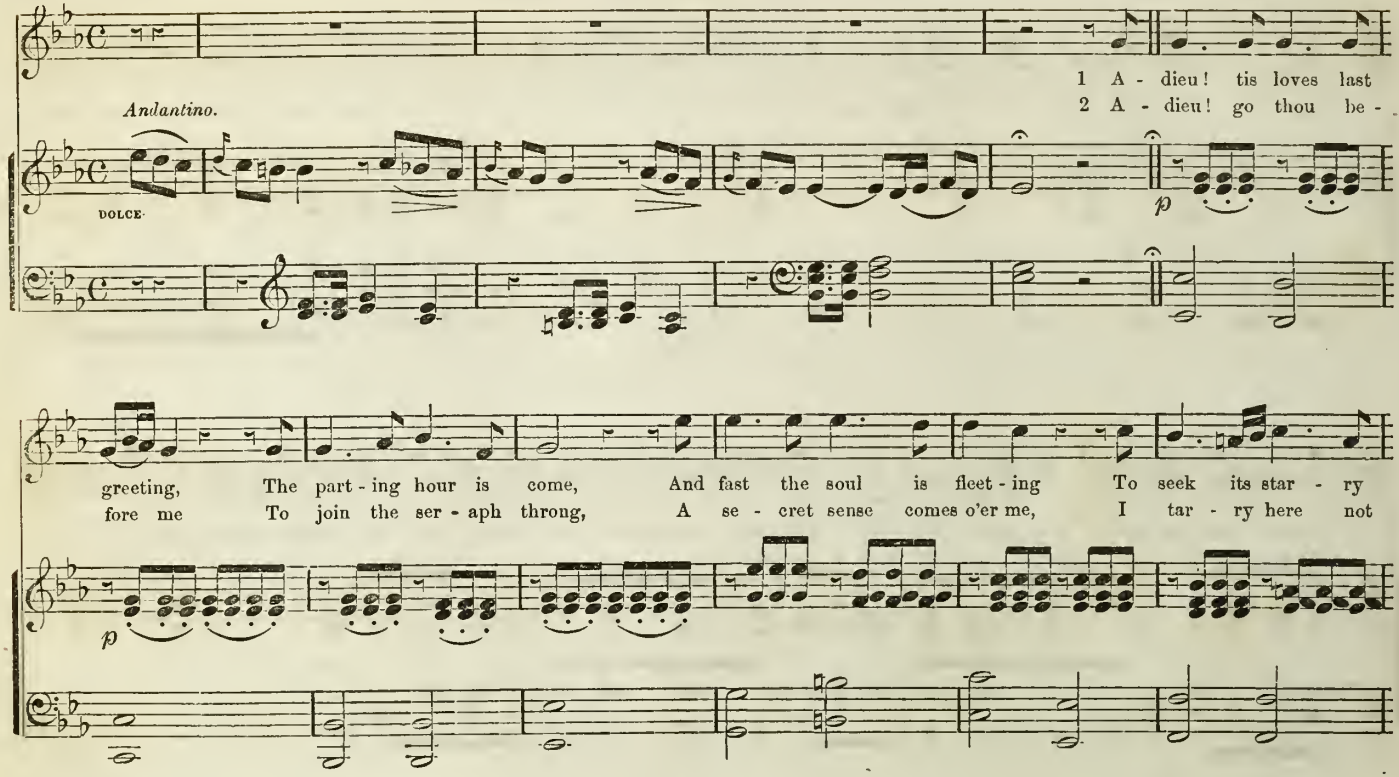
I Love the Merry Sunshine.—Continued.

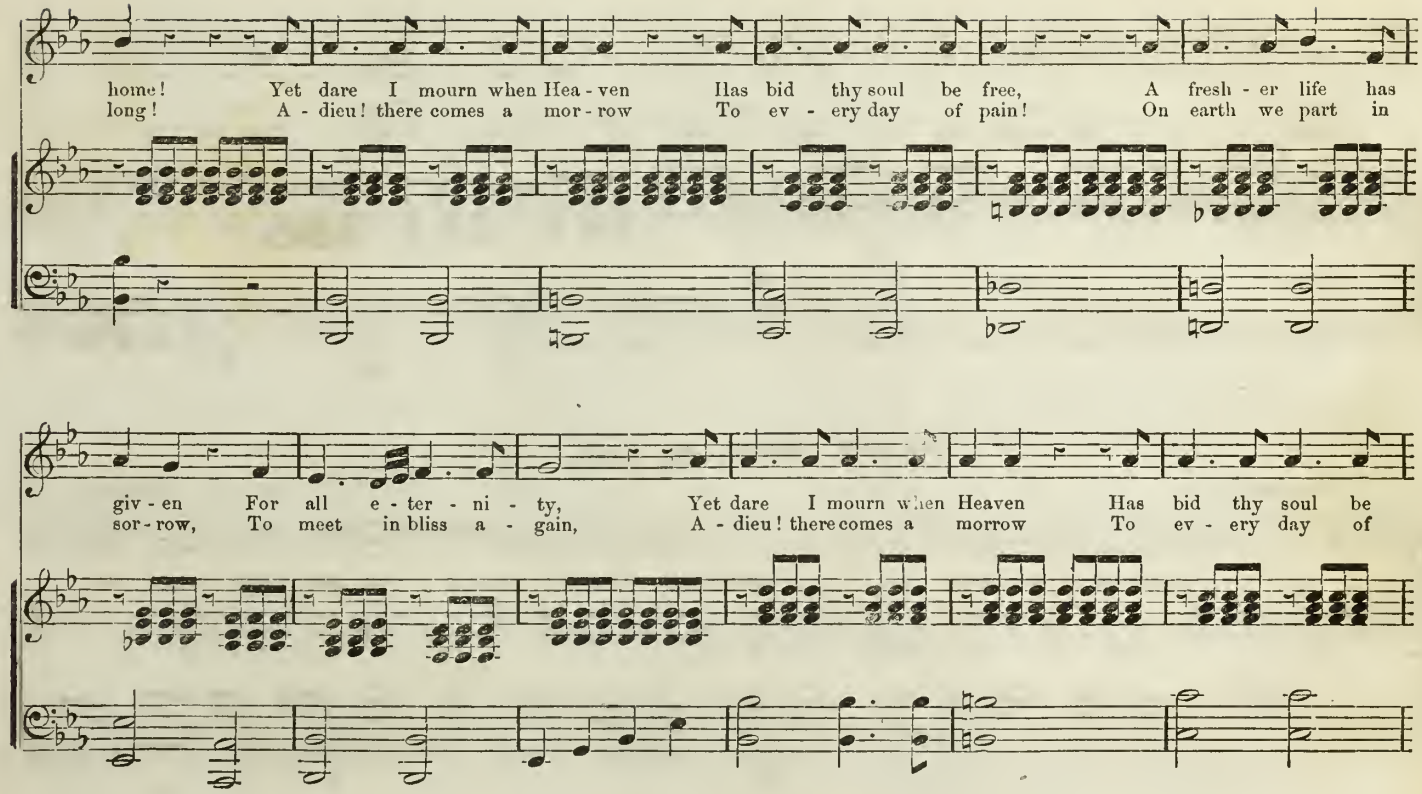


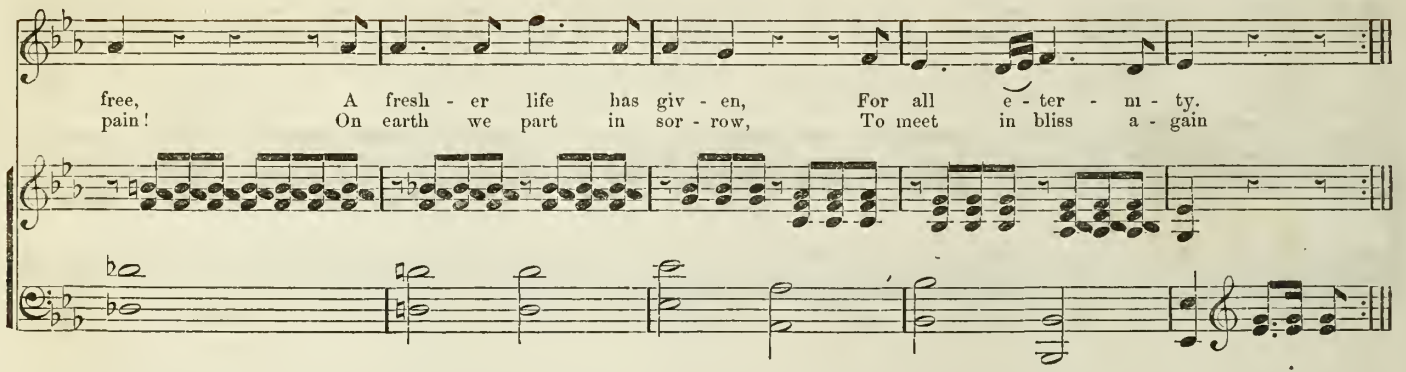

gay. . . . . To hear the sweet birds sing - ing On their sum - mer ho - li - day. The mer - ry, mer - ry sun, the
mer - ry sun, the mer-ry, mer-ry sun for me! The mer-ry, mer-ry sun, the mer - ry sun, the mer-ry, mer-ry sun for me!

THE ADIEU.

Music by F. SCHUBERT.



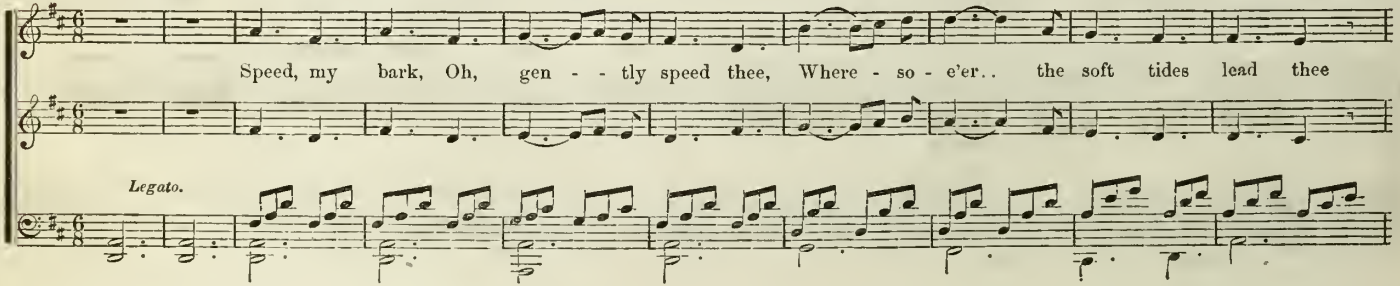

home! Yet dare I mourn when Hea - ven Has bid thy soul be free, A fresh - er life has
long! A - dieu! there comes a mor - row To ev - ery day of pain! On earth we part in
giv - en For all e - ter - ni - ty, Yet dare I mourn when Heaven Has bid thy soul be
sor - row, To meet in bliss a - gain, A - dieu! there comes a morrow To ev - ery day of

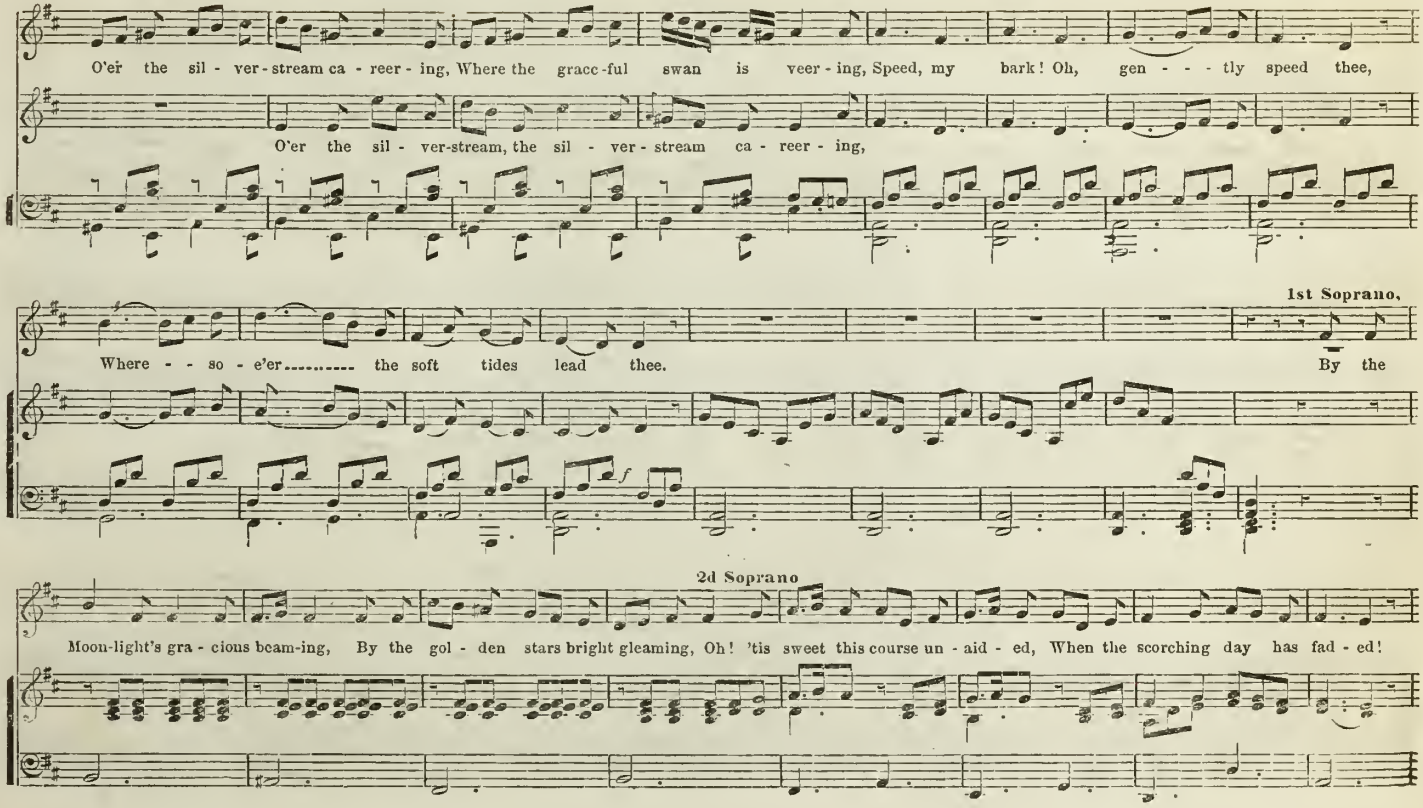


DUETT.—Speed, my Bark.

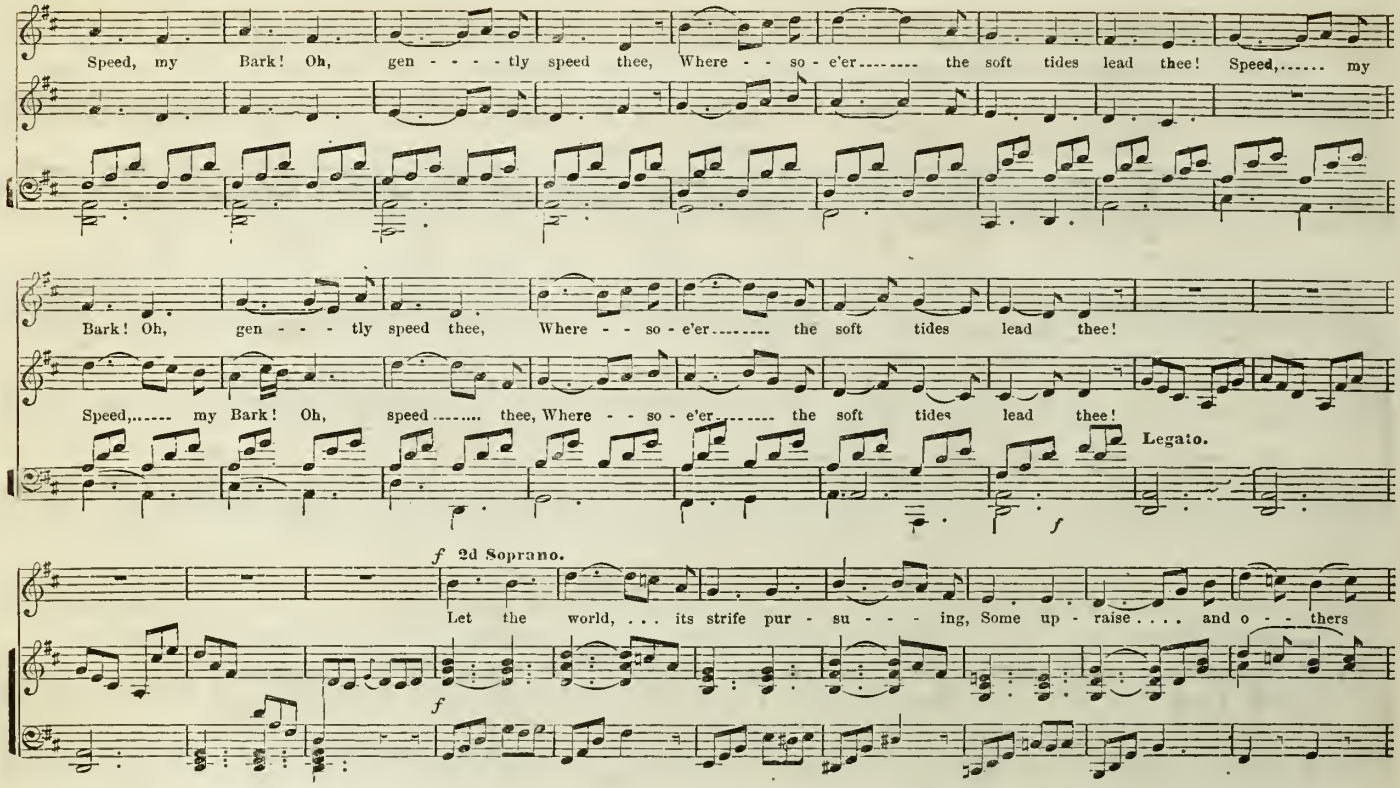
Moderato.

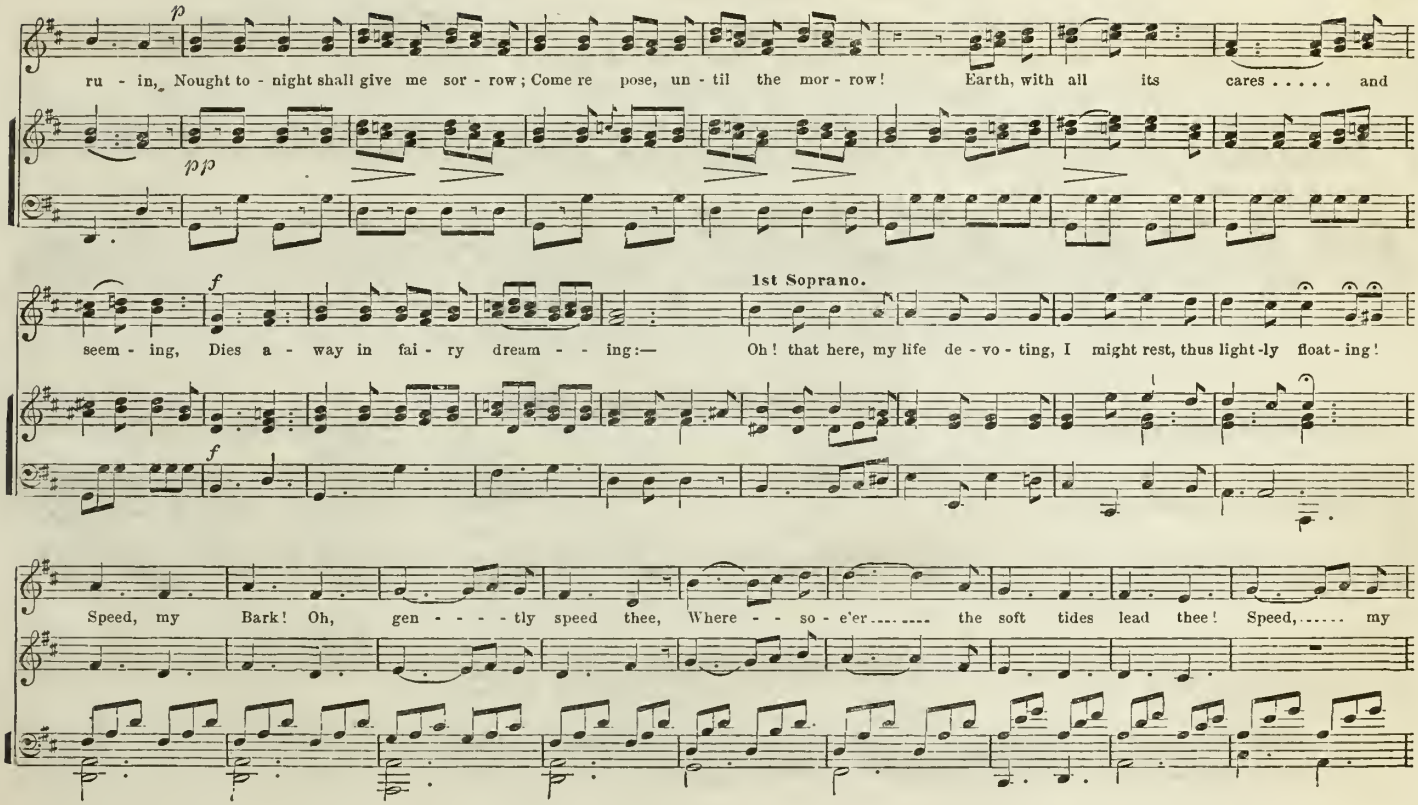
Music by S. NEUKOMM.



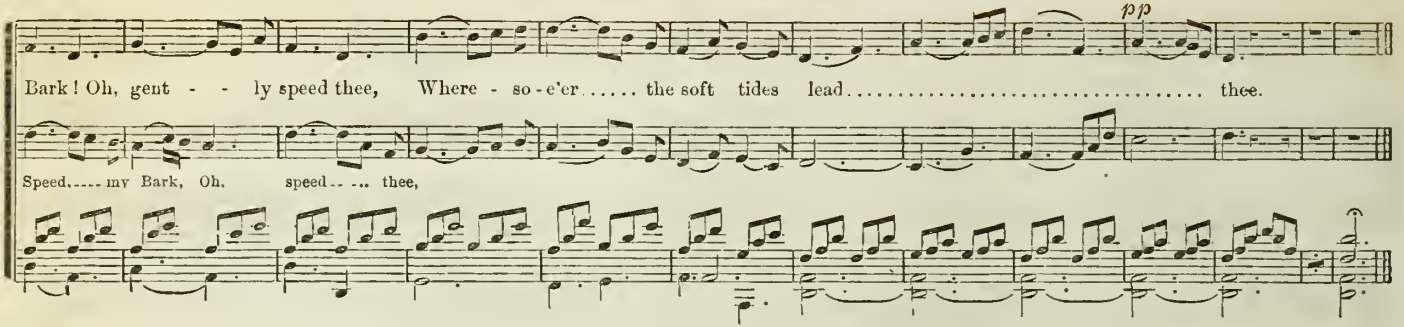

O'er the sil - ver-stream ca - reer - ing, Where the gracc-ful swan is veer - ing, Speed, my bark! Oh, gen - - - tly speed thee,
O'er the sil - ver-stream, the sil - ver - stream ca - reer - ing,
1st Soprano.
Where - - so - e'er..... the soft tides lead thee.
By the
2d Soprano
Moon-light's gra - cious beam-ing, By the gol - den stars bright gleaming, Oh! 'tis sweet this course un - aid - ed, When the scorching day has fad - ed!

Speed, my Bark.—Continued.




p
ru - in, Nought to - night shall give me sor - row; Come re pose, un - til the mor - row! Earth, with all its cares . . . . . and
pp
f
1st Soprano.
seem - ing, Dies a - way in fai - ry dream - - ing:— Oh! that here, my life de - vo - ting, I might rest, thus light-ly float - ing!
f
Speed, my Bark! Oh, gen - - - - tly speed thee, Where - - so - e'er . . . . . the soft tides lead thee! Speed, ... my

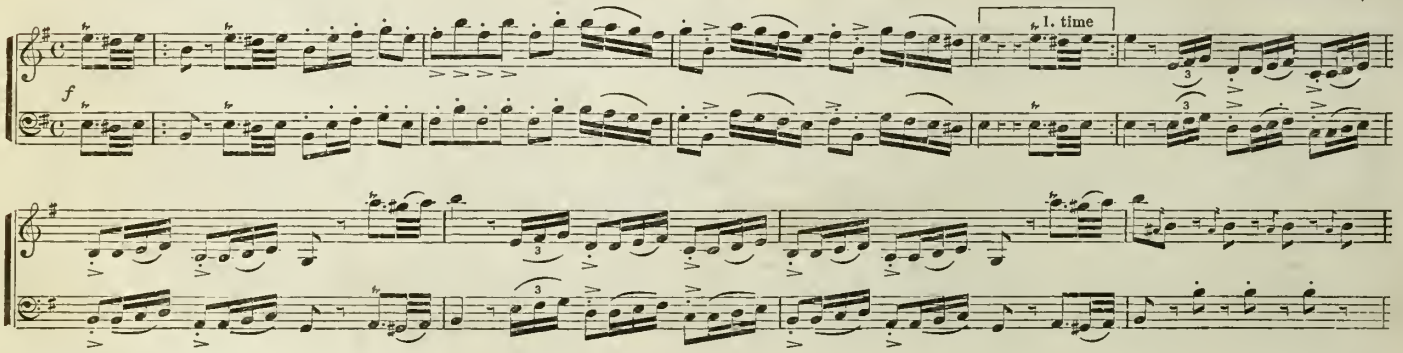
Speed, my Bark.—Concluded.

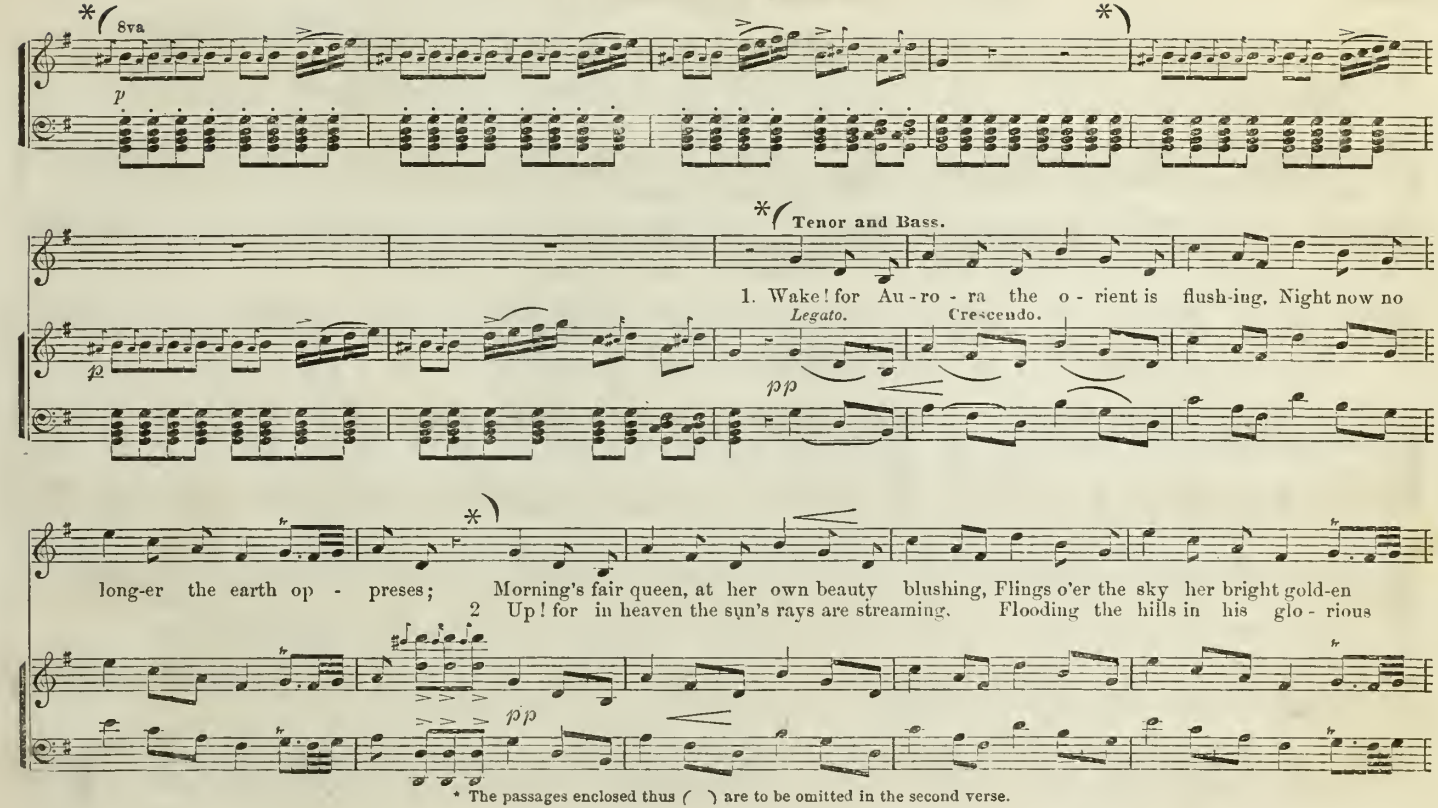


EXCELSIOR.—Morning Song.

Words by Rev. A. H. CLAPP.

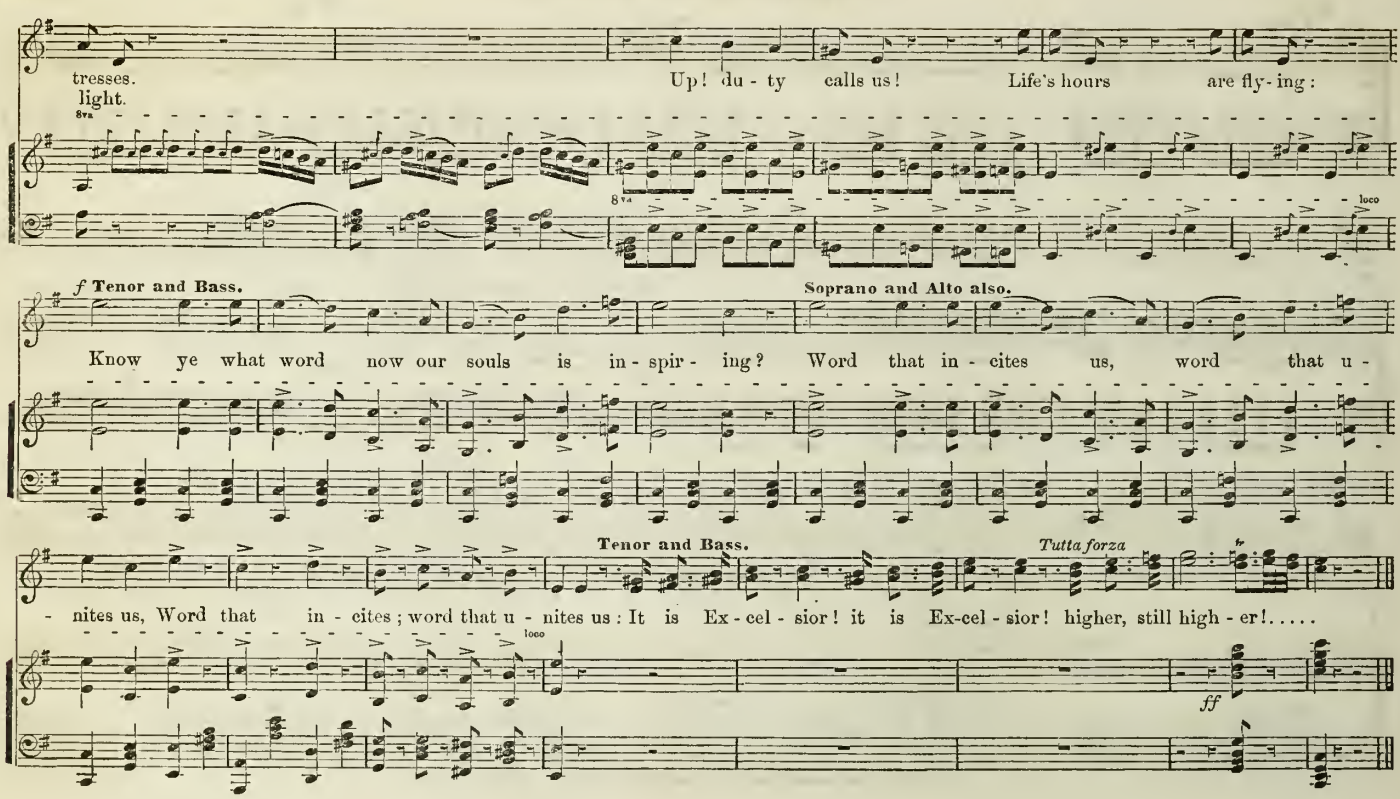
ANVIL CHORUS from "Il Trovatore,"





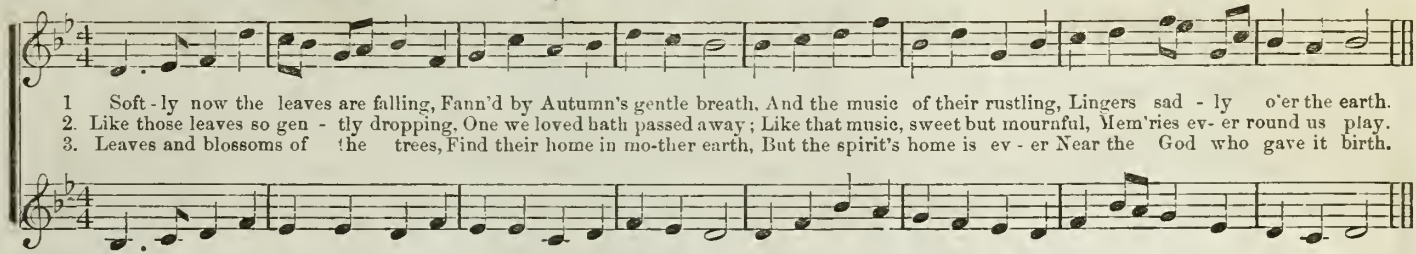
* The passages enclosed thus ( ) are to be omitted in the second verse.

Excelsior.—Concluded.



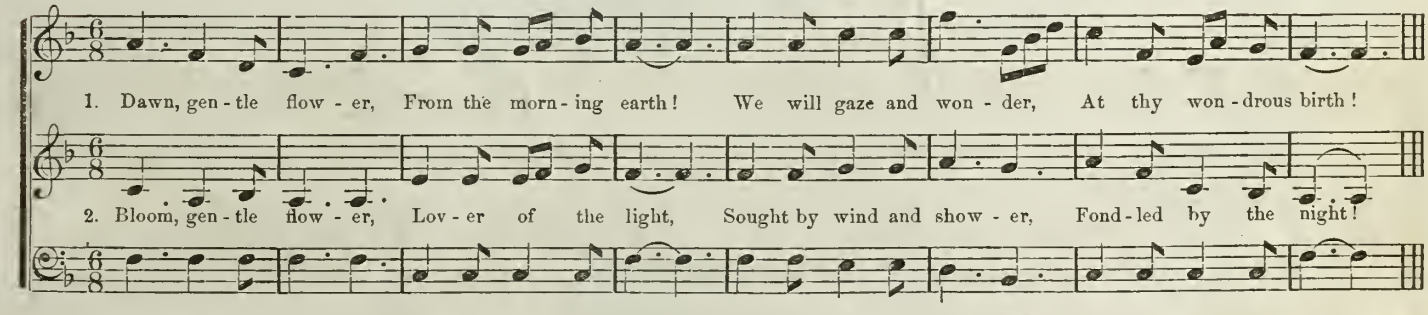
DUETT.—[illegible]now the Leaves are Falling.

Words by Miss M. S. PRESTON. J. C. W.



DAWN, GENTLE FLOWER.

Words by BARRY CORNWALL. J. C. W.



3 Fade, gentle flower!
All thy white leaves close;
Having shewn thy beauty,
Time 'tis for repose.

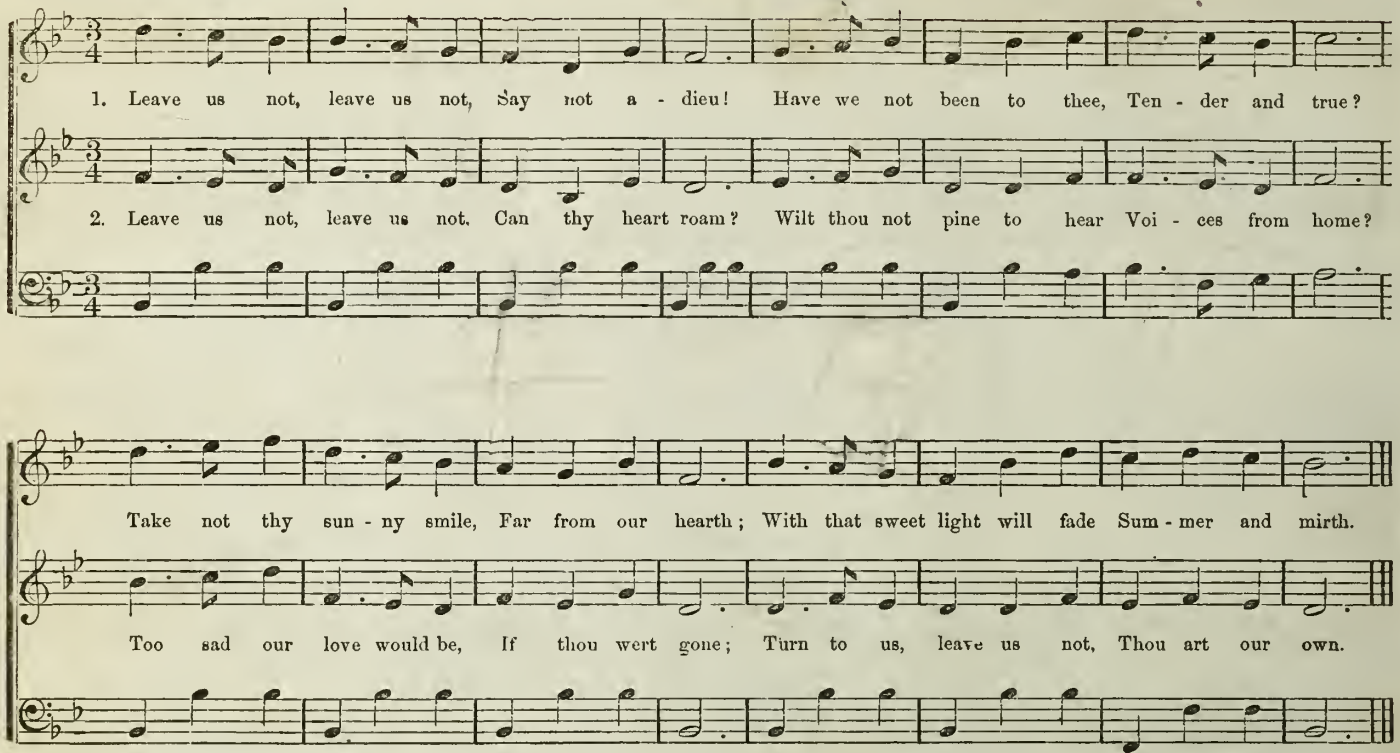
4 Die, gentle flower,
In the silent sun!
So, all pangs are over,
All thy tasks are done.

5 Day hath no more glory,
Though he soars so high;
Thine is all man's story,
Live—and love—and die.

DUETT.—Leave u[illegible]

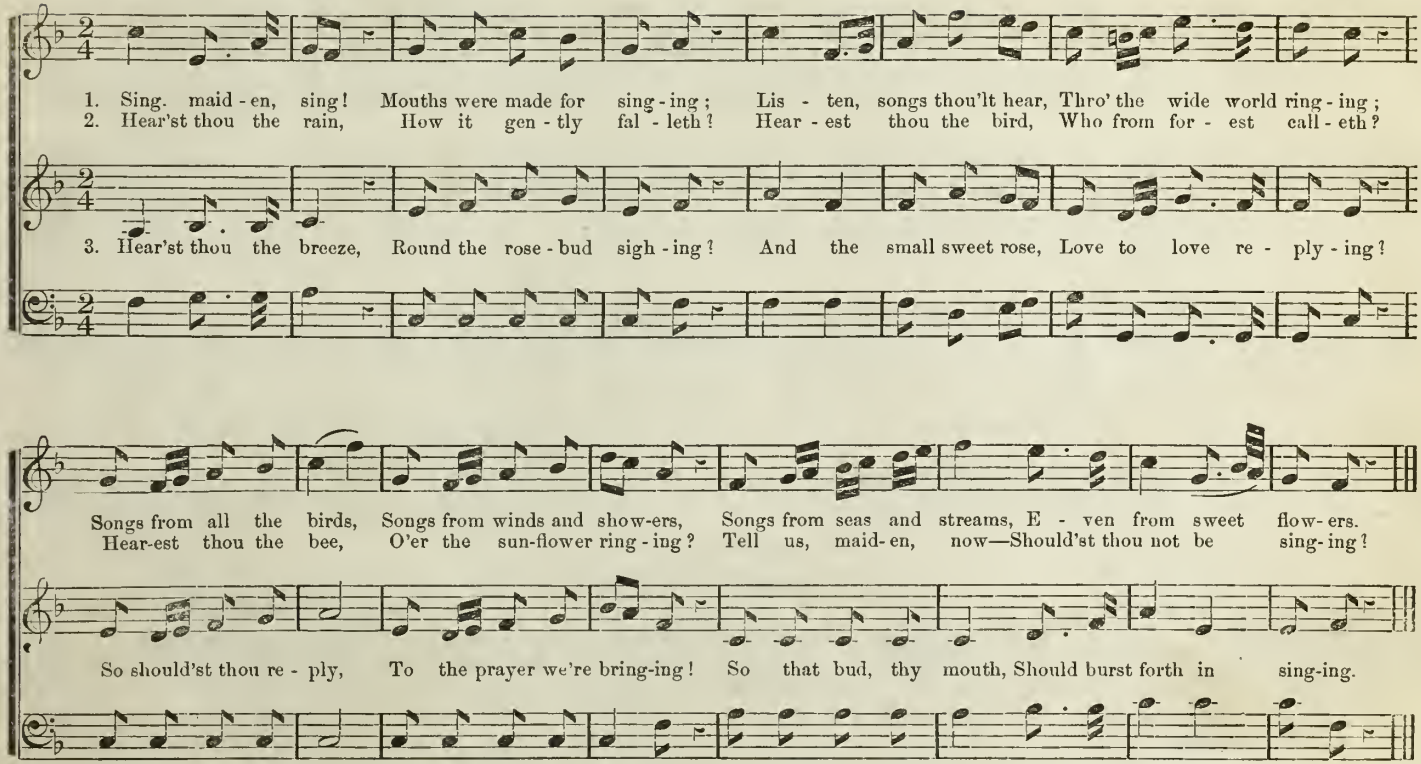
Words by Mrs. HEMANS.

S.



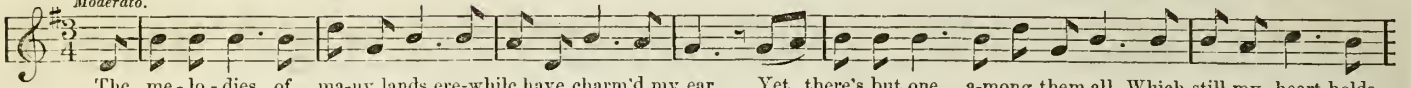
SING, MAIDEN SING.

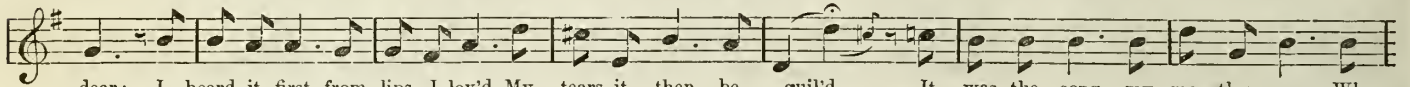
Words by BARRY CORNWALL. J. C. W.

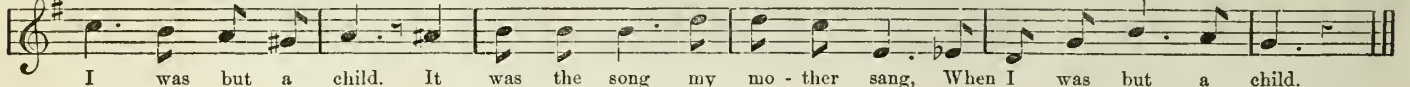


Words by CHARLES JEFFRIES. Music by C. W. GLOVER.

Moderato.





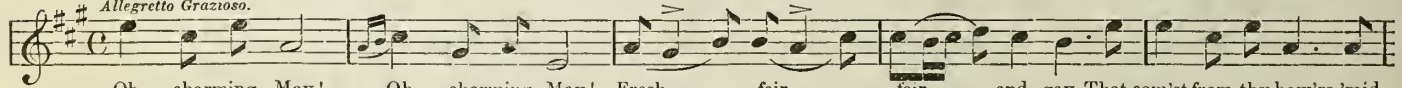


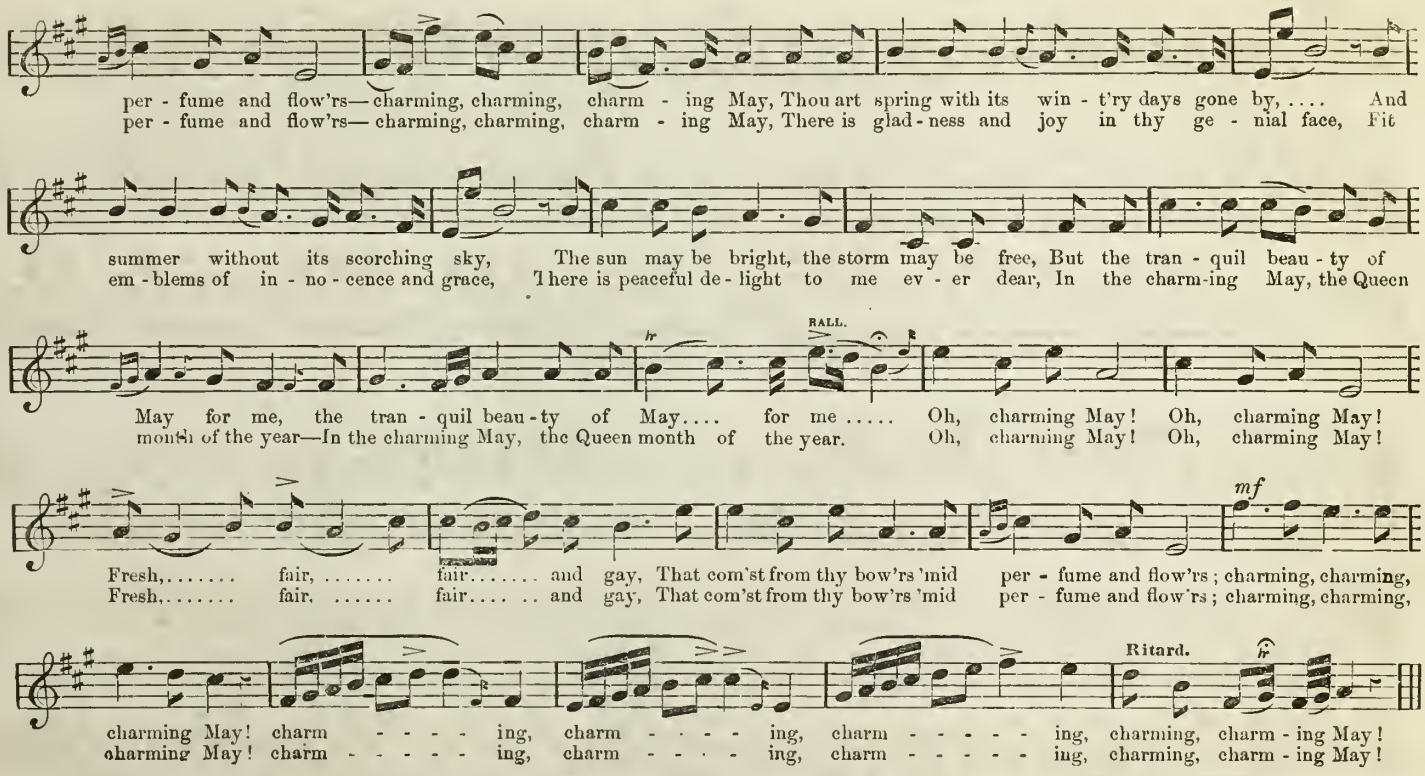
It told me in the hour of need,
To seek a solace there,
Where only stricken hearts could find
Meet answer to their prayer.
Ah! much I owe that gentle voice,
Whose words my tears beguil'd;
That song of songs my mother sang,
When I was but a child—
That song of songs my mother sang,
When I was but a child.

"OH, CHARMING MAY."

Words by P. HENRY HATCH. Music by G. HERBERT RODWELL.

Allegretto Grazioso.



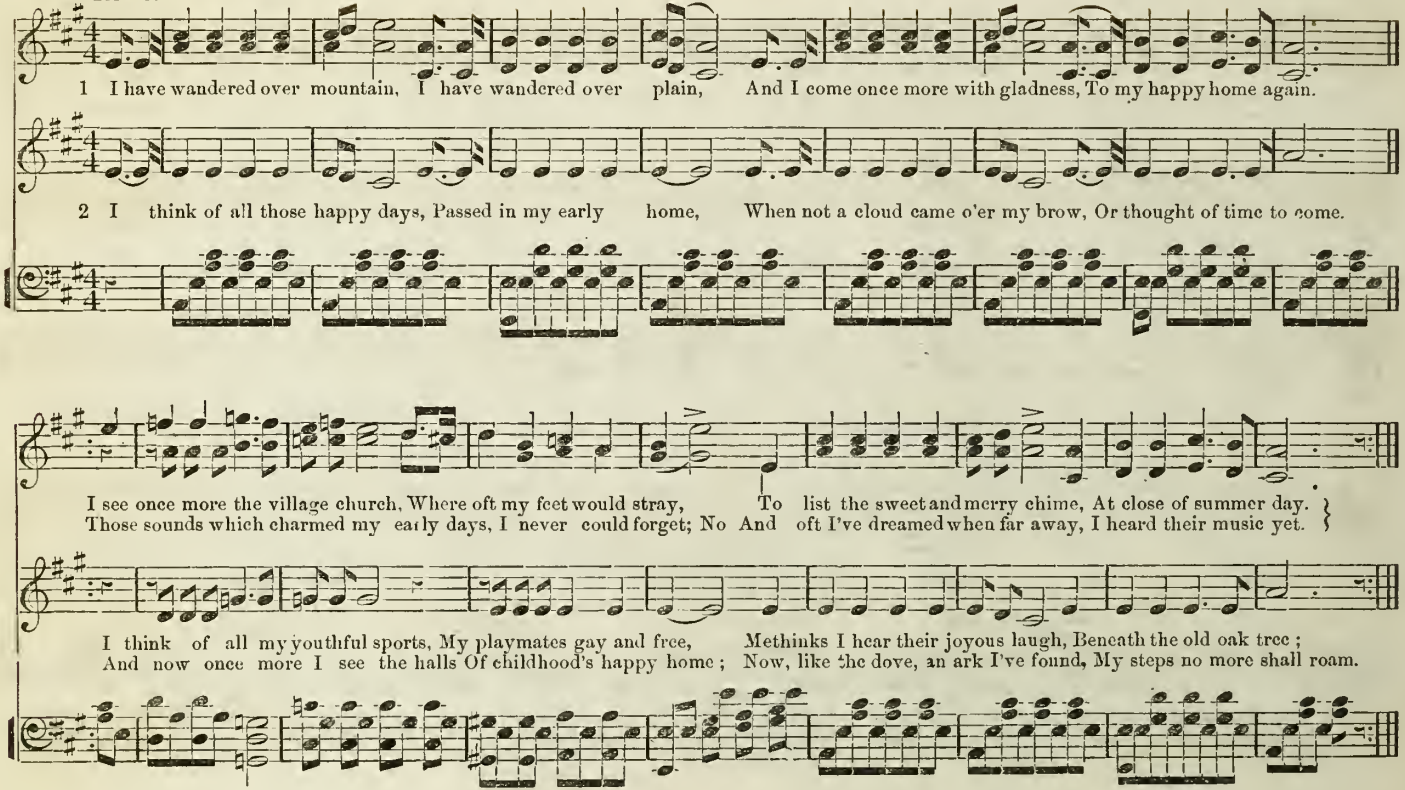

per - fume and flow'rs— charming, charming, charm - ing May, Thou art spring with its win - t'ry days gone by, ... And
per - fume and flow'rs— charming, charming, charm - ing May, There is glad - ness and joy in thy ge - nial face, Fit
summer without its scorching sky, The sun may be bright, the storm may be free, But the tran - quil beau - ty of
em - blems of in - no - cence and grace, There is peaceful de - light to me ev - er dear, In the charm-ing May, the Queen
RALL.
May for me, the tran - quil beau - ty of May.... for me ..... Oh, charming May! Oh, charming May!
month of the year—In the charming May, the Queen month of the year. Oh, charming May! Oh, charming May!
mf
Fresh,..... fair, ... fair..... and gay, That com'st from thy bow'rs 'mid per - fume and flow'rs; charming, charming,
Fresh,..... fair, ... fair..... and gay, That com'st from thy bow'rs 'mid per - fume and flow'rs; charming, charming,
Ritard.
charming May! charm - - - - ing, charm - - - - ing, charm - - - - - ing, charming, charm - ing May!
charming May! charm - - - - - ing, charm - - - - ing, charm - - - - - ing, charming, charm - ing May!

My happy Home.

Words by JOHN BLOCKLEY.

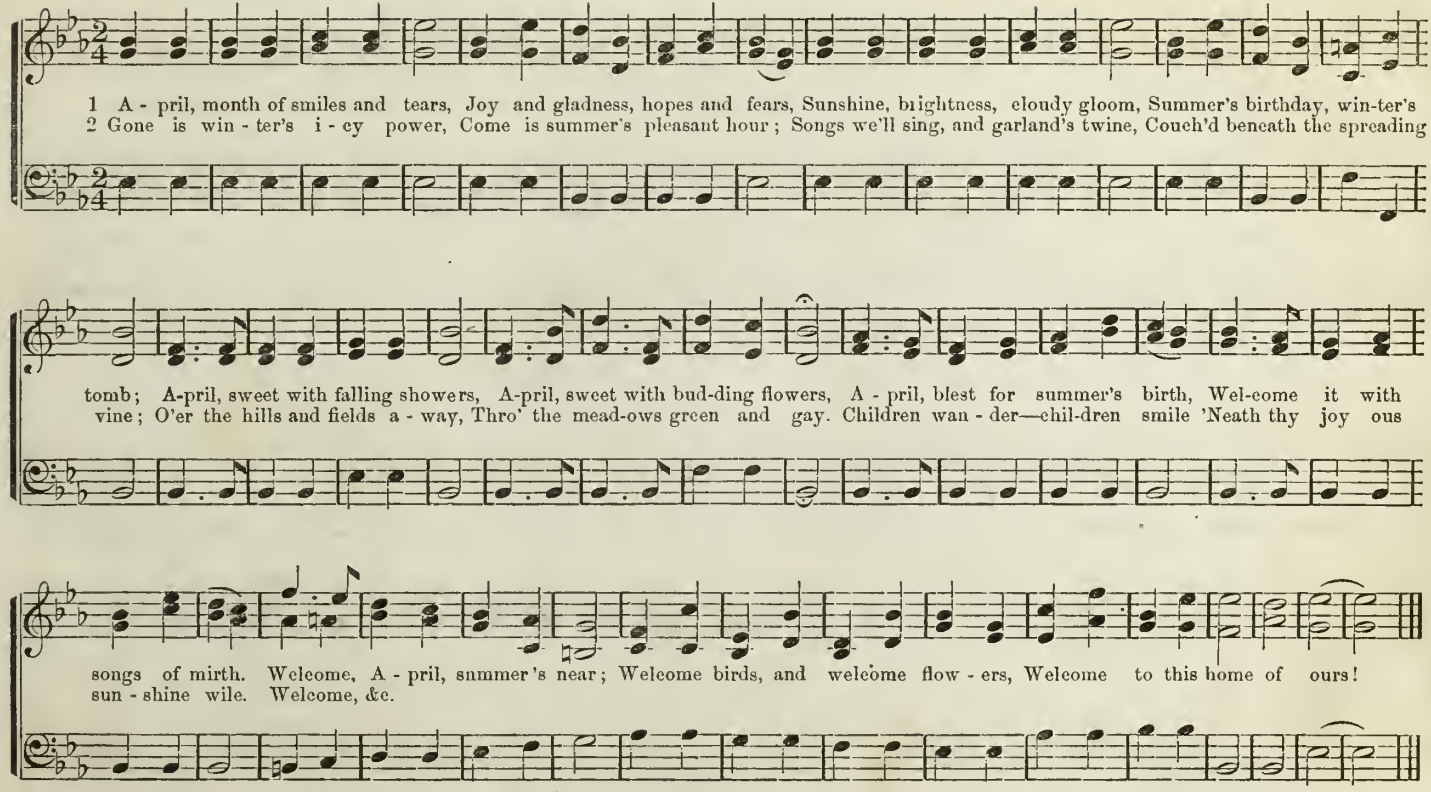
Moderato.

DONIZETTI.



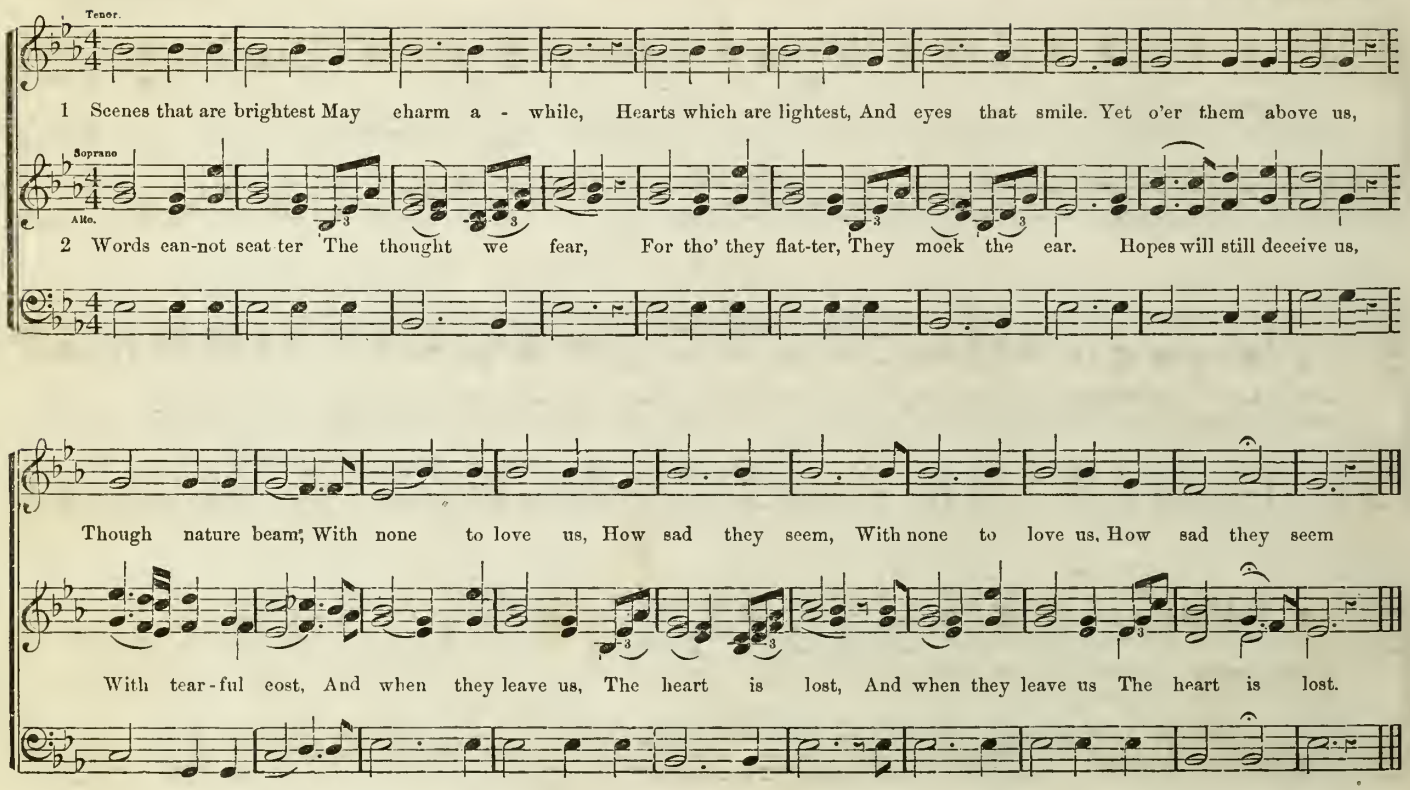
Song for April.

Words by R. C. ANDREWS. R. ARNAUD.



Scenes that are Brightest.

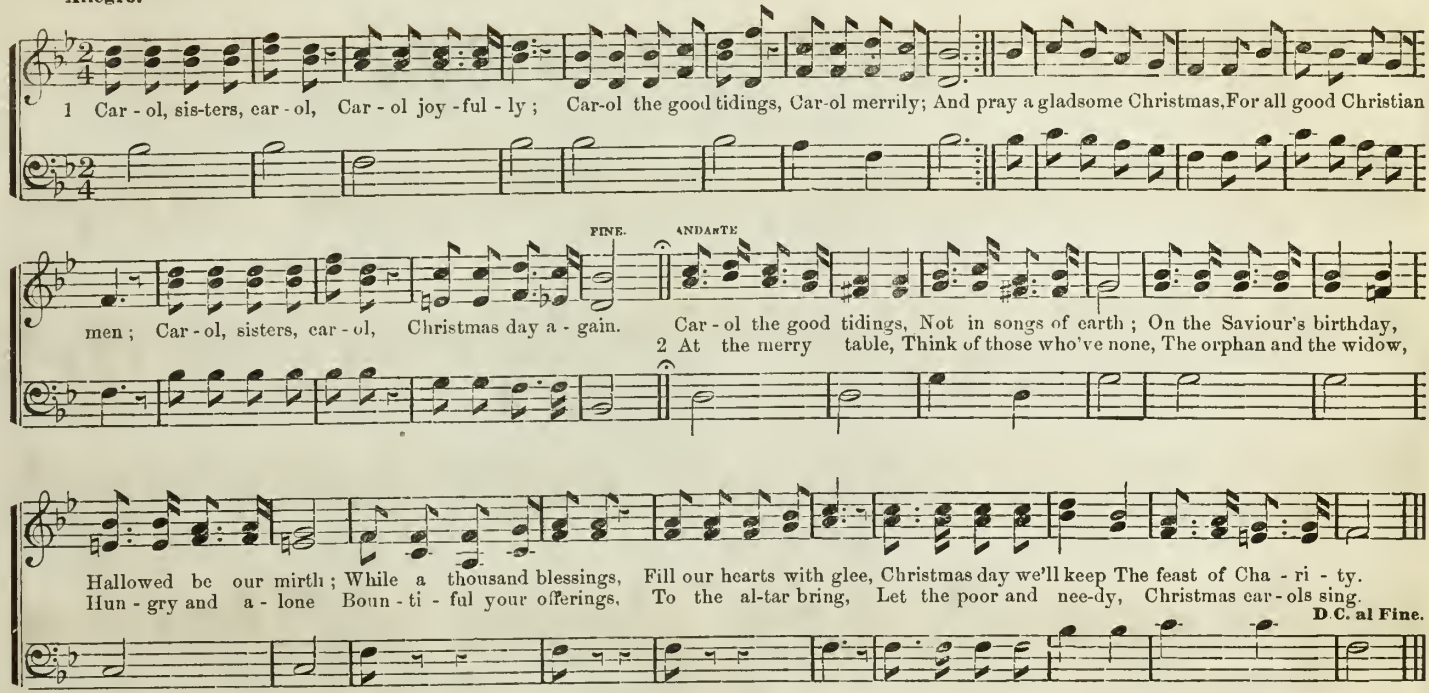
W. V. WALLACE.



A Christmas Carol.

Allegro.

Words and music by W. A. M.



3 Listening angel music,
Discord sure must cease,
Who dare hate his brother?
On this day of peace.

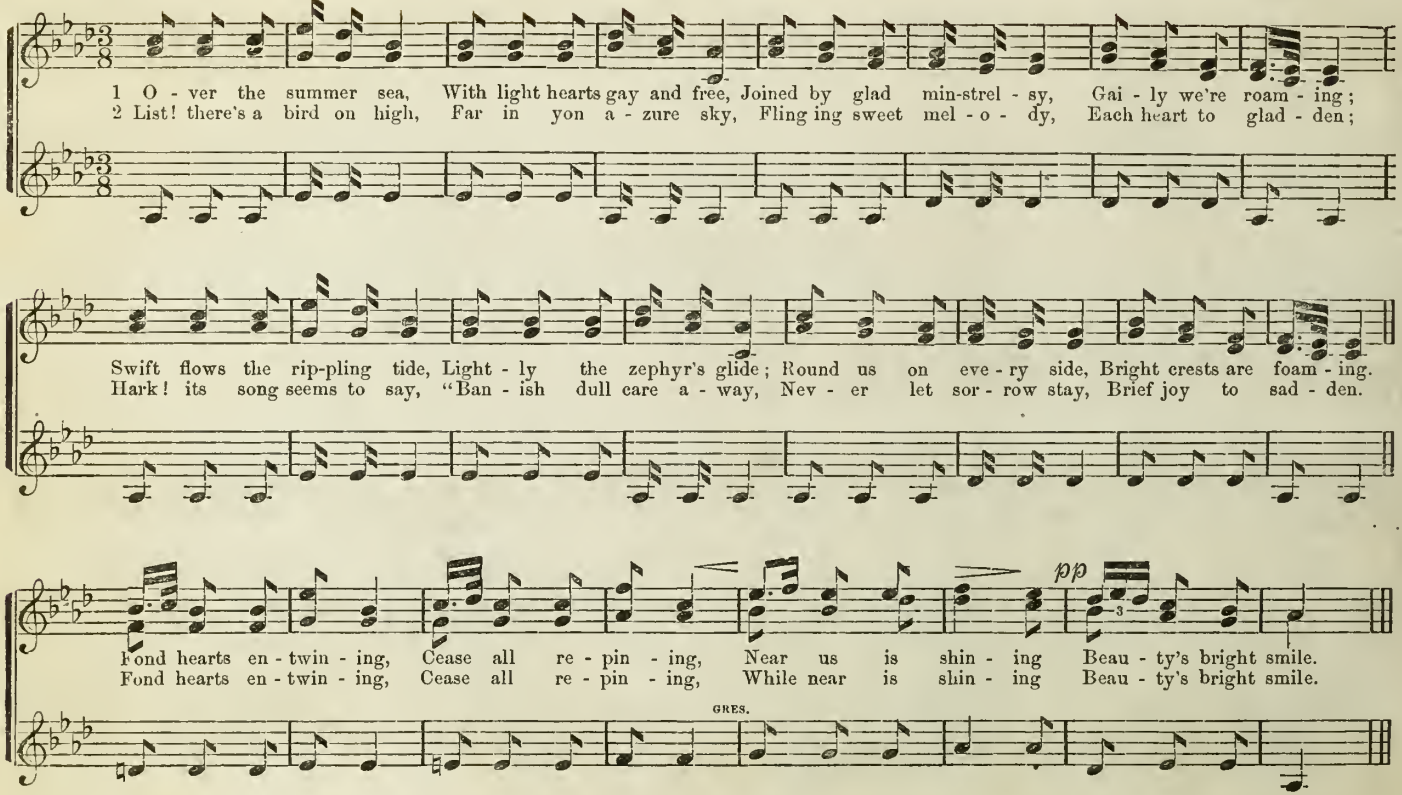
While the heav'ns are telling
To mankind good will,
Only love and kindness
Every bosom fill.
Carol, sisters, etc.

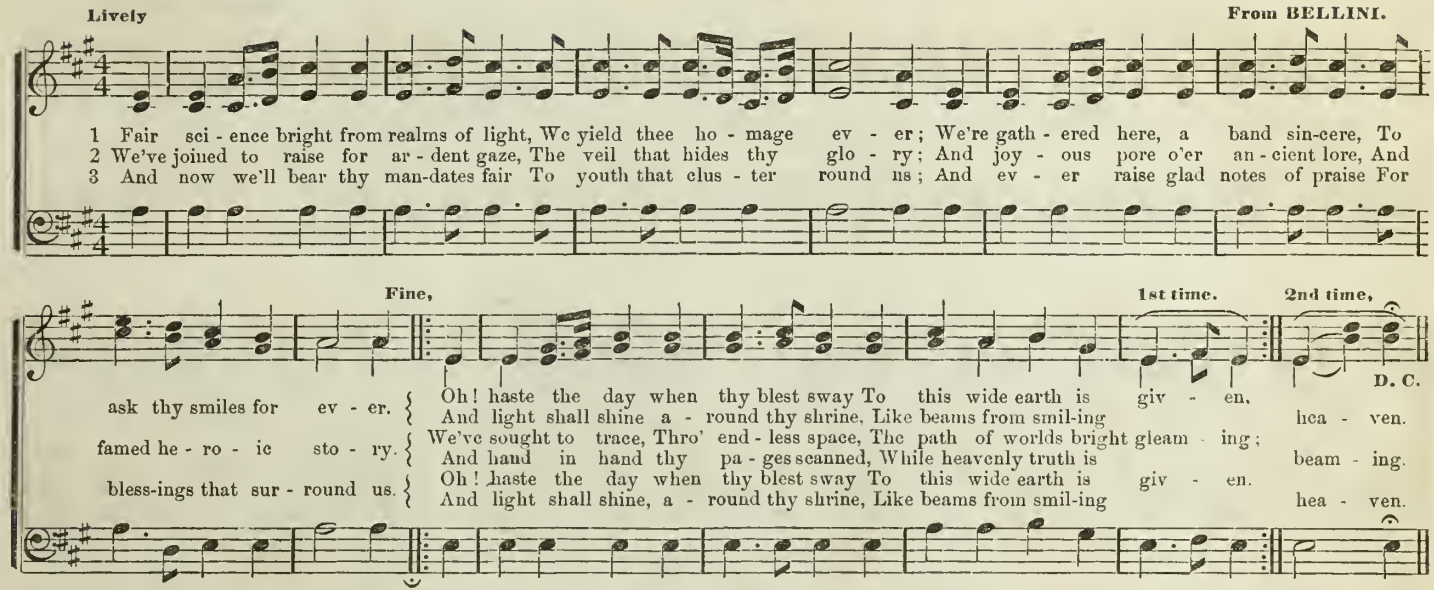
4 Let our hearts responding,
To the seraph band,
Wish this morning's sunshine,
Bright in every land;

Word, and deed, and prayer,
Speed the grateful sound
Telling "Merry Christmas,"
All the world around.
Carol, sisters, etc

Over the Summer Sea.

VERDI.





The Harvest time.

Poetry by Mrs SARAH J. HALE.

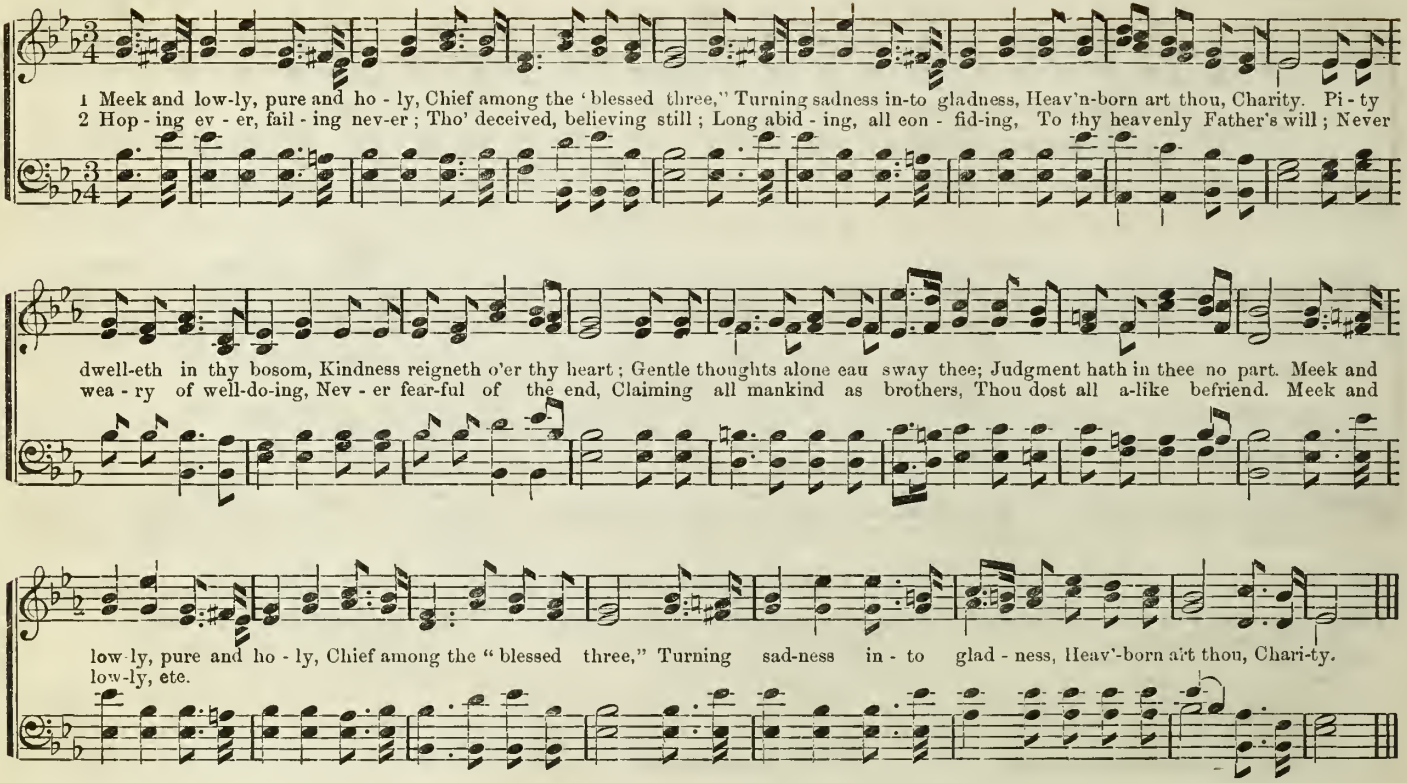
1 Calm autumn crown'd with ripen'd grain,
And fruits of richest flavors,
With notes of joy we hail again
The season of thy favors;
Our hearts and voices strike the chime,
The harvest time! the harvest time!
Then let our hearts and voices raise
To God the praise, to God the praise.

2 The harvest sun—how bright at noon,
His richest radiance throwing;
And O, how bright the harvest moon,
As she with joy is glowing,
And fain with us would strike the chime—
The harvest time! the harvest time!
Then let our hearts and voices raise,
To God the praise, to God the praise.

3 In our broad land we've ev'ry clime,
All boast some gift possessing,
And all enjoy the harvest time,
That makes each gift a blessing;
Our hearts and voices strike the chime,
The harvest time! the harvest time!
Then let our hearts and voices raise
To God the praise, to God the praise.

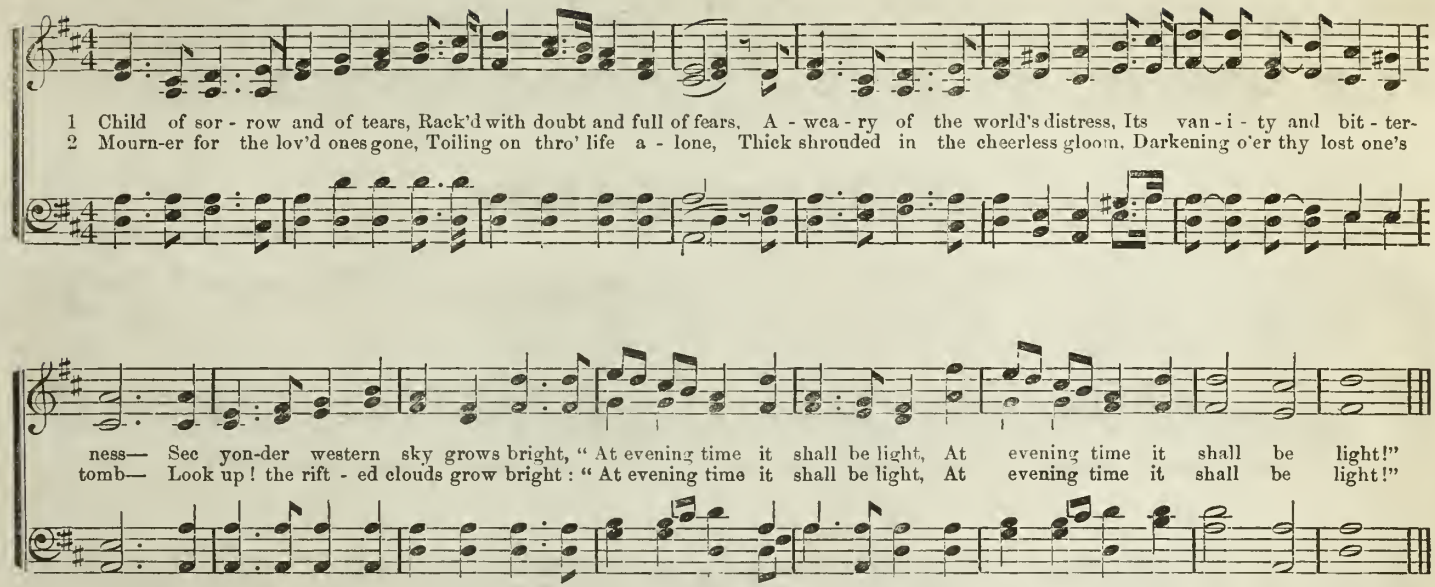
Charity.

From S. GLOVER



The Evening Light. Zech. 14 : 7.

Words by Rev. A. H. CLAPP. J. C. W.



3 Scholar, tossing on thy bed—
Throbbing eye and aching head,
Life's few sands ebbing sure and slow,
Mock thy fond desire to know.
Thy sun shall set serene and bright:
"At evening time it shall be light!"

4 Pilgrim, bearing up thy cross,
'Mid revilings, sickness, loss,
Oft stumbling in thy rugged path,
Trembling oft at satan's wrath—
E'en now thy darkling way grows bright,
"At evening time it shall be light!"

5 Christian, longing for thy rest,
Leaning on thy Saviour's breast,
Yet dreading Death's remorseless power,
CHRIST will cheer thy dying hour:
HIS love makes death's dark valley bright:
"At evening time it shall be light!"

DUET.—Cuckoo, Cuckoo.

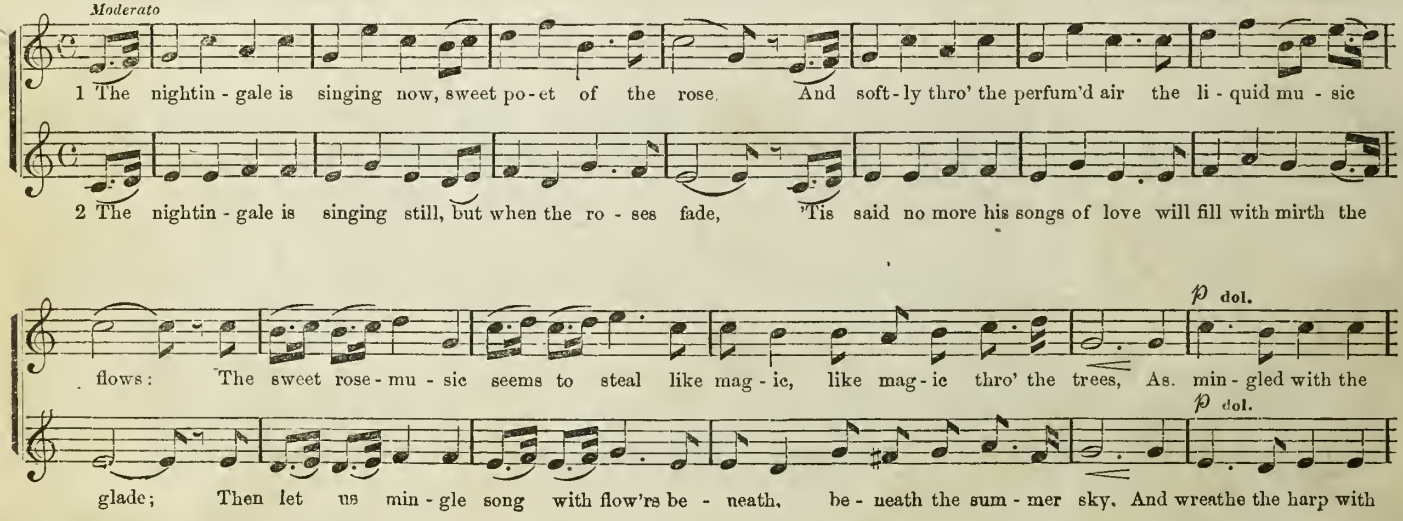
SILCHER.

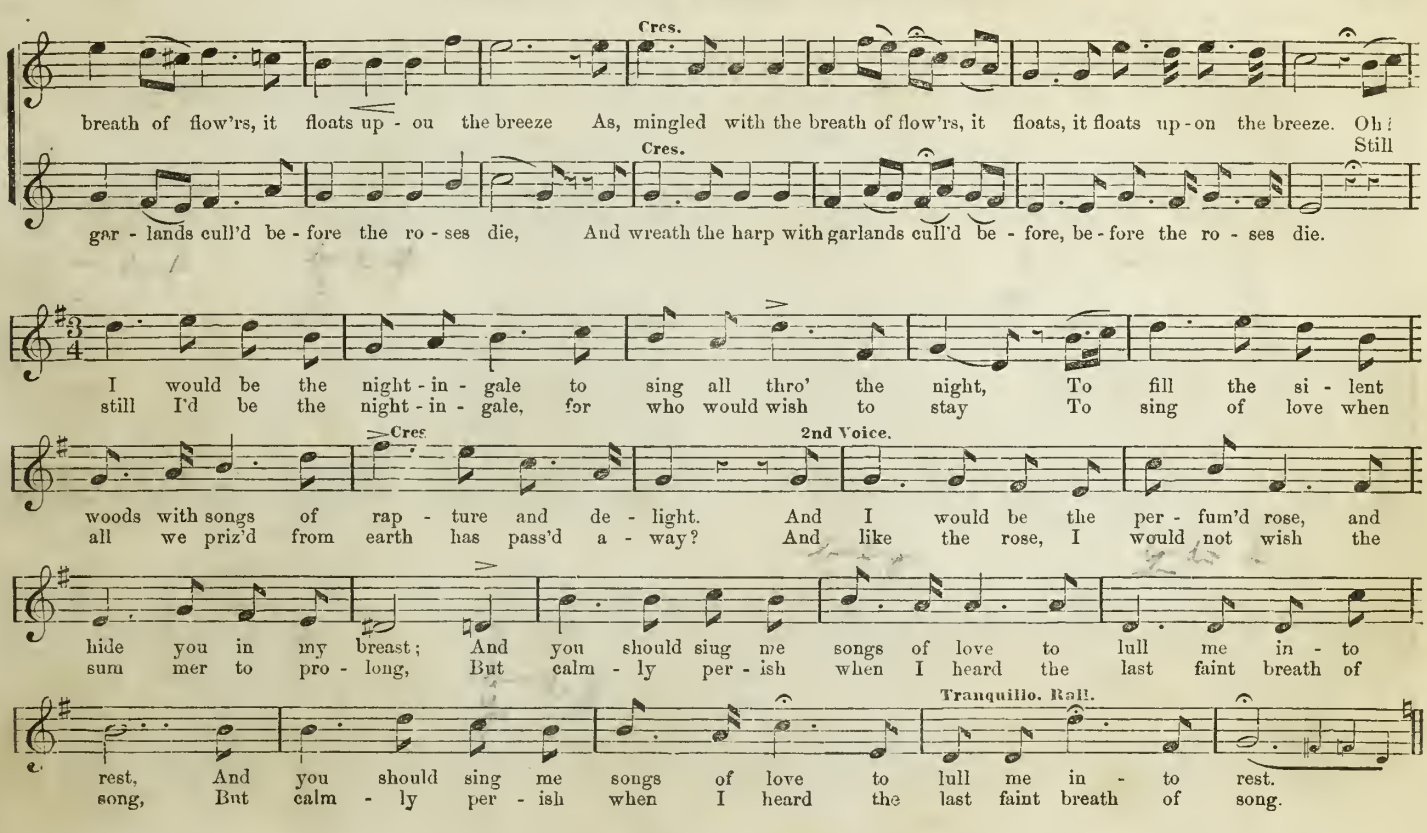
1. Cuckoo, Cuckoo, now greets our ear, Let us be singing, dancing and springing, Summer, Sum-mer soon will be here, Summer, Sum-mer soon will be here.
2. Cuckoo, Cuckoo, still hear it sing. Come to the meadows, be mer-ry fel-lows, Welcome, welcome, life-giv - ing spring, Welcome, welcome, life-giv-ing spring.
3. Cuckoo, Cuckoo, welcome we say, Sweet is thy sing-ing, joy ev-er bringing, Winter, Win - ter pass-es a - way, Win-ter, Win-ter pass- es a - way.

DUETT.—The Nightingale and the Rose.

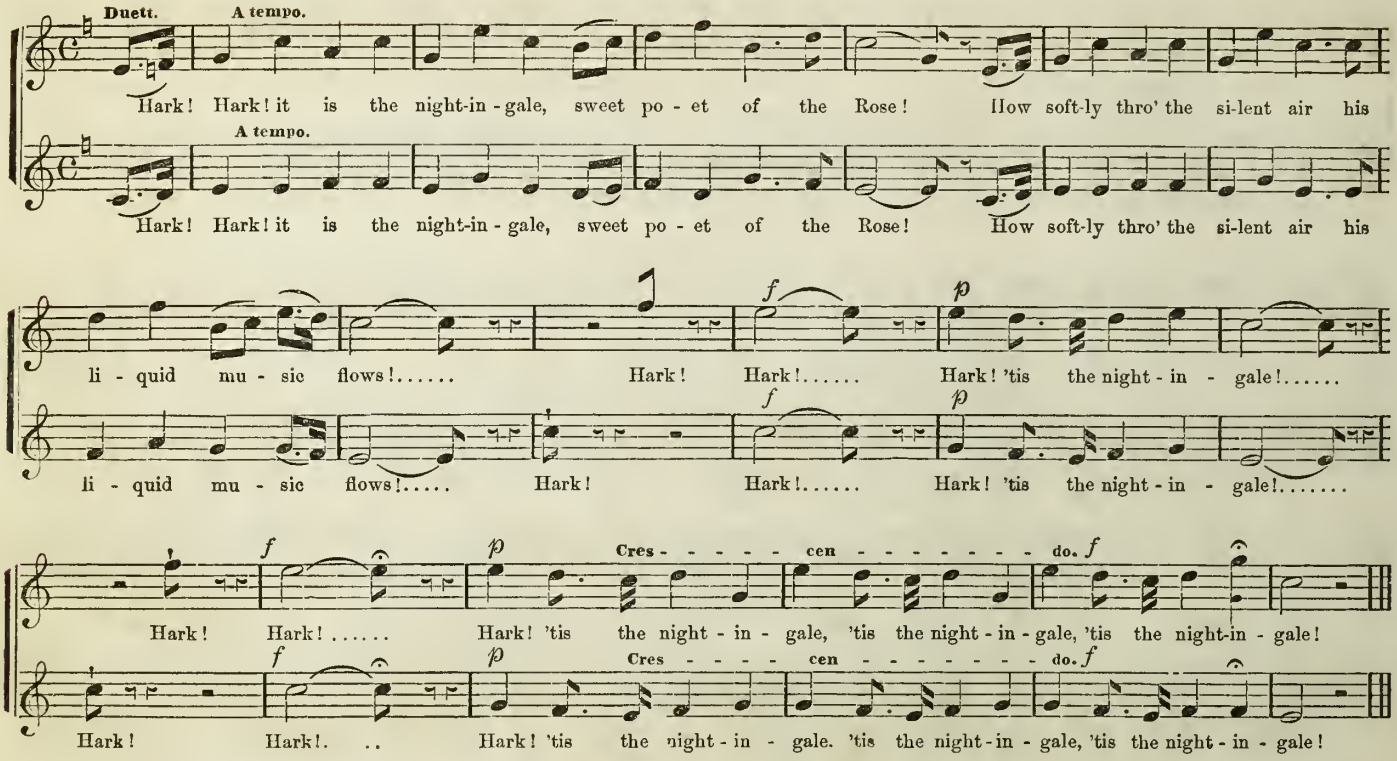
Words by J. E. CARPENTER. Music by STEPHEN GLOVER

Moderato

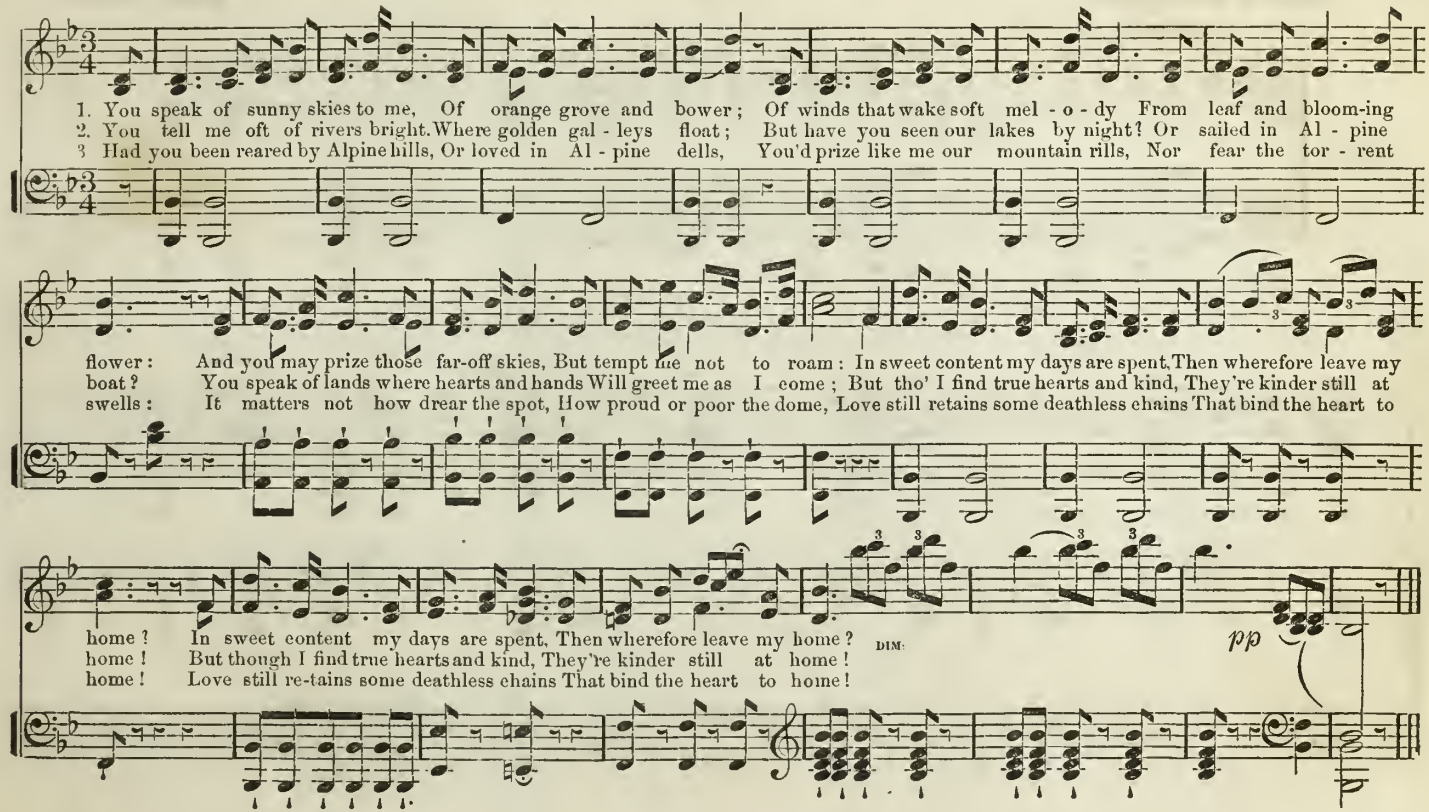



Cres.
breath of flow'rs, it floats up - ou the breeze As, mingled with the breath of flow'rs, it floats, it floats up - on the breeze. Oh!
Cres.
Still
gar - lands cull'd be - fore the ro - ses die, And wreath the harp with garlands cull'd be - fore, be - fore the ro - ses die.
I would be the night - in - gale to sing all thro' the night, To fill the si - lent
still I'd be the night - in - gale, for who would wish to stay To sing of love when
Cres
2nd Voice.
woods with songs of rap - ture and de - light. And I would be the per - fum'd rose, and
all we priz'd from earth has pass'd a - way? And like the rose, I would not wish the
hide you in my breast; And you should sing me songs of love to lull me in - to
sum mer to pro - long, But calm - ly per - ish when I heard the last faint breath of
Tranquillo. Rall.
rest, And you should sing me songs of love to lull me in - to rest.
song, But calm - ly per - ish when I heard the last faint breath of song.

The Nightingale and the Rose.—Concluded.



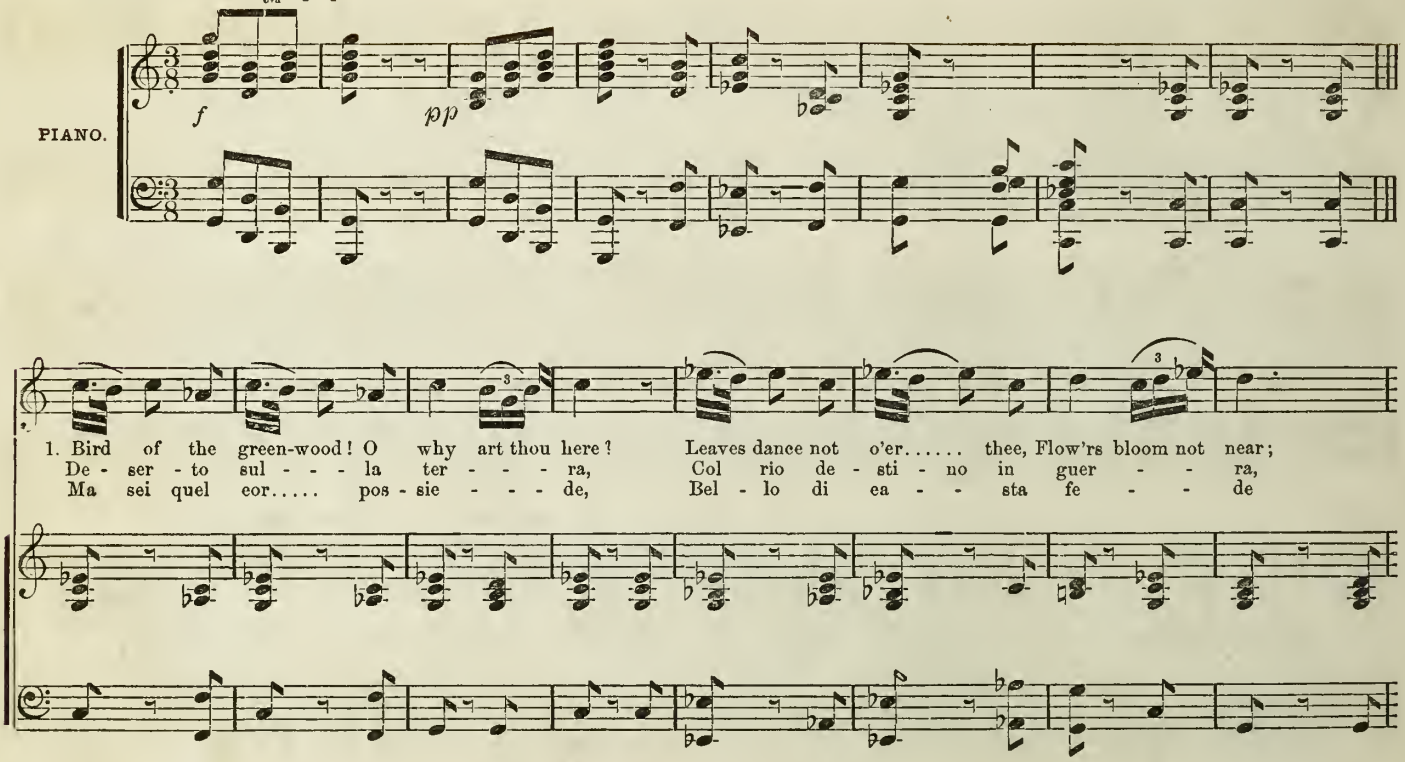
S. GLOVER.

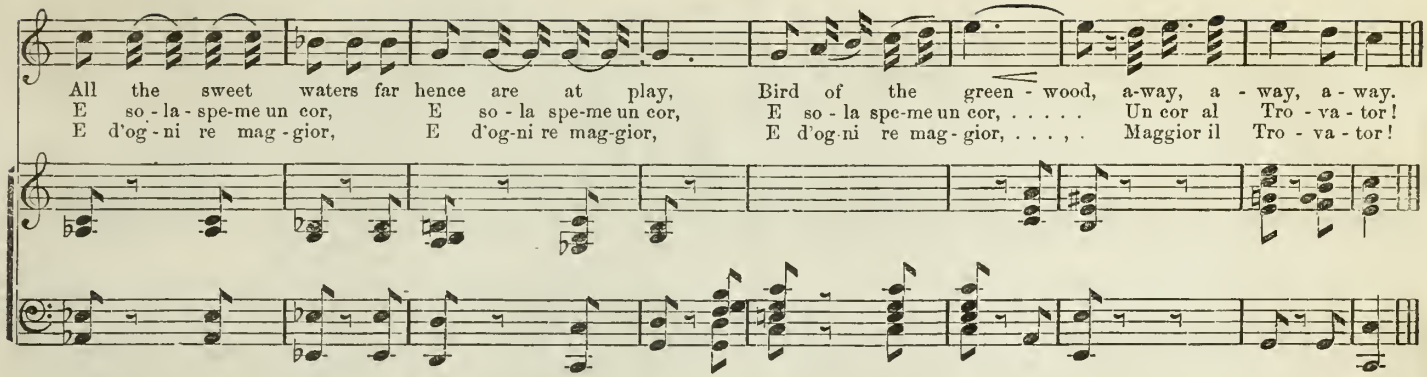

1. You speak of sunny skies to me, Of orange grove and bower; Of winds that wake soft mel - o - dy From leaf and bloom-ing
2. You tell me oft of rivers bright. Where golden gal - leys float; But have you seen our lakes by night? Or sailed in Al - pine
3 Had you been reared by Alpine hills, Or loved in Al - pine dells, You'd prize like me our mountain rills, Nor fear the tor - rent
flower: And you may prize those far-off skies, But tempt me not to roam: In sweet content my days are spent. Then wherefore leave my
boat? You speak of lands where hearts and hands Will greet me as I come; But tho' I find true hearts and kind, They're kinder still at
swells: It matters not how drear the spot, How proud or poor the dome, Love still retains some deathless chains That bind the heart to
home! In sweet content my days are spent. Then wherefore leave my home?
home! But though I find true hearts and kind, They're kinder still at home!
home! Love still re-tains some deathless chains That bind the heart to home!
DIM.
pp

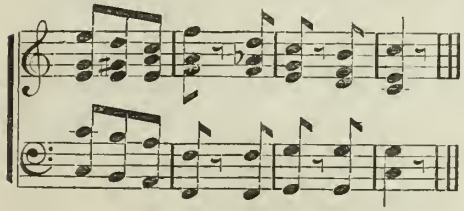
Bird of the Greenwood

Poetry by Mrs. HEMANS

Music by VERDI.







2 'Midst the wild billows,
Thy place must not be.
As 'midst the wavings
Of wild rose and tree;
How should'st thou battle
With storm and with spray?
Bird of the greenwood,
Away, away!

3 Or art thou seeking
Some brighter land,
Where, by the south wind,
Vine leaves are fanned?
'Midst the wild billows
Why then delay?
Bird of the greenwood,
Away, away!

4 "Chide not my lingering
Where waves are dark!
A hand that has nursed me
Is in the bark;—
A heart that hath cherished
Through winter's long day—
So I turn from the greenwood,
Away, away!

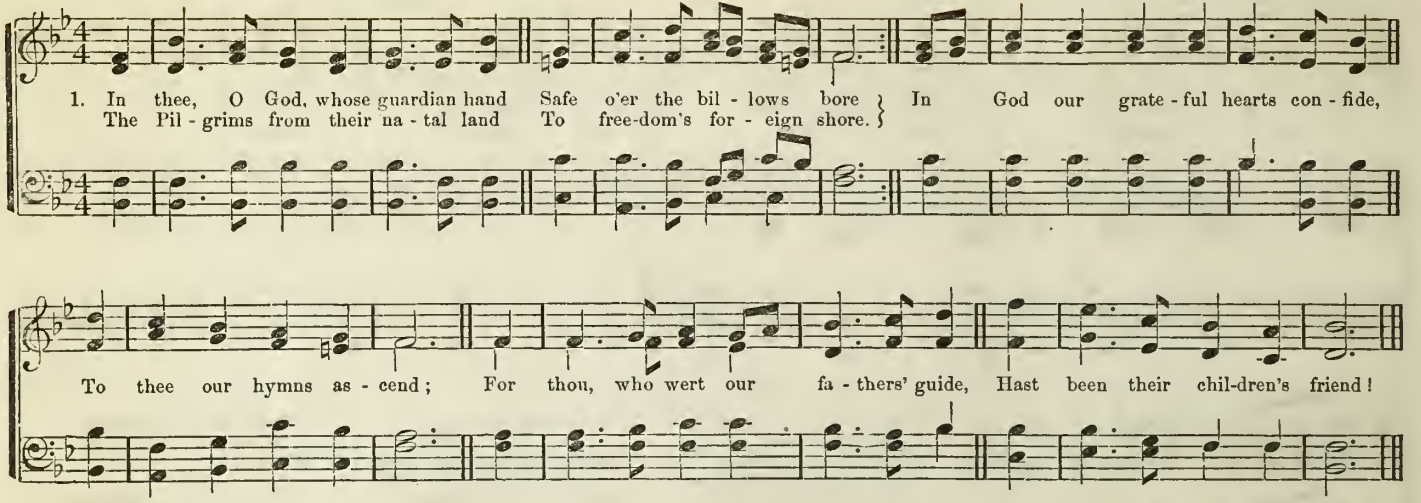
SERENADE.—English Translation.

1 Lonely I wander the wide world o'er,
Ever with fortune and fate at war;
Sighing for one kind heart,
Sighing for one kind heart,
Sighing for one kind heart,
To bless the Troubadour.

2 Ah! that so happy a lot were mine,
Then would I never again repine
What could the world give more,
What could the world give more,
What could the world give more
To bless the Troubadour?

THE PILGRIMS.

Words by PARK BENJAMIN.



2 Wild was the day and dark the night
When on the deep they came;
But Faith arose, their cloud of light,
And Love, their pillared flame.
In God our grateful hearts, &c.

3 Though far behind their happy clime,
Blue sky and verdant sod,
They feared not distance, change or time,
For they were nearer God.
In God our grateful hearts, &c.

4 The wood became their place of prayer,
The rock a shelter gave,
And Thy right arm was everywhere
Omnipotent to save.
In God our grateful hearts, &c.

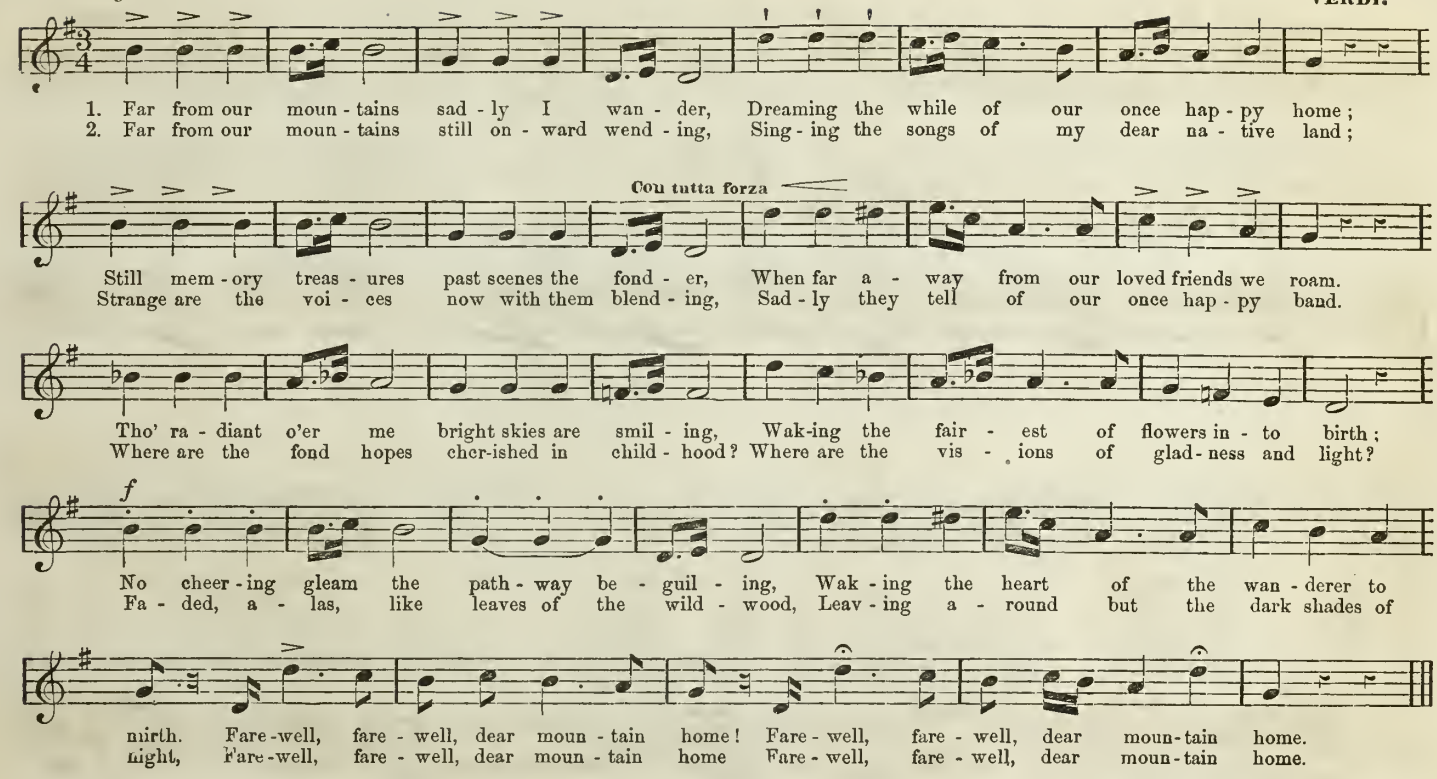
5 The rolling years have curtained all
But heaven and earth and sea.
Yet on His holy name we call,
Whose power hath made us free.
In God our grateful hearts, &c.

6 Though only on the storied page,
Our fathers' fame survives,
O, may we keep, from age to age,
Its record in our lives!
In God our grateful hearts, &c.

ABSENCE.

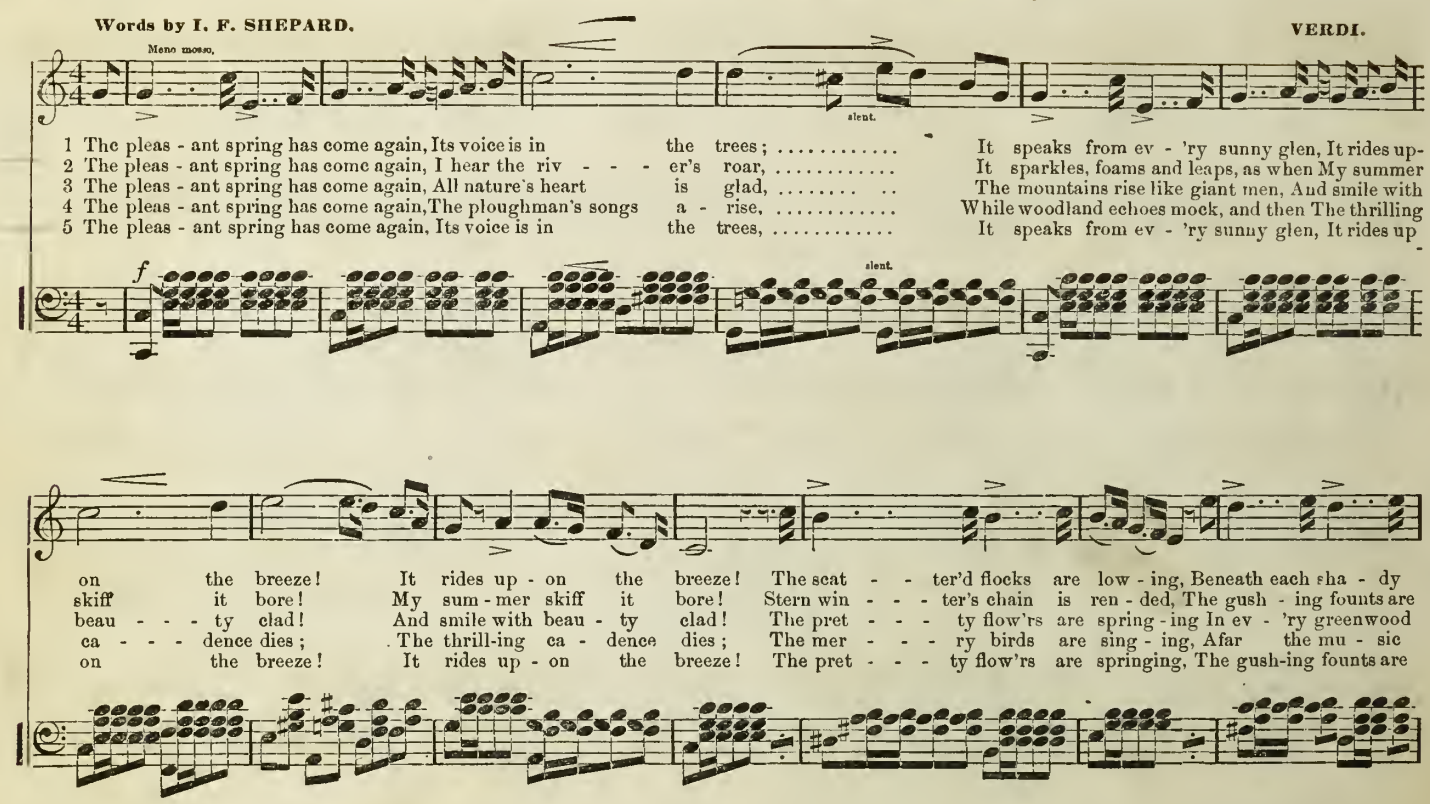
Allegretto Moderato.

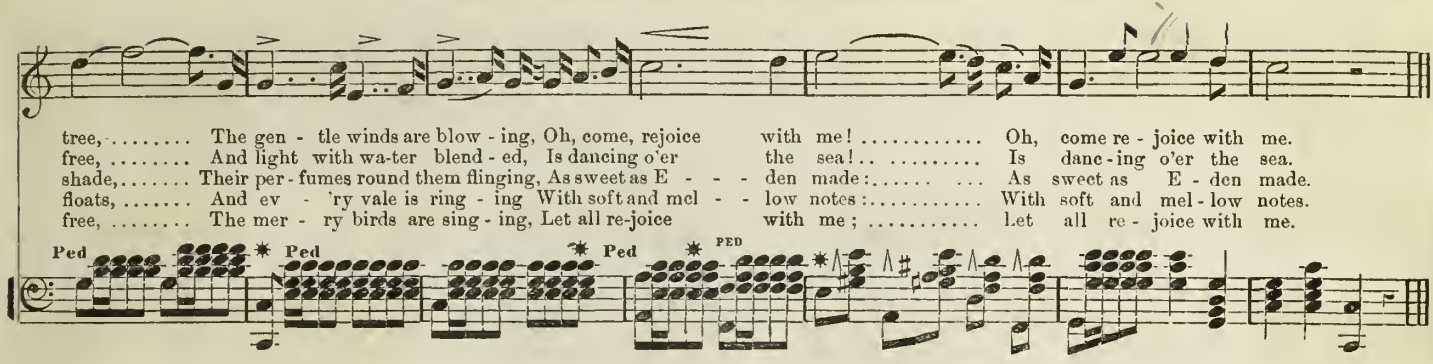
VERDI.



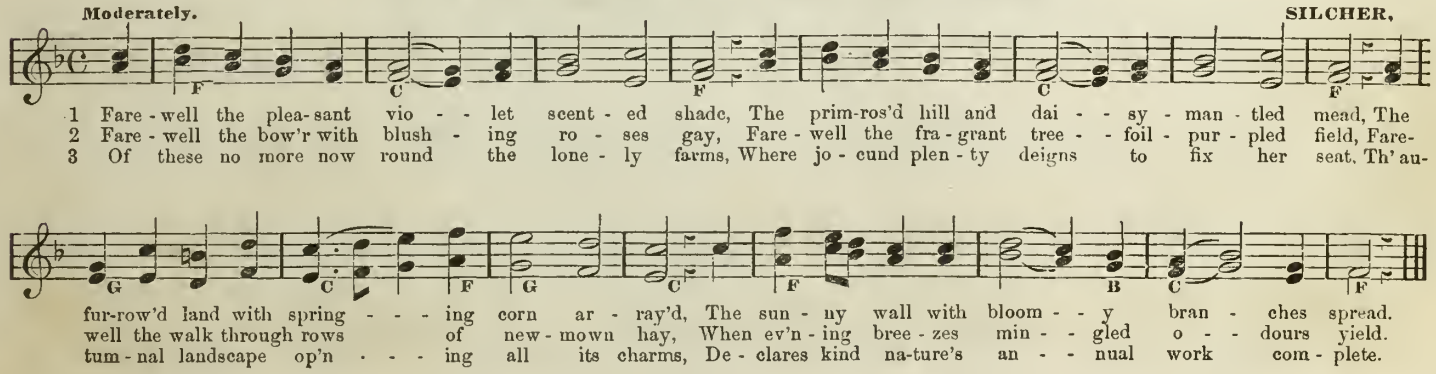
The pleasant Spring has come again.

Words by I. F. SHEPARD. VERDI.





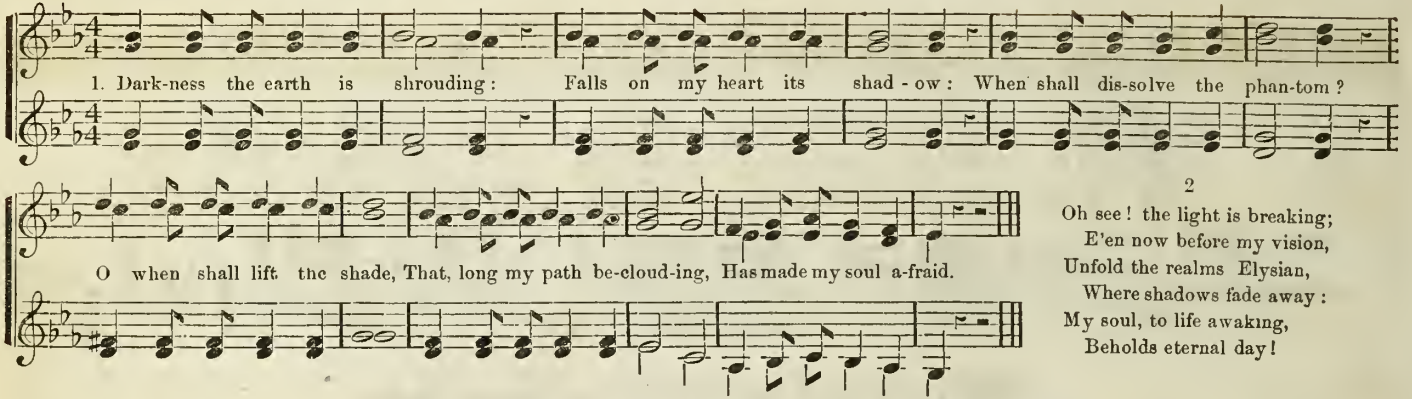
DUETT.—Farewell the pleasant violet-scented shade.



QUARTET.—Darkness the earth is shrouding.

VERDI.

Words by Rev. A. H. CLAPP.

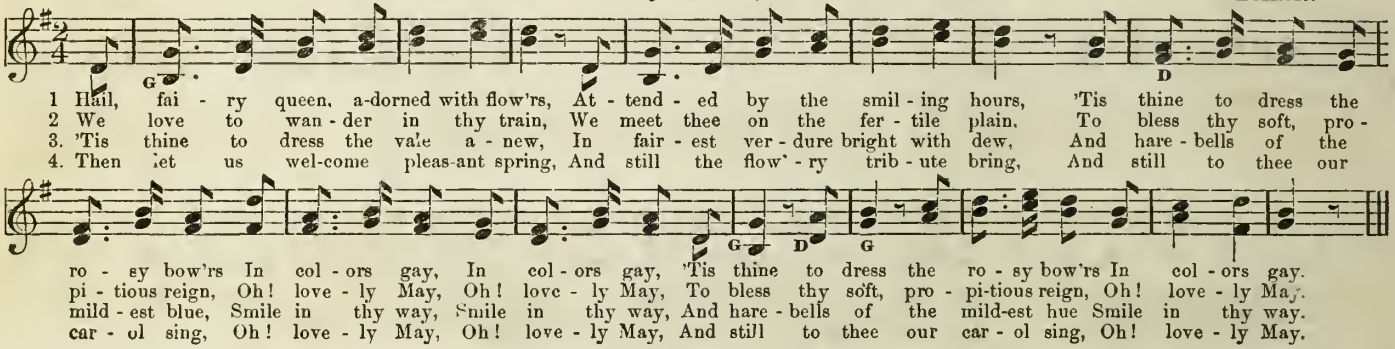


2

Oh see! the light is breaking;
E'en now before my vision,
Unfold the realms Elysian,
Where shadows fade away:
My soul, to life awaking,
Beholds eternal day!

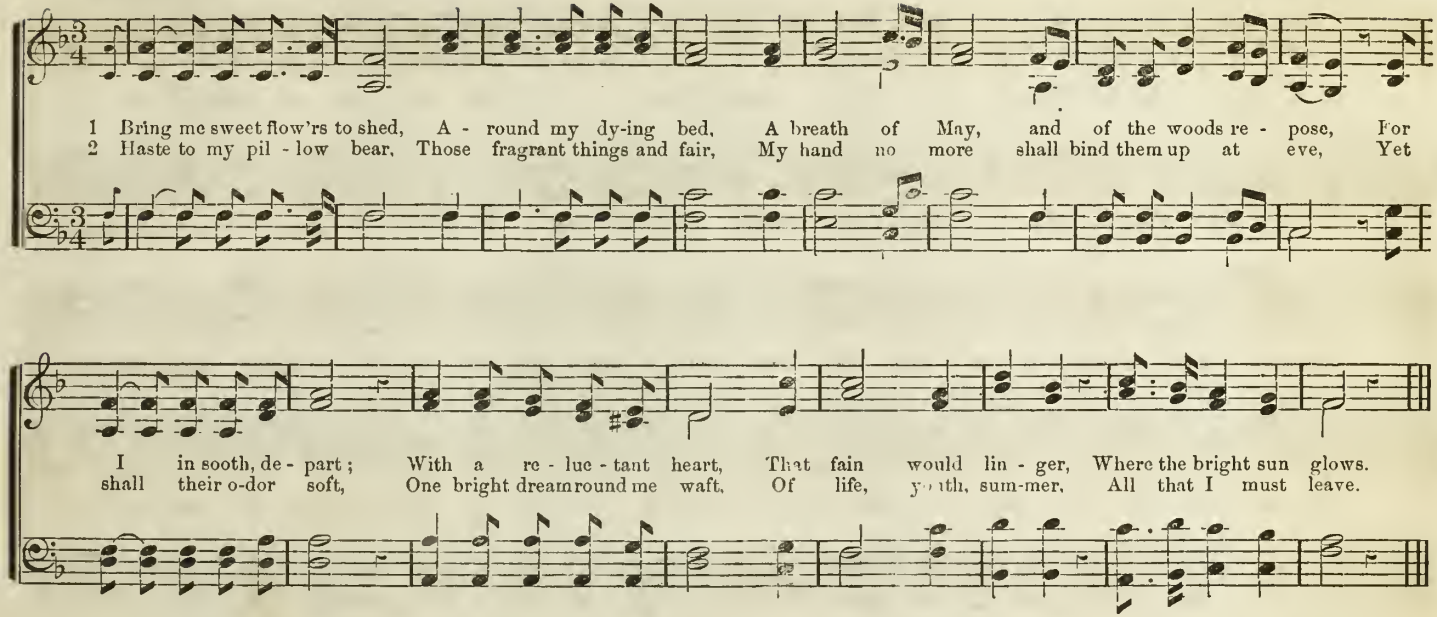
DUET.—Hail! Fairy Queen, adorned with flowers.

SILCHER.



THE LAST WISH.

Words by Mrs. HEMANS. Music by her Sister.

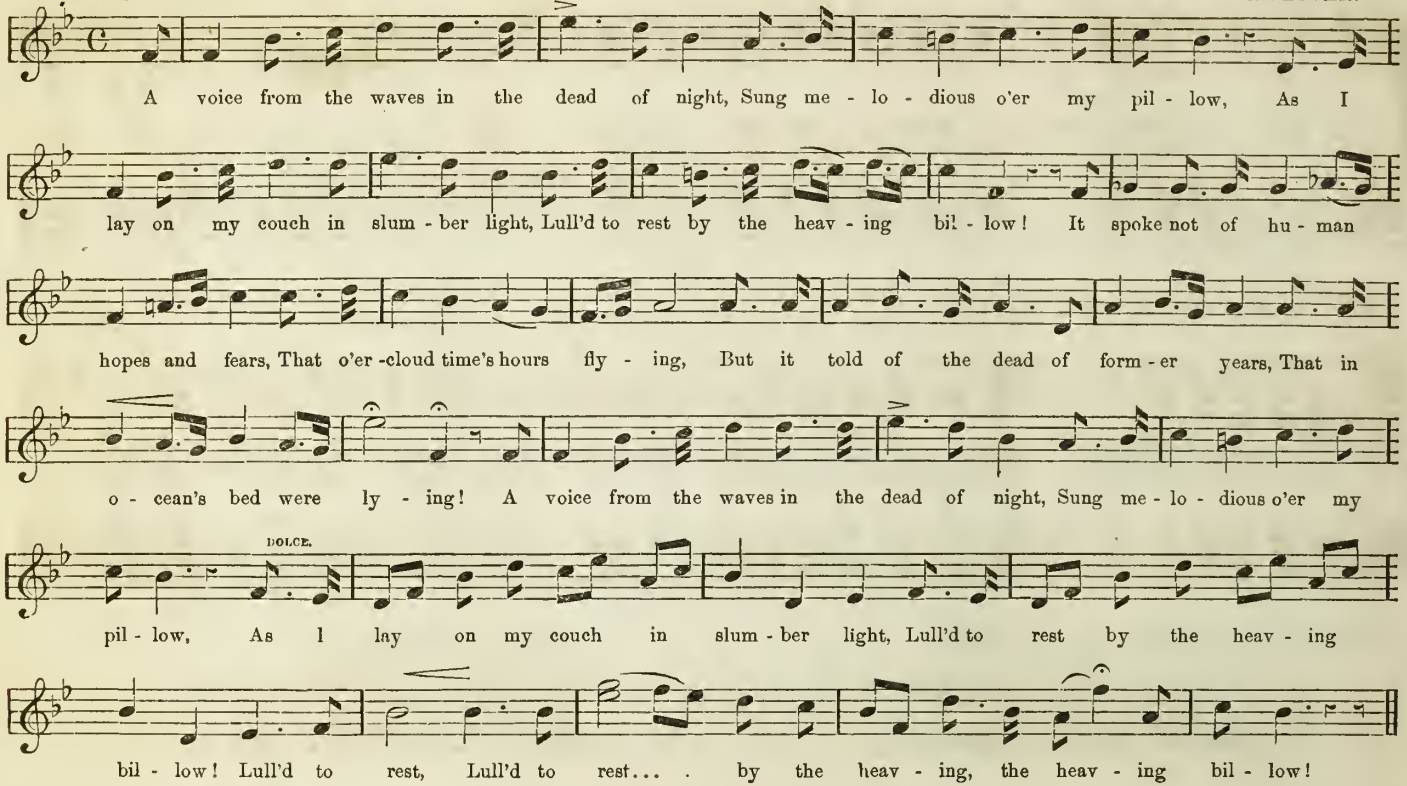


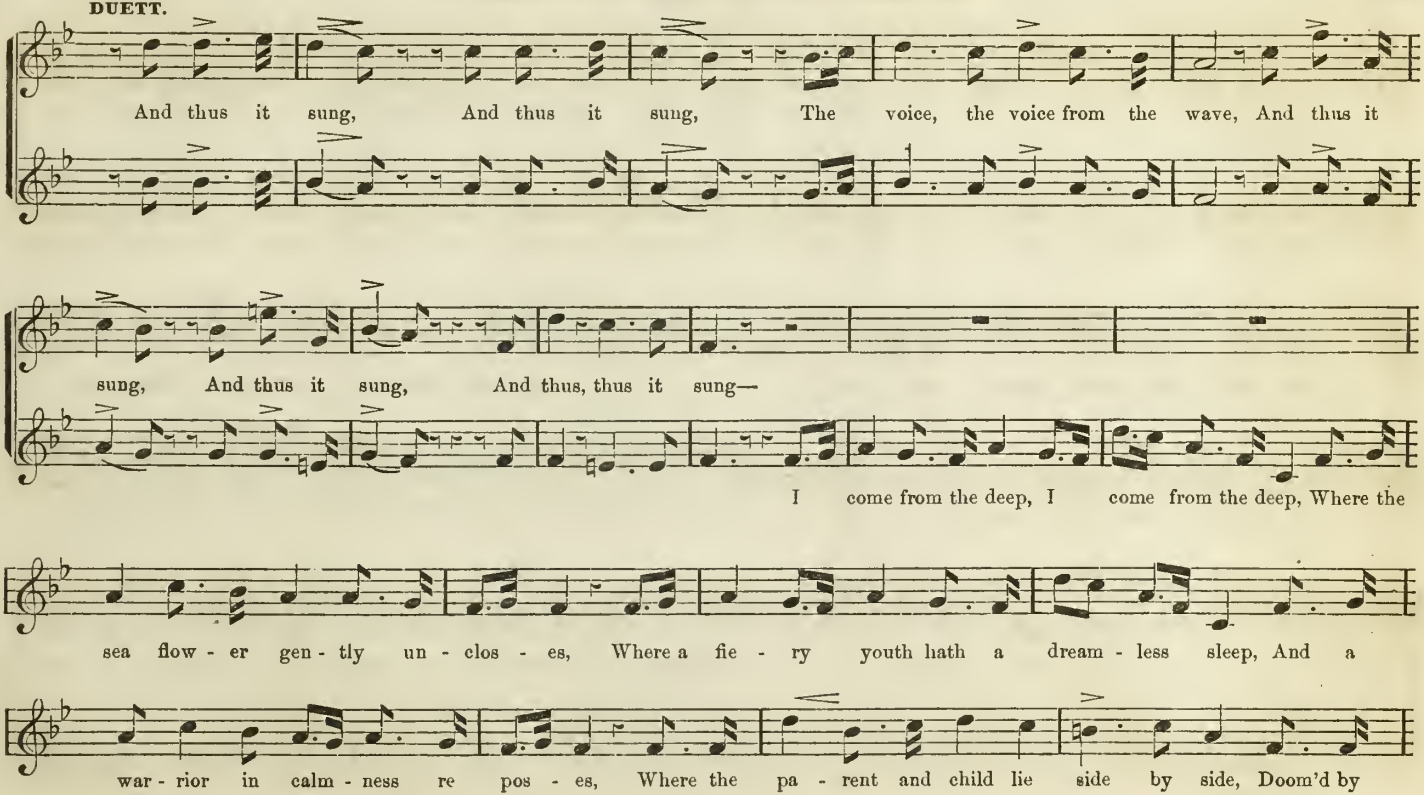
3 And oh! if thou wouldst ask,
Wherefore thy steps I task,
The grove, the stream, the hamlet-vale to trace,
'Tis that some thought of me,
When I am gone may be,
That spirit bound to each familiar place.

4 I bid mine image dwell,
Oh! break not thou the spell!
In the deep wood, and by the fountain's side,
Thou must not, my belov'd,
Rove where we two have rov'd,
Forgeting her that in her spring-time died.

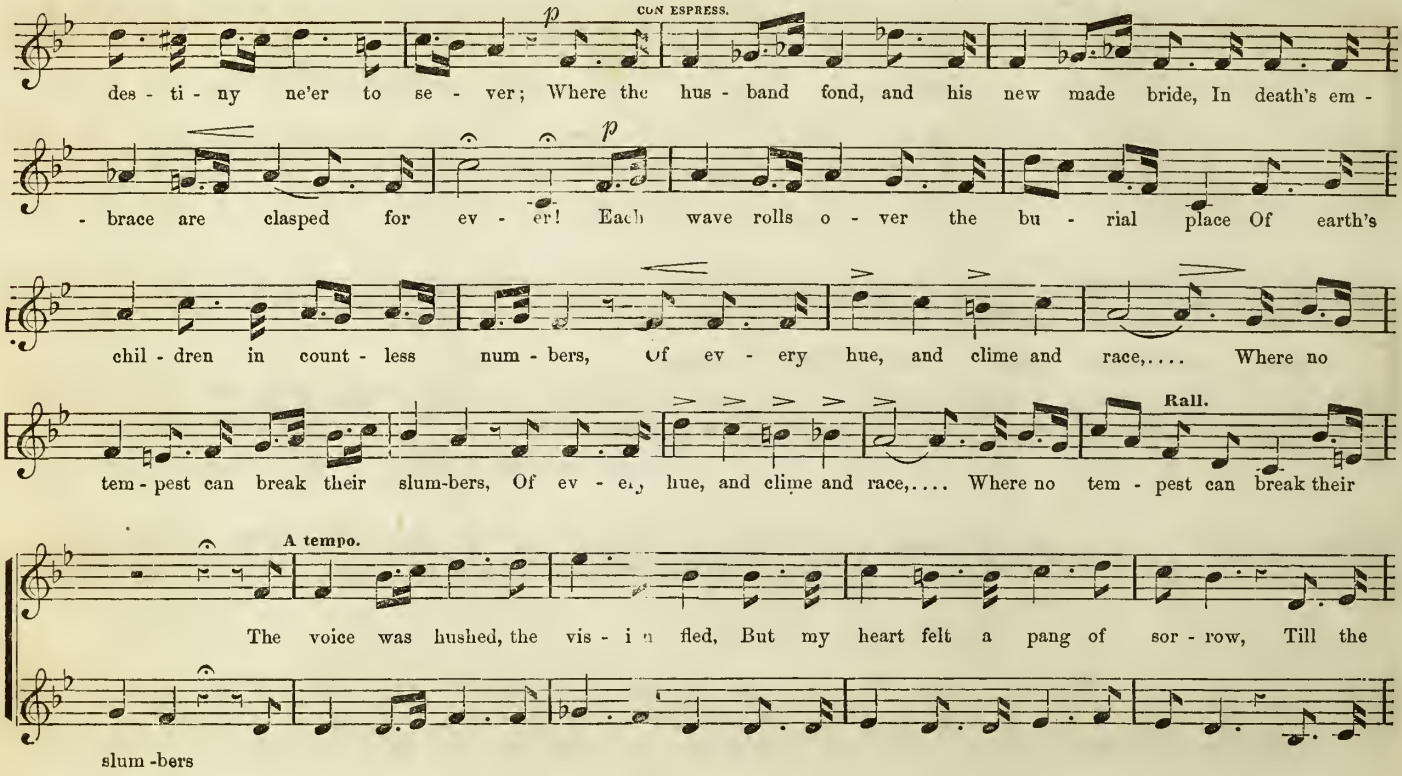
DUETT and SOLO.—A Voice from the Waves.

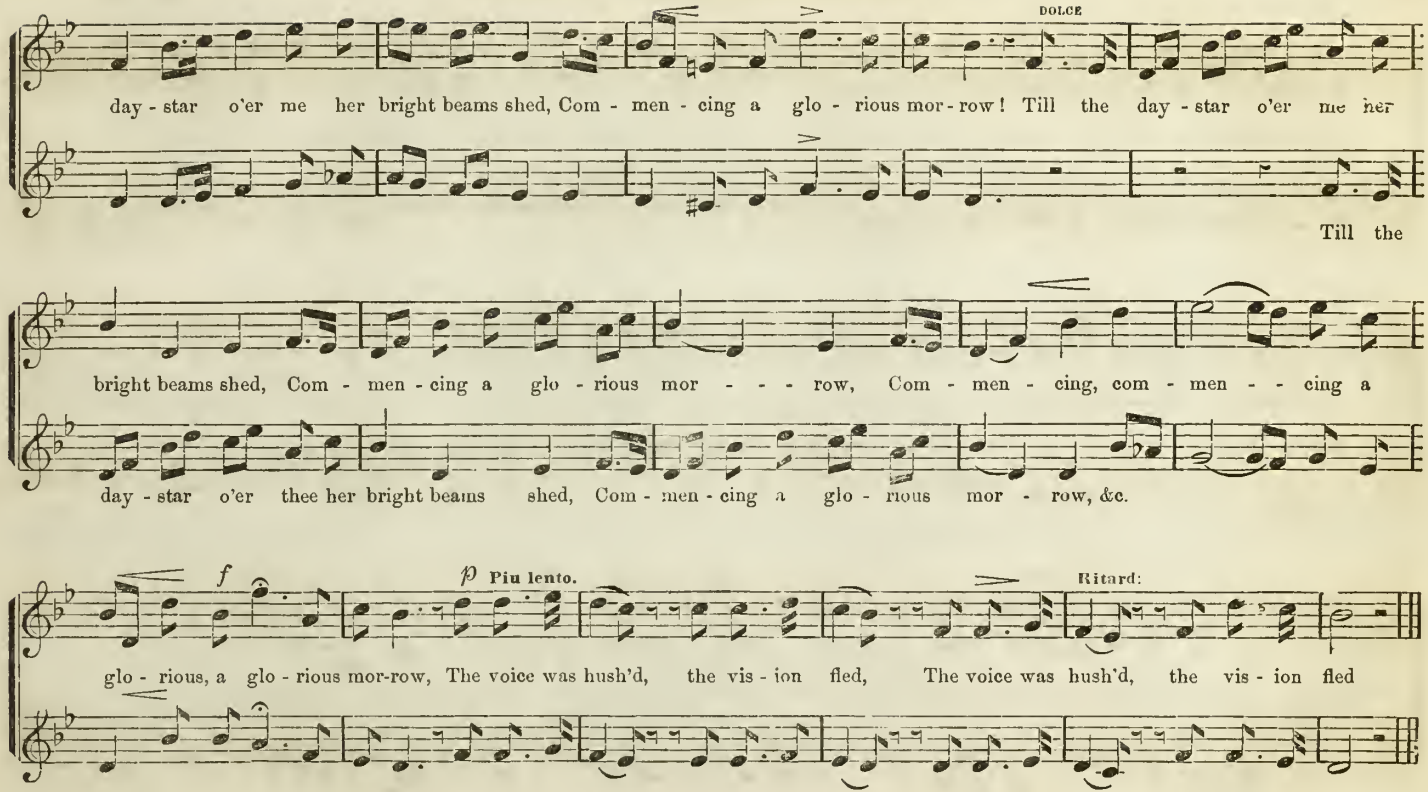
Words by R. RYAN. S. GLOVER.




DUETT.
And thus it sung, And thus it sung, The voice, the voice from the wave, And thus it
sung, And thus it sung, And thus, thus it sung—
I come from the deep, I come from the deep, Where the
sea flow - er gen - tly un - clos - es, Where a fie - ry youth hath a dream - less sleep, And a
war - rior in calm - ness re pos - es, Where the pa - rent and child lie side by side, Doom'd by

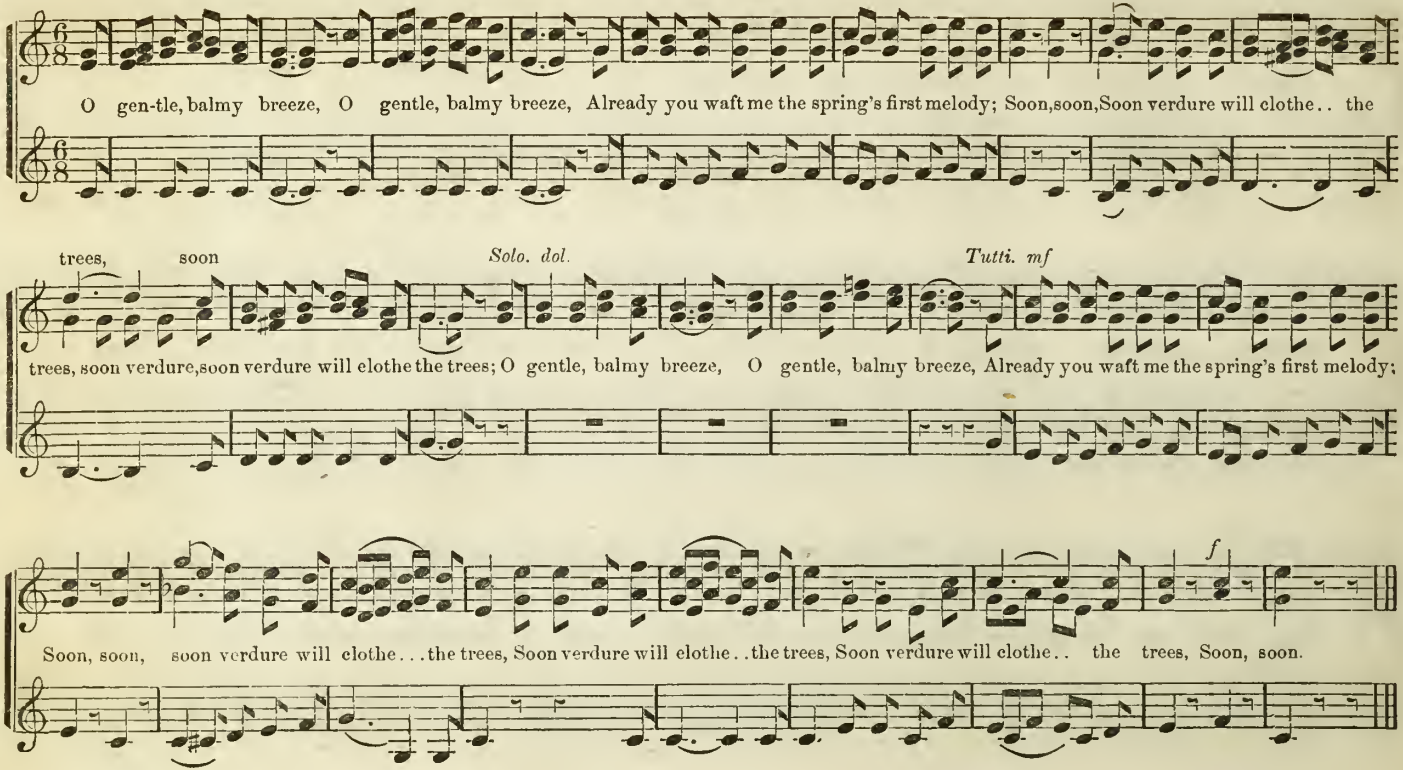
A Voice from the Waves.—Continued.




DOLCE
day - star o'er me her bright beams shed, Com - men - cing a glo - rious mor - row! Till the day - star o'er me her
Till the
bright beams shed, Com - men - cing a glo - rious mor - - - row, Com - men - cing, com - men - - cing a
day - star o'er thee her bright beams shed, Com - men - cing a glo - rious mor - row, &c.
f
p Piu lento.
Ritard:
glo - rious, a glo - rious mor-row, The voice was hush'd, the vis - ion fled, The voice was hush'd, the vis - ion fled

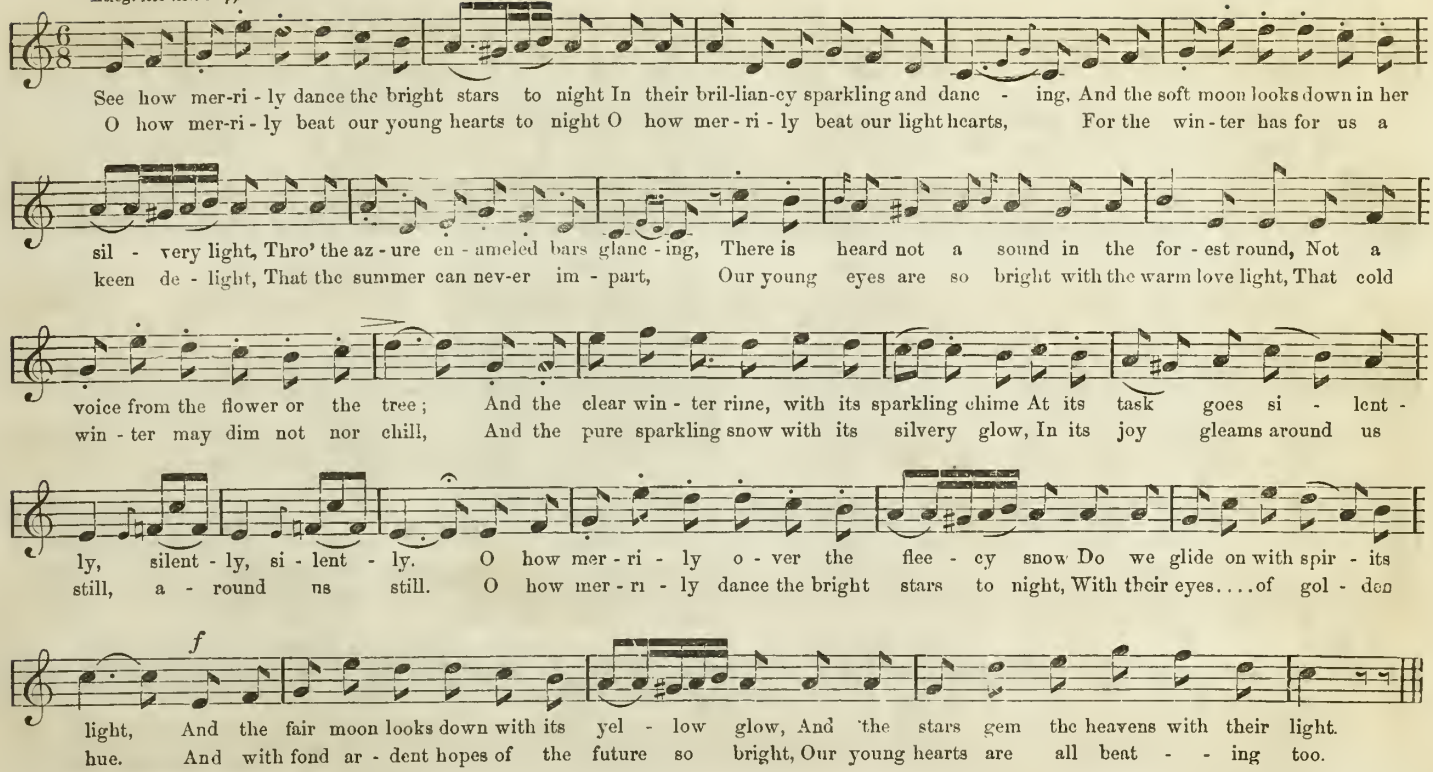
TRIO.—O gentle balmy Breeze.

SILCHER,



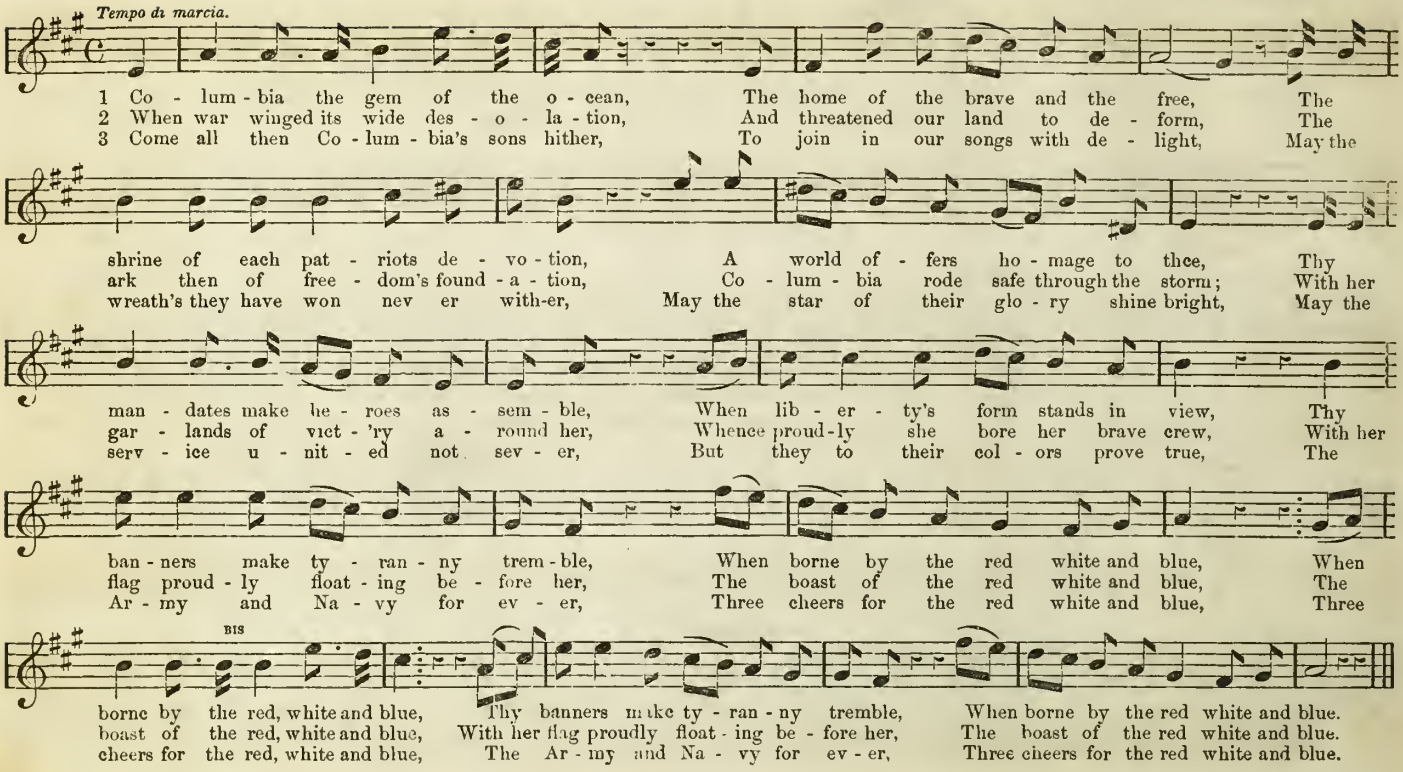
DONIZETTI.

Allegretto non troppo.

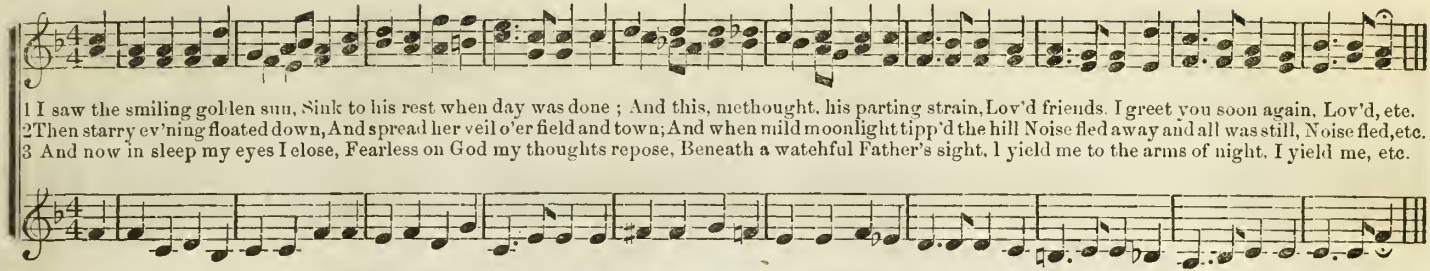


THE RED WHITE AND BLUE.

By permission of LEE & WALKER.

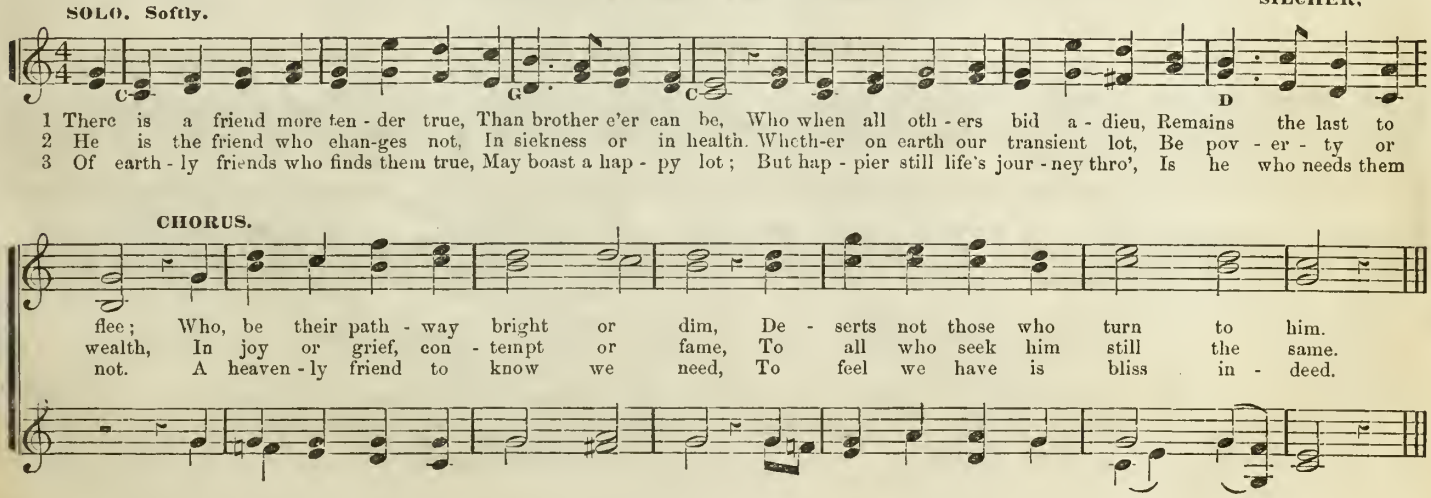


TRIO.—I saw the smiling golden Sun.

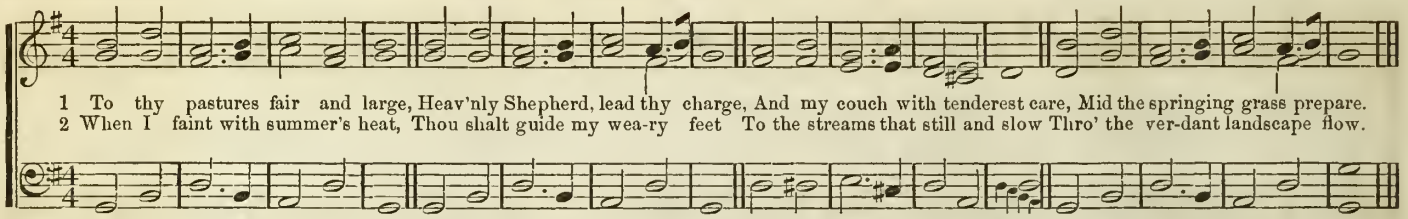


There is a Friend more tender true.

SILCHER.



PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

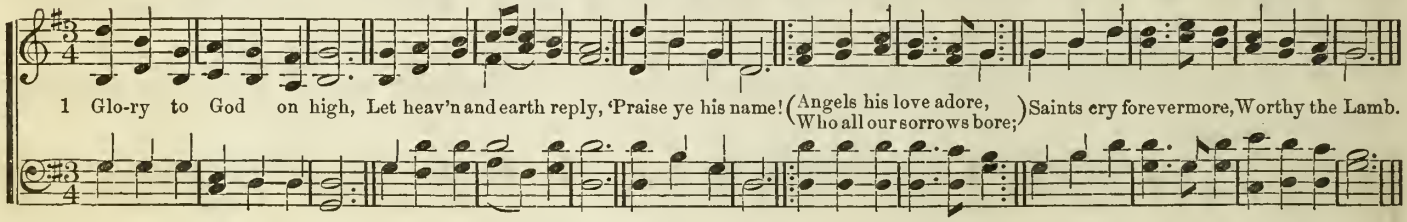


3 Safe the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'erspread,
With thy rod and staff supplied,
This my guard,—and that my guide

4 Constant to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps shall attend;
And shalt bid thy hallowed dome
Yield me an eternal home.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.

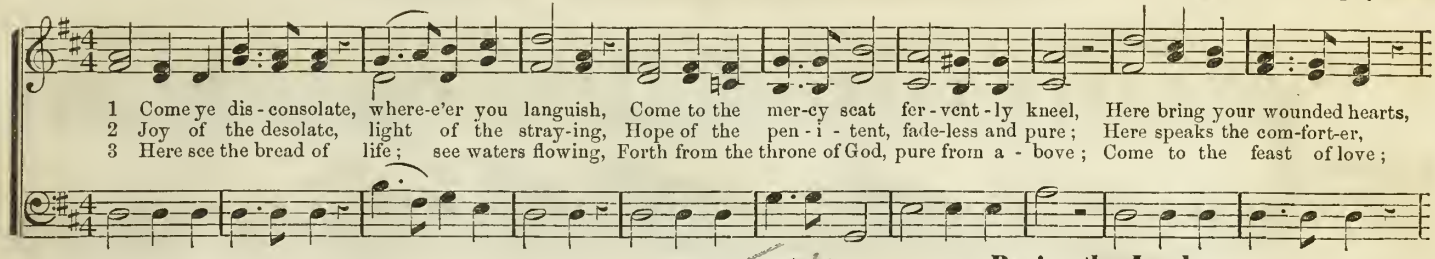
GIARDINI.



2 Ye, who surround the throne,
Cheerfully join in one;
Praising his name:
Ye, who have felt his blood,
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound through the earth abroad,—
'Worthy the Lamb.'

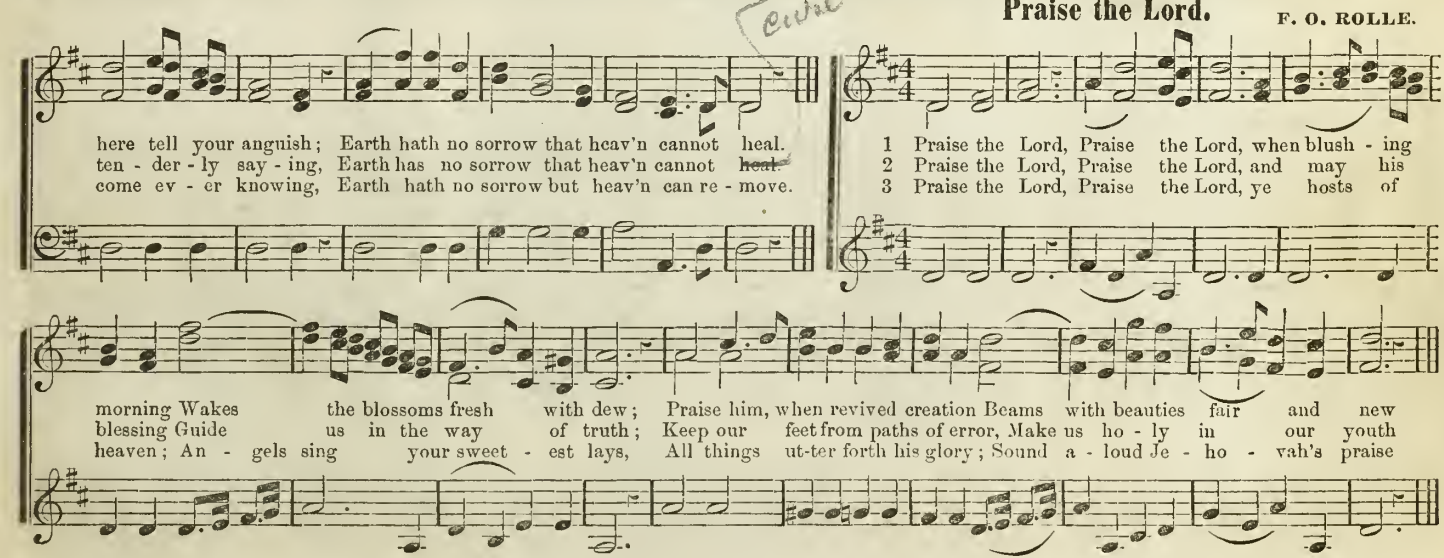
3 Soon must we change our place,
Yet will we never cease
Praising his name:
Still will we tribute bring,
Hail him our gracious King
And through all ages sing,—
'Worthy the Lamb.'

SAMUEL WEBBE.



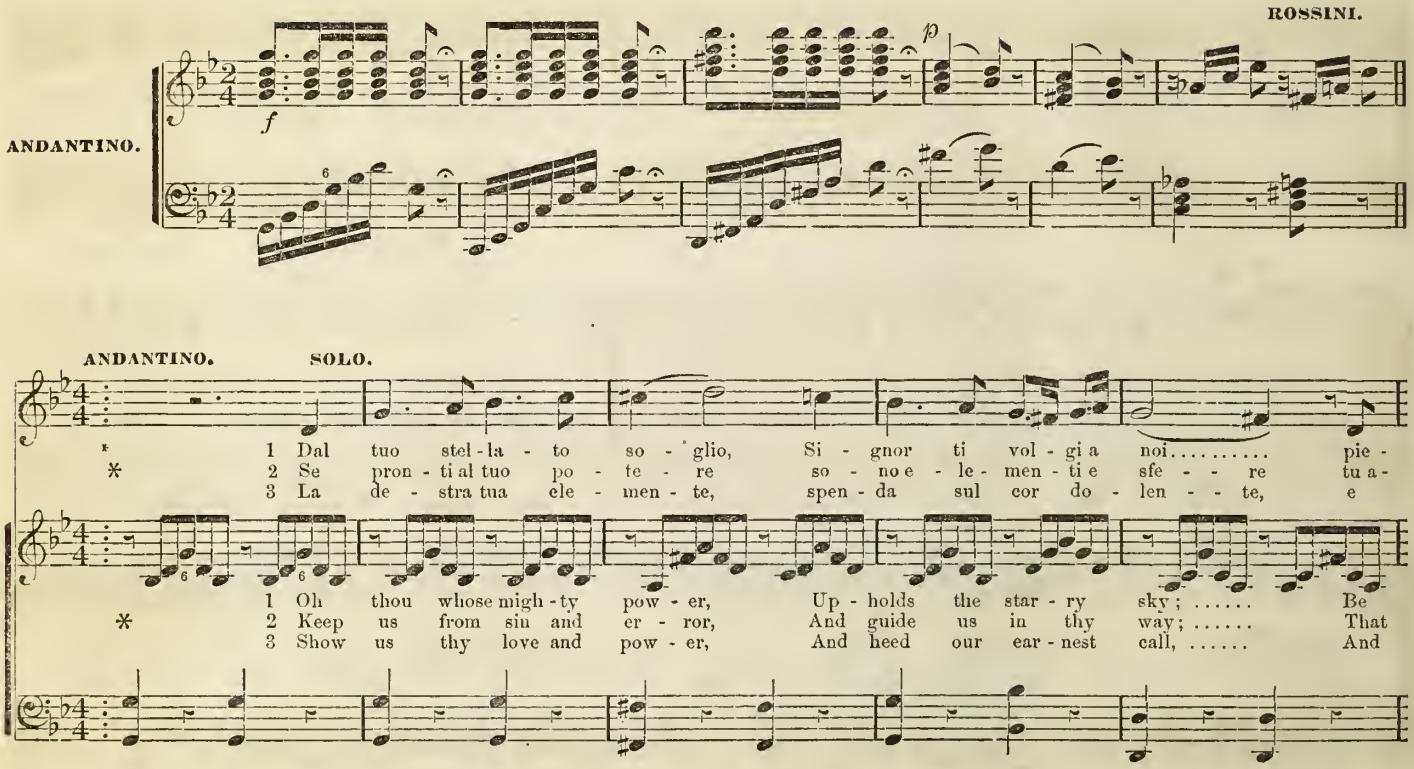
Praise the Lord.

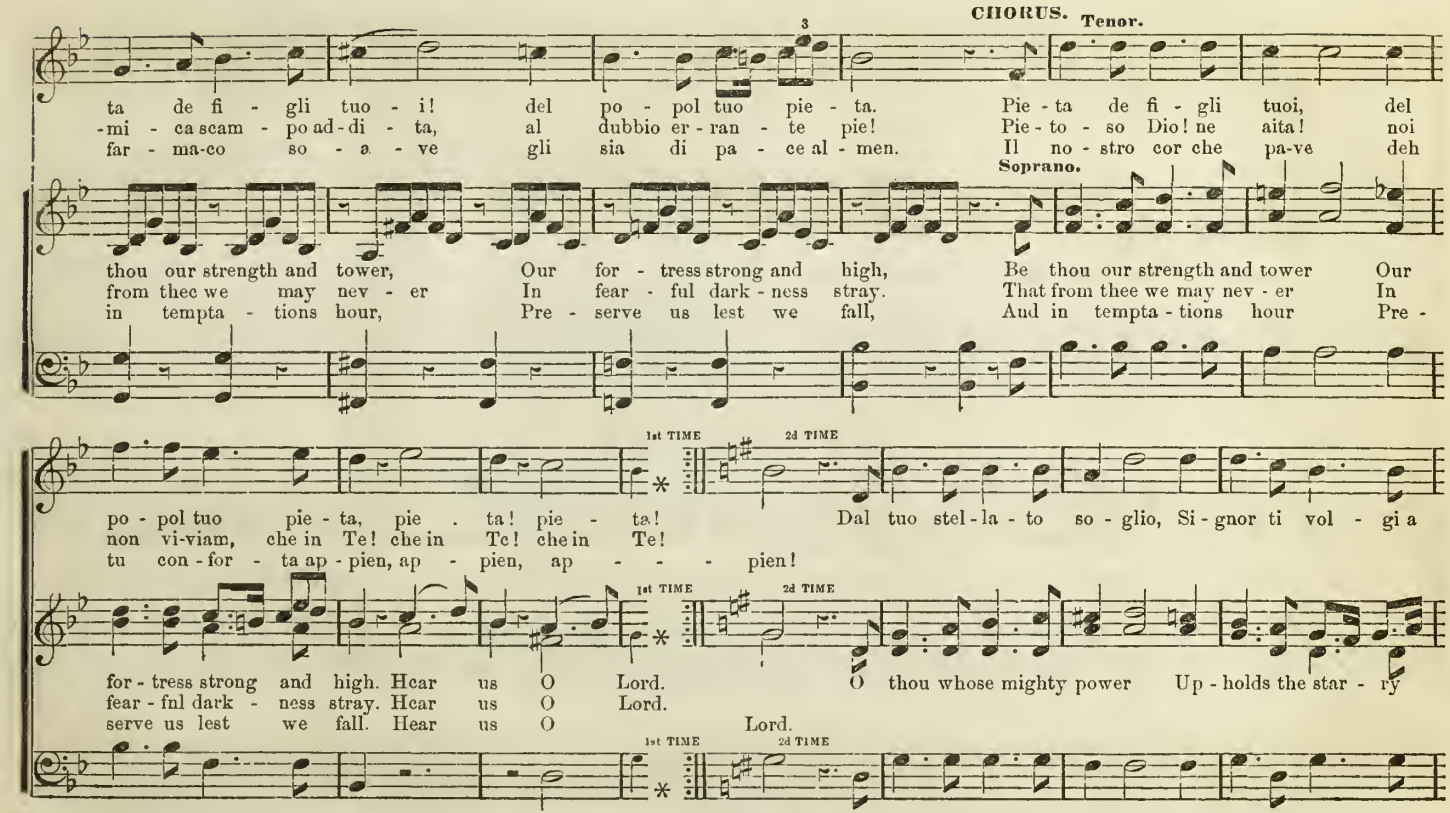
F. O. ROLLE.



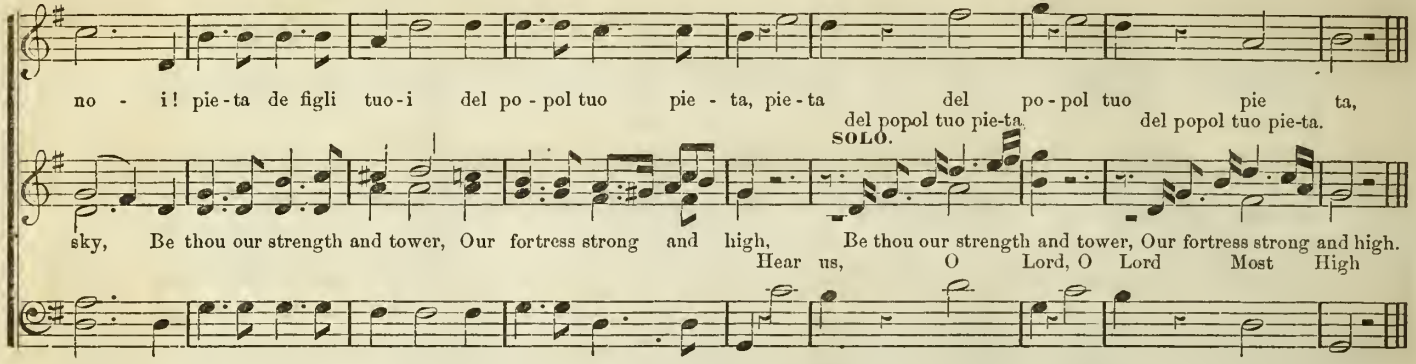
SOLO AND CHORUS.—Prayer from "Moses in Egypt."

ROSSINI.



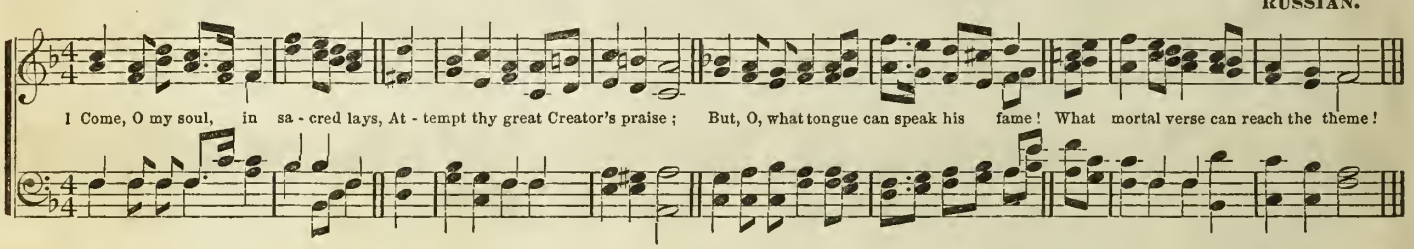


* This chord belongs to the first measure in the repeat.



BRETBY. L. M.

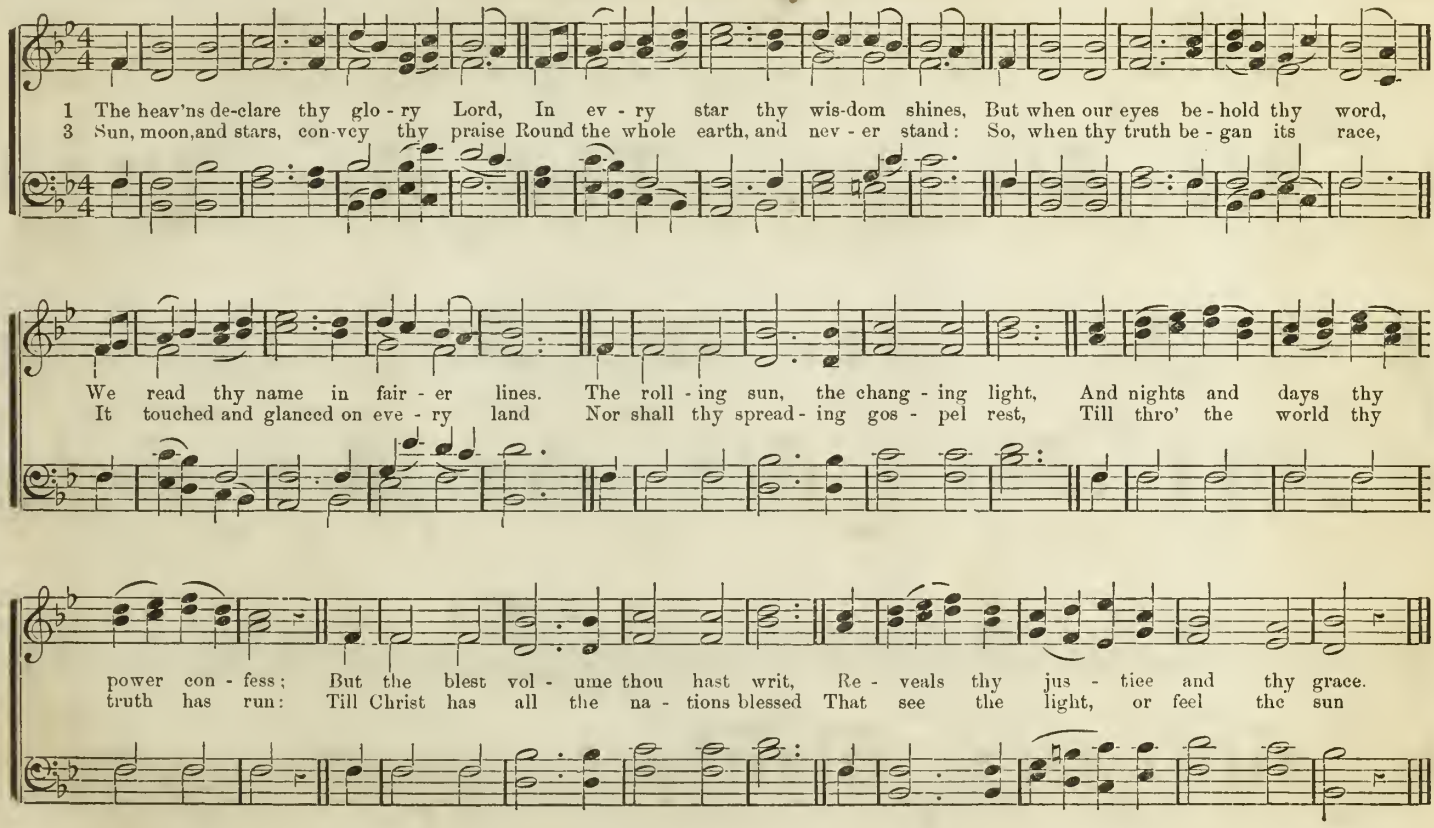
RUSSIAN.

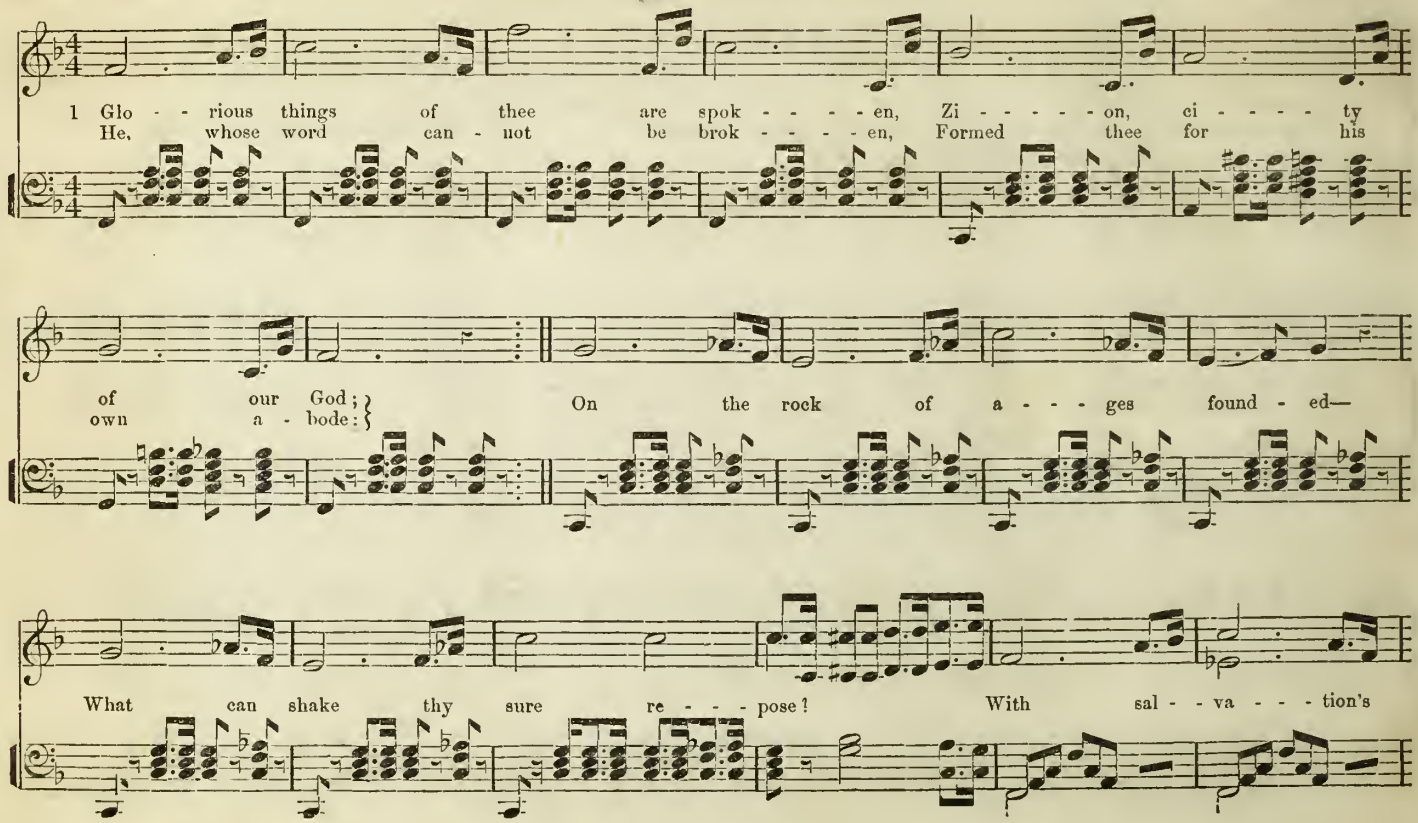


2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears ;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.

3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence, with wisdom, shines ;
His works, through all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of his name.

4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing ;
And let his praise employ thy tongue,
Till listening worlds shall join the song.


1 The heav'ns de-clare thy glo - ry Lord, In ev - ry star thy wis-dom shines, But when our eyes be - hold thy word,
3 Sun, moon, and stars, con-vey thy praise Round the whole earth, and nev - er stand: So, when thy truth be - gan its race,
We read thy name in fair - er lines. The roll - ing sun, the chang - ing light, And nights and days thy
It touched and glanced on eve - ry land Nor shall thy spread - ing gos - pel rest, Till thro' the world thy
power con - fess; But the blest vol - ume thou hast writ, Re - veals thy jus - tice and thy grace.
truth has run: Till Christ has all the na - tions blessed That see the light, or feel the sun


1 Glo - - rious things of thee are spok - - - - en, Zi - - - - - on, ci - - - - ty
He, whose word can - not be brok - - - - en, Formed thee for his
of our God;
own a - bode:
On the rock of a - - - ges found - ed—
What can shake thy sure re - - - - pose? With sal - - va - - - tion's

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